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EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CCCXLI.

ART. I.—*Histoire d'une Grande Dame au XVIII^{me} Siècle: La Princesse Hélène de Ligne.* Par LUCIEN PEREY. Paris: 1887. 8vo.

ONE evening in the month of December, 1771, a coach, containing three persons, drew up at the gate of the ancient Abbaye-aux-Bois in the Rue de Sève (now Sèvres) at Paris. The hour and the place were peculiar, and these visitors were peculiar people, whose lives are in part related in this curious and amusing volume. The Abbaye-aux-Bois owes its celebrity in our own times to a very different cause. After the Revolution it was the residence of Madame Récamier, and the cloister of the Cistercian sisters became the *salon* of the most refined society of Paris. M. de Montmorency, M. de Chateaubriand, M. Ballanche, M. Ampère, and a host of other illustrious and eminent personages formed the bodyguard of that remarkable woman, adored by them all, but adored like a marble idol. Far different was the destination of the Abbaye-aux-Bois at the time of which we write. The abbess and the nuns of the religious house which bore that name had fled from the Soissonnais in 1654 to take refuge in Paris; they purchased what was then called the 'Couvent des Dix-Vertus;' and in 1667 the king transferred to their new establishment the title and the property of their former abode. From that moment it became one of the most celebrated convents in France, devoted chiefly to the education of children and young ladies of the highest rank of nobility. In 1718 the widow of Philippe Duke of Orleans laid the first stone of the church, and some time later Louise Adelaide of Orleans became abbess of the house.

But we must return from the house, with all its venerable

and social traditions, to the visitors whom we left at the gate. The eldest of these three persons was no other than Massalski, the Prince-bishop of Wilna in Lithuania, who had shared in the vicissitudes and ill-fortunes of his afflicted country, and was at this moment an exile and a fugitive in Paris. The Massalskis and the Radzivills were the wealthiest and the most powerful families in the Grand Duchy. The elder brother of our prelate, then Grand-general of the province, was the father of the young lady whom we are about to mention, and who is the heroine of this book. He himself was consecrated bishop of Wilna in 1762, being then only thirty-three years of age. After the fashion of the Polish nobles these two great families were rivals, and bitterly opposed to each other. The Massalskis adhered to the Czartoryski faction, and contributed to place their nephew, Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski, on the throne of Poland, in obedience to the wishes of Catherine of Russia. Prince Radzivill, on the contrary, was one of the bravest and boldest champions of the old republican institutions of Poland, in opposition to Russian ascendency. Both these families were enormously rich; they could bring armies of their own retainers into the field; they reigned like sovereigns in their own principalities, held under the Polish crown. M. Perey asserts that the Bishop of Wilna paid out of his own pocket a legion of 16,000 men, and he even adds that Prince Radzivill had an income of ten millions (of Polish florins?) and maintained 208,000 regular troops in his towns and castles. We should like to know his authority for these figures; they far exceed any force of which we have any record; the Czartoryski family does not appear to have been able to bring more than three or four thousand men into the field, yet they were second to none in the Polish kingdom. No doubt, however, both the bishop and the prince were wealthy and powerful, and they used their money and their power to influence the elections in the dietines. On one occasion Prince Radzivill, exasperated by an electoral defeat, attacked the bishop in his palace, and even threatened his life, saying, 'Beware how you provoke me again, for remember I have a 'hundred thousand ducats in reserve to take to Rome for my 'absolution.' The bishop was not brave, and he was not wise; Rulhière describes him as a busybody, hasty in his schemes and irresolute in the execution of them, for ever intriguing and for ever duped, inconstant and insincere. His character is an important element in this strange family history.

The bishop, it seems, had failed to obtain from the king, whom he had helped to place on the throne by the vote of his dietines, all he expected, and he resented, in common with all the Roman Catholic clergy, the concessions it was proposed to make to the dissenters or non-catholic sects, which were by the constitution of Poland excluded from political power. For this or other reasons he joined the great Confederation of Bar in, or soon after, 1768, though we question whether M. Perey is right in stating that he was one of the principal promoters of it. The Confederation of Bar took its origin on the frontier of Turkey, and did not reach Lithuania till somewhat later. Eventually it extended over the whole of Poland, and carried on its resistance to Stanislas Augustus and the Russian armies with great spirit for several years; but in September 1771 the Russians prevailed, Wilna was occupied, and the bishop effected his escape to France, taking with him his nephew and the young Princess Helen, who was under his guardianship. All his property was seized, and his estates were placed under the administration of the castellane of Novogorod.

Arrived in Paris, the prelate, shorn of all his grandeur, but who seems to have retained some of his wealth, appears to have found his principal friend and protectress in the person of Madame Geoffrin, and she it was who brought him in her coach to the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Madame Geoffrin, herself of humble extraction, and the widow of an opulent *bourgeois*, had succeeded by her tact, her good sense, her kindliness, and her generosity, in creating one of the most distinguished *salons* in Paris, for it included not only the highest members of the French aristocracy, but the literary men and artists of that brilliant period. Unlike most *maîtresses de maison* she was tolerant even of bores, and held that there was something good in everybody if you did but find it out. She was a woman of kind actions—she would give a cow to the dairywoman who supplied her with bad cream; she sate by the bed of Horace Walpole when he had the gout in Paris; and amongst the young foreigners who aspired to gain admission to her dinners and her evenings, she had especially distinguished Stanislas Poniatowski, when he had come to Paris with no higher recommendations than his good looks and his good birth, and, perhaps, the favours he was supposed to have received from the Empress Catherine of Russia. Between him and Madame Geoffrin a great intimacy sprang up, insomuch that on his return to Poland and his election to the throne, which was carried in despite

of so many obstacles and which proved a curse to the country, he immediately addressed to his old Parisian friend a note in these succinct terms: 'Maman, je suis Roi.' In 1766 Madame Geoffrin, in spite of her years, had actually travelled to Warsaw to see her favourite on his unstable throne, and there it seems she made the acquaintance of Bishop Massalski, who now threw himself on her good offices in Paris. They were not wanting. She supplied him with a couple of attendants to take care of him, the Abbé Baudeau and a Colonel St. Leu. She recommended him to place his little niece at the Abbaye-aux-Bois; and what was still more important, she interceded with the King of Poland for the restoration of his estates. Her letter is amusing.

'January 13, 1772.

'I implore your Majesty to write a little word of kindness to the poor Bishop of Wilna: he is a child, but a good child that loves you. I assure you he has done nothing wrong since he has been at Paris. He is the only Pole I see, and he dreads me like fire. I have forbidden him to speak on Polish affairs with any of his countrymen, and I am sure he will obey me. &c.'

The king replied that the bishop had brought all his misfortunes on himself and was not to be trusted; that a portion of his income had already been allowed him, and that whenever it became possible to help him it should be done. At a later period the estates were restored, and the bishop returned to his diocese and his palace at Wilna. Indeed it appears that on his return from Paris in 1773, charged with the works of Rousseau and Mably, he was appointed by Stanislas Augustus one of the royal commissioners at the fatal diet of that year. But for the present his first care was to place his little niece, the Princess Helen, in the great convent at Paris.

Thus it came to pass that the bishop, Madame Geoffrin, and Miss Helen Massalska found themselves at the gates of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and that the young lady, then aged eight years, was forthwith introduced into that celebrated establishment, of which, as we shall presently see, she has left us a very lively picture. One half of the volume now before us is autobiographical, and purports to describe the life of a young lady in a fashionable convent, written by herself between the ages of ten and fourteen. We are not aware that in the whole range of French memoirs, vast as it is, there is another instance of any narrative from so youthful a pen. This precious morsel must be ascribed to

the Sarmatian precocity of the authoress. She tells us that she had forgotten her French on the road from Wilna to Paris, and was afraid to open her lips, until at last it was found that 'la petite Polonaise' could say a few words. If so, she soon recovered her speech; and we are asked to believe that at the mature age of ten she had acquired a simple but expressive style which would not disgrace a woman of the world, and was certainly superior to the style of Madame Geoffrin, who never could learn grammar or spelling, the grandmother, who brought her up in the country, being of opinion that mere reading and writing were all a woman required to know. Not so Miss Massalska; her acquirements were far more extensive, and her talents expanded with a rapidity that defies and baffles scepticism. The second portion of this volume relates to her post-matrimonial adventures, which were romantic, varied, and in the end scandalous. *Qualis ab incepto.* We can only say here that the Abbaye-aux-Bois had much to answer for, and might have armed its pupils with fewer accomplishments and a sterner code of morals.

We could wish that M. Perey had been a little more precise in his references to the authorities and documents which he cites. He informs us that Helen Massalska's notes on the convent were found in the libraries of M. Adolphe Gaiffe, an eminent bibliophile, at his Château d'Oron and in Paris. The manuscript, we are told, bears undeniable marks of authenticity, and is the identical copy written by the young lady. Some of the details it contains are confirmed by extrinsic evidence. M. Perey has also had access to the correspondence of the princess. A collection of documents relating to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and another relating to the family of the Princes de Ligne, exist in the National Archives of France. Much of the spirited correspondence of the elder Prince de Ligne has already been published elsewhere. His letters are the most amusing passages in this book; but we are left to guess or to discover for ourselves which of them are taken from previous publications, and which of them are now produced for the first time. The art of manufacturing memoirs is carried to such perfection in France that we must be excused if we regard with some suspicion documents produced from unknown sources with imperfect credentials. At the same time the style of the Prince de Ligne is so brilliant and so peculiar that it bears the stamp of authenticity.

In the later years of the eighteenth century two convents,

that of Perchemont and the Abbaye-aux-Bois, enjoyed the privilege of educating the daughters of the great nobility of France; even royalty was not altogether exempt from this custom. The great ladies of the court paid more attention to their sons than to their daughters, and, in fact, their maternal solicitude was of the faintest description. Their infants were put out to nurse. At seven or eight these damsels of quality were sent to a convent, where they remained until their parents had negotiated and arranged the one important affair of life, a precocious and generally ill-assorted marriage, which was sometimes celebrated before the children left school. The reigning abbess of the Abbaye-aux-Bois was Madame de Chabrillan. Her predecessor had been Madame de Richelieu, to whom Mademoiselle de Montmorency had on one occasion made a notable answer. That abbess lost her temper in scolding this girl of eight or nine years of age, and exclaimed, 'When I see you like that I 'could kill you;' to which the child replied, 'It would not 'be the first time that a Richelieu has murdered a Mont'morency.' The existing abbess, however, reigned more than she governed, and the management of the house devolved on Madame de Rochechouart, the *maîtresse générale*, a most sensible and excellent person, who was assisted by a numerous staff of ladies, all women of rank, and more or less popular with their pupils. The system of education included the domestic duties of the library, the pharmacy, and even the table, which were performed in rotation by these noble young ladies after their first communion. But the real object of the house was to fit them with the accomplishments and manners of women of the world. Music, dancing, and painting were primary objects. The abbey had its own theatre, with a splendid repertory. Recitation was taught by the great comedians of the day; ballets were directed by Noverre and other dancers of the opera. The religious observances of the house were chiefly confined to the sisterhood and the confessor. One of the first duties of a new pupil was to ask for a 'recreation,' which meant a feast and a holiday for all the classes at her own expense—no trifle for a schoolgirl, since it cost twenty louis, specially including ices. Everything was, however, on a scale of magnificence. The Massalska had four louis a month allowed her for pocket-money, and a credit of thirty thousand francs at the banker's for extras, which she adds was necessary. She was, however, probably one of the wealthiest of the pensionnaires, being a great heiress, which most of her companions were not, since the fortune of the

great families commonly went to the eldest son. There is something profoundly tragical in the reflection that over these children of a frivolous age, reared in what has been finely termed 'the precincts of the unsacred temple of the 'world,' to whom rank was more sacred than religion, and the jewels on the wedding garment more precious than morality, hung the impending doom of Revolution, and that not a few of those noble and unconscious heads were destined to fall, ere the century closed, under the axe of the guillotine. These are the apparitions, to use a strong verse of Béranger's,

'Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le Temps.'

A century has passed, a century of revolution, and scarcely a vestige remains of that great nobility which shone with such splendour, and so many invidious privileges, in the society and the history of France.*

But it is time to allow our young lady to tell her own story, which we shall do with some little abridgement:—

'I entered the Abbaye-aux-Bois one Thursday. Madame Geoffrin, my uncle's friend, took me to the parlour of the abbess, which is very fine, white striped with gold; and there too came Madame de Rochechouart and la Mère Quatre-temps, first mistress of the youngest class, to which I was to belong. I knew but little French, but I understood what was said, and they took me away to put on the pupil's dress. Sister Crinore dressed me in a room of the abbess, all blue and white damask. When I saw the dress was black, I sobbed as if my heart was broken; but I was somewhat comforted by the blue ribbons they put on it, and by some sugarplums, which I was told were eaten there every day.'

The first hours of a school life are never pleasant, but the little Helen found a friend and protectress in Mademoiselle de Montmorency, then one of the elder pupils of the red class, who initiated her into all the 'obediences' of the house, as they were called; and at supper, with the

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* Whilst we write these lines, we read in the French newspapers the death of Madame la Duchesse de Noailles, *née* Alicia Elfrida Victorienne de Rochechouart de Mortemart, in her eighty-eighth year. This lady was therefore the immediate descendant and representative of the persons and families who figure in the narrative before us. If one is tempted to ask what has become of the great French aristocracy in the turmoil of republican institutions, the answer might be given in the words of Moore:—

'The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.'

'classe bleue,' she sat next Mademoiselle de Choiseul, who became her especial friend. Mademoiselle de Montmorency was the greatest and most illustrious heiress in France, daughter of the Duc de Montmorency-Luxembourg. A marriage had been arranged between her and Prince de Lambesc; but she was deformed and diseased, and in 1775 she died at Geneva, aged fifteen, and was buried by the Magnifique Conseil with all the honours due to a princess in the cemetery of Grand Sacconex. Our young Polish *pensionnaire* declares that she saw her in a dream the same night she died.

We can hardly relate in detail all the pranks and adventures of these children, which are droll enough. How the favourite cat of the convent, 'La Grise,' was condemned to rattle about with her claws in walnut-shells, or to mew all night in a cupboard; how our heroine fell ill, partly from drinking the water of Paris, but much more from eating an enormous and forbidden morsel of clandestine piecrust; how she spoiled her copybooks, and was punished by appearing before the *maîtresse générale* 'avec des cornes, deux langues, 'et un chiffon de barbouillage derrière le dos;' to which was added the 'cordon d'ignominie,' but the *maîtresse générale* commuted these horrible penalties into a privation of dessert for a week; how she quarrelled with her companions and told tales, for which she was called a 'rapporton;' how the class avenged themselves by refusing to play 'hunt the hare;' how the *pensionnaires* oiled the hinges of their doors, escaped from the dormitories, and went rampaging about the house; how they emptied a bottle of ink into the *bénitier* at the door of the church, so that when the sisters came in the darkness of the morning to sing matins, they crossed themselves with this unholy liquid, and broke out as daylight dawned into peals of laughter at their own appearance; or how the bells of the abbey were smothered with the handkerchiefs of young ladies, who were detected by their initials, and condemned in consequence to recite the seven penitential psalms. Madame de Rochechouart had the good sense to laugh at these *espiègleries*, without attaching too much importance to them. But the same cannot be said of all her subordinates. One of the confessors of the house, Dom Rigoley, a dark priest, was hooted by the young ladies as they came out of mass, and Madame de St. Jérôme, equally dark and equally unpopular, were the objects of their scorn and dislike. A bad joke went the round of the class that if these two pious persons were married, their issue would be

'moles and niggers.' The 'classe blanche,' being just then 'fort en dévotion,' repented the indelicacy of the joke and confessed it, but the house only laughed at it the more, and Madame de St. Jérôme was the more detested. Upon this Mesdemoiselles de Mortemart, de Choiseul, de Conflans (afterwards Marquise de Coigny, the lady of the smart tongue, whose memoirs will be in the memory of our readers), and our heroine, formed a conspiracy 'pour faire quelque chose 'd'éclatant' in order to force the obnoxious mistress to leave the class. In Poland this would have been called a 'con-'federation.' The anarchy of Poland had reached the Abbaye-aux-Bois!

We remember, many years ago, to have heard an eminent French Minister (who was also a philosopher) exclaim in the midst of a political crisis that threatened the peace of Europe, 'Je me crois dans un couvent de petites filles révoltées.' That was precisely the situation of the young noblewomen in the Abbaye-aux-Bois. The conspiracy prospered, and it was agreed that every member of it should wear a green badge or emblem—a leaf, a blade of grass, or a ribbon about her dress. One day—it was the eve of St. Magdalen—in the course of a 'recreation,' a quarrel occurred between two of the children. Madame de St. Jérôme endeavoured to separate them, lost her temper, and threw Mademoiselle de Lastré on the ground with a bloody nose.

'When we saw the blood, we gathered round her, and swore not only that we would not be punished, but that we would throw Madame de St. Jérôme out of the window because she had murdered one of us. This lady was so alarmed at the vociferations of the class that she lost her head and beat a retreat, lest she should be attacked. The class was left without a mistress. Upon which Mortemart sprang on the table and exclaimed, "Let those who carry green show it." All hoisted the badge, and when she saw the strength of her party, Mortemart said that we should withdraw from the class-room, and only return on advantageous and honourable conditions. It was decided to cross the garden, to take possession of the kitchens and the larder, and to reduce the ladies of the house by famine. [It does not seem to have occurred to the insurgents that there were in Paris other means of supply.] Once across the garden, we entered the kitchens, which were underground. The sisters in the wine cellar fled. We entered the kitchens, and drove out most of the sisters who were there, but we kept Sister Clotilde upon a suggestion that if we did not we should get no supper. At this point a humble capitulation, addressed to Madame de Rochechouart, in suitable terms, was agreed to, but it ended, like a lady's letter, with a postscript that if the surrender was not accepted, "Pour "lors nous irons à force ouverte chercher Madame St. Jérôme et la "fouetter aux quatre coins du couvent."'

Mademoiselle de Choiseul and Miss Massalska undertook to deliver this missive, which, as might be expected, was ill received. The *maîtresse générale* replied that she would have nothing to do with such hot heads, 'fitter to follow an 'army than to acquire the decency and gentleness which are 'the charm of womanhood.' An appeal to the abbess in person was not more successful: she offered a general amnesty, but refused to remove Madame de St. Jérôme. Upon this the rebels resolved to make the best of their position in the kitchens. They broke open the larder and the bakery, and compelled Sœur Clotilde (who was a girl of sixteen) to prepare the supper.

'The supper was very gay. We made a hundred jokes and drank the health of Madame de Rochechouart, for we knew very well that she did not like Madame de St. Jérôme better than we did. Madame Saint-Sulpice took her part very easily. After supper we played at all sorts of games, and she played with us. She said she was a hostage, and that it would be the worse for her if the young ladies were not pleased. When bedtime came we made a sort of bed with the straw in the yard, into which we placed the smallest childen—as the little Fitzjames, a Villequier, a Montmorency, and others five or six years old—wrapping up their heads in napkins and dusters lest they should take cold. Thirty of the elder girls mounted guard at the door; the remainder stayed in the kitchen, talking or sleeping as well as we could. On the morrow we prepared to spend the day in the same manner, and it seemed as if this were to last for ever. The sisters in the convent were much embarrassed. It was agreed it would never do to call the watch, and that the wisest course was to bring on the scene the mothers of the ringleaders; whereupon the Duchess de Chatillon, Madame de Mortemart, Madame de Blot, and Madame du Chatelot arrived, and the rebels capitulated to maternal authority; an amnesty was proclaimed; before noon the class submitted and were kindly received by the sisters, who declared it was the return of the prodigal son; and having given this scriptural turn to the matter, no more was said about it.'

So ended the great barring-out of the Abbaye-aux-Bois!

The two principal interests in the lives of the elder *pensionnaires* were their first communion and their approaching marriage—for the one speedily followed the other. Helen Massalska's account of her communion is confined to the dress she wore, 'moire rayée d'argent,' and the substitution of red ribbons for white as the badge of the highest class. These were but another step to their entry into the world.

Mademoiselle de Bourbonne, then barely twelve years old, was to receive the communion in a week, to be married the week after, and then to return to the convent. Her future husband was the Comte d'Avaux, son of the Marquis de

Mesme. The bride declared that he was very ugly and very old, but he was allowed to pay a visit to the convent.

'The next morning, when she woke, Mademoiselle de Bourbonne received a large bouquet, and in the afternoon M. d'Avaux came. We thought him, as he was, abominable. We all exclaimed to her, "What an ugly fellow your husband is! If I were you I would not marry him. Ah! poor thing!" To which she replied, "Yes! I shall marry him, for papa wishes it; but I shall never love him, that is certain."'

The young lady, in spite of her diamonds and a 'superbe 'corbeille' from Bolard, kept her word, and eventually took to other consolations. Here M. Perey makes a remark, of which he is in general sparing.

'Such marriages as this inspire one with a certain indulgence for the theory of free choice in marriage, for the evil consequences of such misunions are obvious. The *naïf* and malicious narrative of our little princess hits the blot on this conventual education. How could this sisterhood arm their pupils against the perils and seductions of the world, of which they had no experience? A mother only could do that; and if a convent could impart manners and accomplishments, family life alone can form the character of woman in the highest sense of the word.'

The singular neglect on the part of the great ladies of France of the education of their daughters is a bad feature in that age. It has led to a complete revulsion in our own time, for many an over-anxious French mother now holds it to be her duty never to allow her daughter to be out of her sight by day or by night.

Mademoiselle de Choiseul had a happier fate. She was married to her cousin, M. de Choiseul la Baume, then a lad of seventeen, who had been brought up by his uncle the Minister, and eventually succeeded to the ducal title. The contract was signed at Versailles, and the marriage ceremony performed at Chanteloup, after which the bride returned to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and appeared at a window with the other *pensionnaires.* M. de Choiseul being below made her a profound bow. At Chanteloup, however, the bride had stayed a fortnight; she found her husband 'gai et drôle,' but care had been taken never to leave them alone together.

We must pass lightly over two incidents in the history of the Abbaye-aux-Bois belonging to a former period, but which are amusing. In 1716 Louise Adelaide de Chartres, second daughter of the Regent Orleans, was made abbess of the convent at the age of eighteen. She proved an abominable and profligate tyrant, and her enormities at length

reached such a point that it was resolved to remove her to the Abbaye de Chelles. The Regent himself brought her the king's order, which was in fact his own. But, nothing daunted, the young abbess determined on resistance, and when the Regent's carriages arrived to take her away she undressed herself and took to her bed, saying that no one would dare lay hands on a daughter of the blood royal of France. But the Regent was equal to the occasion, and ordered the Princess de Conti to tell her that if she did not submit she should be wrapped up in the bedclothes and carried off to her new destination.

This tyrannical abbess professed Jansenist opinions, though not much versed in theology, and a taint of Jansenism was supposed to hang about the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Half a century later, when Monseigneur de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, himself a strong Molinist, came to confirm the *pensionnaires*, he viewed the house, and especially the library, with suspicion, as infected with heresy. He even sent his vicars to carry off the theological books and seal up the bookcases. But this was an abuse of archiepiscopal authority. The convent was a 'peculiar,' subject to no jurisdiction but that of the Abbot of Clairvaux, its superior. The archbishop had to give way; a chapter was assembled; and the Abbot of Clairvaux sent a handsome present of Burgundy to the ladies to reward them for their resistance to an intrusive archbishop.

Helen Massalska had made a premature appearance in the world. She was allowed to leave the convent occasionally for a child's ball, where she danced 'la farlane et les montferines' to perfection. She had also a talent for tragic recitation, and took the part of Joas when 'Athalie' was performed at the Hôtel Mortemart. Her good looks, her talents, her rank, and her wealth had brought her into notice, and before long her future marriage became a topic of interest—to none more than to herself, for she was resolved to make the marriage that pleased her, and she had already cast an eye on a Prince Frédéric de Salm, who was notoriously one of the least reputable persons in Paris. But the governing powers had other views for her. Madame de Brionne, the wife of Charles Louis de Lorraine, Grand Equerry of France, put forward her second son, the Duc d'Elbœuf; and the agents she employed to propitiate the absent prelate of Wilna were no other than the Marquis de Mirabeau, celebrated as 'l'ami des hommes,' and Madame de Pailly, a Swiss lady, who lived with him on very equivocal terms. We

recognise in the verbose letters of the marquis to the bishop that wonderful epistolary style of which we have some past experience. But in spite of all the eloquence with which he set forth the semi-royal pretensions of the young prince, the conditions were not accepted by the bishop, perhaps because his niece disliked the proposal. Madame de Pailly, however, was not at the end of her intrigues. She was the confidant of the old Princesse de Ligne-Luxembourg, a hideous old woman, with a face 'like a running tallow candle,' and she turned her attention to the Prince Charles de Ligne, a nephew of the princess, who in point of fortune was a much better match than the young Prince of Lorraine.

The family of the Princes de Ligne was, and is, inferior in rank and dignity to none in the Low Countries or in Europe. Their position gave them a cosmopolitan character. Their magnificent seat, Bel-Œil, near Brussels, was their principal residence. But they held a great position at the Court of France, and they served with conspicuous bravery in the armies of Austria, then sovereign of Belgium. Brussels, Paris, and Vienna were equally their homes. The father of the young prince was that incomparable Prince de Ligne whose wit and spirit have kept his reputation alive for a century; and the charming letters from him which are introduced in this volume do no injustice to his memory. He was through life passionately attached to his son, and was ready to make any sacrifice in the world for his advantage and happiness. At the moment at which we are arrived, 1777, the war of the succession of Bavaria had just broken out, and both the princes were serving in the Austrian army. The war ended in 1779 by the peace of Teschen, and the matrimonial negotiations were carried on with increased vigour. The Bishop of Wilna had returned to Paris, and was soon gained over by the family of the Prince de Ligne. But the persons chiefly interested had never met, and neither of them was eager for the marriage.

'Notwithstanding the faint attraction the young prince felt for his bride, he had a certain amount of curiosity to see her. As for Helen she was much more engrossed with her *trousseau*, her *corbeille*, and her diamonds than with her husband. She had heard of certain "gi-"randoles" and diamond bracelets of singular beauty, old family jewels, and she was afraid they might be left at Brussels. On this point she was reassured by the arrival of the princess mother of the *futur* bringing the ornaments. It was settled that she should take her son on the following day to the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Helen, who had been led to expect them, was reluctant to appear for the first time in the dress of a *pensionnaire*, but the rule of the house was inflexible. She entered

the parlour, and soon perceived that, in spite of her dress, the prince thought her pretty, and though she kept her eyes down, she saw enough of him to say, "He is fair, his figure is slight, he is like his mother who is very handsome, he has a great air, but he is too serious, and something like a German."'

The elder Prince de Ligne arrived three days later, and was fascinated by his young daughter-in-law, who did all she could to please him. The marriage was to take place at the Abbey. The bishop gave his niece a *trousseau* of 100,000 écus, and 60,000 francs a year with all the expenses of the young couple when in Paris. The ceremony was performed on July 29, 1779, in the presence of the Marquise Wielopolska, and the Duchesses of Choiseul, Mortemart, Chatillon, and La Vallière. The bride enchanted everyone by her 'attitude décente et pleine de sensibilité,' and having shed a tear over the tomb of Madame de Rochechouart (who had died in the interval), she sprang into the coach with six horses and postilions in pink and silver, and drove off at full gallop for Brussels.

From the day of her marriage to the dawn of the Revolution nothing could be more brilliant than the life of the young Princess Charles de Ligne. The Château de Bel-Œil, the summer residence of the family, was one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe. The bride was received there with a fête as picturesque as the landscapes of Lancret and Watteau, followed by an illumination which turned the night into 'a silver day.' The wit, the good humour, and the liberality of the elder prince were inexhaustible; and his son, who had already displayed his heroism in the ranks of the Austrian army, was no less remarkable for his love of art and his taste for science. His collection of engravings was one of the best in the world; and when Montgolfier first cast his balloon upon the winds, the young prince joined him in his third ascent. Shortly after the marriage the two princes repaired to Poland in order to claim their 'indigénat' or naturalisation in virtue of the possessions of the Massalski family. It was granted to them by the dietine of Wilna, and this made the enthusiastic Belgian nobleman conceive that the crown of Poland might be within the reach of his son. They visited Berlin to exchange compliments and repartees with the great Frederick, and passed on to the court of Catherine, not without a suspicion of some tender passages with that facile empress. These excursions afford us some of the most sparkling passages in the volume before us, but we despair of rendering

the vivacity of the Prince de Ligne's letters in another language, although we see that task has been attempted by an English translator.

But Paris was still the aim of the young princess's ambition; and after some years an hotel was taken in the Rue de Provence, where, in 1786, Sidonie, her only child, was born. She joined the society of the Polignacs about the queen, and was presented at Versailles with the honours of the *tabouret*, the old prince having ceded to his son his *grandeza* of Spain, which entitled his daughter-in-law to that supreme distinction. 'I have not many principles,' he wrote to his son, 'but my morality consists in making everybody happy about 'me. That is the second commandment. The first is that 'I told you I should die of grief if you were a liar or a 'coward; and certainly, my boy, you learned that short 'lesson uncommonly well.'

But more eventful and perilous times were at hand. In the summer of 1787 a revolt broke out in the Austrian Netherlands, provoked by the rash though liberal measures of reform introduced by Joseph II. The two Princesses de Ligne, alarmed by the agitation, repaired to Vienna, where Prince Charles was already engaged in his military duties. Vienna had not the charm of Paris, and the court of Joseph II. resembled in nothing the court of Marie Antoinette. Joseph himself might be described in a few words. 'He is,' said the prince, 'a man of merit and of talent, but as a 'sovereign he will always have ambitions he cannot satisfy 'and cannot be relieved from; *his reign will be a perpetual 'desire to sneeze.*'

One anecdote of the time we cannot pass over in silence, especially at this centenary of Mozart:—

'"Don Juan" had been brought out at Prague with great success, in honour of the Duchess of Tuscany. Mozart himself conducted the opera. The Emperor Joseph, on the point of starting for the army, pressed Mozart to return immediately to bring out the piece at Vienna. The rehearsals were soon over, and the performance took place. Helen de Ligne and the great Austrian nobility were present with the court. "Don Juan" was admirably performed, but the public remained cold as ice, with some exceptions, of whom Helen was one. The Emperor, who admired the music, was piqued by the coldness of the audience. "It is divine music," he said to Mozart, whom he summoned to his box, "but it is not the music for my Viennese." "They must have time to like it," modestly replied the *maestro*; "it was popular at Prague, but I only composed it for myself and my friends." After the theatre, the discussion was resumed at the house of the Countess Thun, when Haydn came in. It was agreed to refer

the question to him. "I am not capable of a decision in this learned dispute," said he with malicious humour; "I only know that Mozart is the greatest musician in existence."'

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more lively picture than we have in these pages of the state of Europe in the years which immediately preceded the hurricane about to sweep away kings, empires, armies, and the whole swarm of the gilded votaries of society still basking and fluttering gaily in the last rays of sunshine of the eighteenth century. Louis XVI. had summoned the Notables and promised the Etats Généraux. The Netherlands were in arms against their sovereign. 'Bientôt,' said the Prince de Ligne, 'on se 'tuera pour devenir plus libre et plus heureux.' Austria and Russia had formed an ill-omened alliance to attack Turkey, and the deceptive campaign of 1788 ensued. Catherine and Joseph met at Kherson. The Prince de Ligne was with the Russians and Potemkin, to his extreme disgust. His son Prince Charles was with Lascy's army, the first to mount the breach at Sabacz and Belgrade, and had received the cross of Maria Theresa from the hands of the emperor. England had joined with Prussia to restore the authority of the House of Orange in Holland. Spain trembled at the sight of the English flag. Denmark and Sweden were watching Russia. Tartars, Georgians, and Circassians were in the field. The pashas of Egypt and Scutari were at war with the Turks, who were attacked at both ends of their enormous empire. 'I am, it is true, an actor in these scenes,' said the prince, 'but I do not cease to be an observer. I 'take all that I see passing around me for a kick in an ant-'heap. Are we any better than the ants, poor creatures of 'a day?'

These public events and the still more terrible contests which followed them had an indirect but disastrous effect on the career of Helen Massalska, to which we must now return. Her husband, Prince Charles de Ligne, who is the most interesting character in this book, was before all things a soldier—the soul of honour and courage, performing all the duties of his rank in civil life and in the army with an earnest and somewhat stern purpose, alike remote from the levity of his father and the passionate dissipation of his wife. The marriage, though uncongenial, had not been altogether an unhappy one. Sidonie, the sole issue of it, was born in the seventh year of their union. But it was not a union calculated to resist the storms of life. The Turkish war summoned the prince to the field, and the princess, caring

little for the society of Vienna, repaired to Warsaw, where her own long unoccupied palace awaited her. She became in fact what she was by birth, one of the great ladies of Poland, with all the charm and all the foibles of her race.

The last Diet of Poland was convoked by King Stanislas Augustus for October 6, 1788. It was that assembly which was destined to witness the momentary regeneration and the ultimate destruction of the country. It appeared to meet under auspicious circumstances. The factions which had torn the republic were appeased, and the court of Warsaw assumed a gaiety and a splendour to which it had long been a stranger; but it combined with the refinement and prodigality of the Western courts traces of the good and evil qualities of a more barbarous age. The influence of women of fashion continued to predominate over the weak and amorous sovereign, who wasted in dalliance the power which had not been wrested from him by faction, and who awaited in unconscious dissipation his approaching doom.

'To this court the Princess Charles came, preceded by her reputation for wit, beauty, and coquetry—the cynosure of all eyes. Her Polish birth, her elegance, her talents, her patriotism, enchanted her countrymen. Her deserted palace was speedily restored to be one of the most elegant in Warsaw, and she became for the first time the absolute mistress of a great house. Her uncle, who spoilt her, gave her magnificent horses, and she rode out daily (which had been a forbidden exercise) with a brilliant cavalcade of Polish gentlemen. A theatre was added to the palace, in which she gratified her love of acting. Freed from the control under which she had lived at Bel-Œil, the princess abandoned herself without restraint to this life of pleasure. She forgot the past, her husband, and her child: in fact, the Princess Charles de Ligne no longer existed; what remained was Helen Massalska.'

Polish she was, and in Poland she remained, either alone at Warsaw or with her uncle at Werky in Lithuania. She never saw the family of the Princes de Ligne again. Her passions or her destiny drove her into a far different course.

At this brilliant court of Stanislas Augustus no man was more distinguished than Count Vincent Potocki, the son of the Palatine of Kiew, and nephew of the former king, Stanislas Leczinski, consequently first cousin to the late Queen of France. This nobleman held the office of high chamberlain to the king; he was then about thirty-eight years of age, popular in his manners, seductive in his intrigues, and careful of his own interests. He had been twice married: first, in 1766, to Ursula Zamoyska, the daughter of the king's

eldest sister, Louise Poniatowska; but this alliance did not last long; it was terminated in a few years by that facility of divorce which was so fatal to Polish society. The count then married, in 1786, a Countess Michielska, by whom he had two sons. When Potocki was summoned to Warsaw in 1788, the countess, who was devotedly attached to him, was obliged by the state of her health to remain in the Ukraine. These circumstances laid a train which ended in a catastrophe. Count Potocki, separated from his wife by her illness, became an *habitué* of the palace of the Princess de Ligne separated by the war from her husband, and before many months had passed from the dates we have mentioned it became notorious that she had fallen desperately in love with the accomplished chamberlain. It was the first serious passion of her life, and she gave way to it with all the impetuosity of her character, and with even more warmth than was shown by the object of her illicit affection. She might fitly be described in the words of Lord Byron:—

'A headlong, headstrong, downright she,
Young, beautiful, and daring, who would risk
A throne, the world, the universe, to be
Beloved in her own way; and rather whisk
The stars from out the sky, than not be free
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk.'

A strange scene took place, in which Helen betrayed her weakness, and the count replied that he was a man of honour and would endeavour to make her happy. There was no question of an intrigue. The princess was above that. But to accomplish a double divorce was even in Poland no easy matter. The difficulty of the situation was increased by the arrival of Countess Potocka at Warsaw, where she learnt the state of affairs, closed her doors to the Princess de Ligne, and expostulated warmly with her husband. Helen addressed to him a passionate letter of remonstrance. It was brought back to her in half an hour with the words: 'The 'count started this morning for Niemirow'—his seat in the Ukraine. Mad with jealousy and love the princess followed him there as fast as horses could carry her, and arrived almost as soon as himself. She cast her life away, broke the heart of the unfortunate countess, and with singular audacity announced her flight to the old Bishop of Wilna and to her husband. Count Potocki proposed a divorce to his wife, on terms not honourable to him, and there is a suspicion that in this culpable transaction he was not indifferent to the large fortune of the woman who had sacrificed herself

for him. He certainly did not respond to the extreme ardour of her passion, and may well have been terrified by the violence of her conduct.

Whilst these incidents were occurring in the depths of the Ukraine, events of no ordinary moment took place on the theatre of war in the East and in Western Europe; for it is a peculiarity of this romantic history that the fortunes of the Prince de Ligne and of Helen Massalska were interwoven with the troubles which agitated the world. In December 1789, the Flemish insurgents, under Van der Noot and Van der Mersch, seized Ghent and Brussels, and declared Joseph II. to have ceased to reign over them. This blow was fatal to the declining emperor. In his last interview with Prince Charles, Joseph said, with deep feeling: 'I was too ill to see you yesterday. Your country 'has killed me. Ghent taken was my last agony, and 'Brussels abandoned is my death. What a disgrace to me!' (This he repeated several times.) 'I am dying of it. A man 'must be of wood were it otherwise. I thank you for all 'you have done for me. I thank you for your fidelity. Go 'back to the Netherlands. Restore them to their sovereign, 'and if you cannot do that, remain there, do not sacrifice 'your interests to mine.' On February 20, 1790, Joseph II. expired.

Prince Charles de Ligne had played a distinguished part in the siege of Belgrade in the previous autumn, where he fought with his usual reckless valour. The new emperor, Leopold II., looked coldly on the favourites of his predecessor. Peace was signed at Reichenbach in July 1790, and the prince asked permission to enter the Russian service. It does not appear to have occurred to him to rejoin his wife at Warsaw, and in fact he never saw her again. He joined the Russian army under Souvaroff, and was present at the memorable assault of Ismailoff, where he is said to have led the attack in spite of a wound in the leg. Amidst that awful scene of carnage and fire and rapine, he snatched a child from the massacre of whom nothing could be known but that his name was Norokos, and provided for its safety. He then returned to his father's at Vienna. In his will he provided for the foundling whom he had adopted.

The Duc de Richelieu, who was also present at the assault of Ismailoff (the same who was twenty years afterwards a minister of Louis XVIII.), relates in his history 'de la Nou'velle Russie,' a similar story, of which he is himself the hero. He avers that he saved the life of a charming girl about ten

years old, who was lying on the bodies of four murdered women, and about to share their fate, for in that horrible butchery neither age nor sex was spared. This is the incident on which Lord Byron founded the touching episode described with exquisite feeling in the eighth canto of 'Don 'Juan' (stanzas 91 to 96):—

> 'Upon a taken bastion, where there lay
> Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm group
> Of murdered women, who had found their way
> To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
> And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
> A female child of ten years tried to stoop
> And hide her little palpitating breast
> Amidst the bodies lulled in bloody rest.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And she was chill as they, and on her face
> A slender streak of blood announced how near
> Her fate had been to that of all her race;
> For the same blow which laid her mother here
> Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace
> On the last link which all she had held dear;
> But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes,
> And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.'

These are almost the words in which the Prince Charles de Ligne describes the position and the salvation of the boy, whom he called Norosko.* We suspect the duke's story is apocryphal, and that he has taken to himself the exploit of his friend and comrade. It is highly improbable that two foreign noblemen, engaged in the same sanguinary battle as volunteers, should each of them have done the same thing at the risk of their lives, the one saving a boy of four and the other a girl of ten. We are not told what became of the Duc de Richelieu's *protégée*; but the account of the boy Norosko is clear and certain. The Prince de Ligne took him to Vienna, adopted him, and provided for him in his will in a manner which indisputably proves the truth of his share in the story.

This was the time at which the letters arrived from the princess announcing her flight and asking for a divorce.

* As we have alluded to this passage, it may be worth while to point out that in the Notes to 'Don Juan' (canto vii. 33) the elder Prince de Ligne, whose Letters and Reflections were published by Madame de Staël in 1809, is confounded with his son Prince Charles. It was the son, not the father, who was present at the taking of Ismaïloff.

The family of De Ligne had expostulated with her for remaining at Warsaw, and for some time past it seems no correspondence had passed between them. The prince cannot be acquitted of an entire indifference to his domestic interests, and even in this respect to his own honour, and indeed his own affections were engaged by another person, for it appears that he was equally estranged from his wife by an attachment to a Countess Kinski, a distinguished member of the great society of Vienna. But when the demand for a divorce arrived, it was met by a peremptory and indignant refusal. The prince offered his wife one of his residences and a sufficient income. The family declared that the Princess Charles was as one dead to them and to her daughter, and that they regarded her as the victim of 'a stupid Polish tyrant,' who managed her affairs. 'As the 'Princess Charles would be still more unhappy than she is,' it was added, 'if she married Count Potocki, her husband, 'in her own interest and that of her child, will never agree 'to it.'

Meanwhile the position of Helen Massalska was extremely critical. She was living in solitude at Kowalowska, in a remote part of Poland. She had abandoned one husband without obtaining another. She was without money, for her uncle, the bishop, had possession of her fortune, and he informed her that 'he was not angry, and, with the exception 'of his power and his fortune, he was at her service.' Count Potocki returned from Paris, irritated by the reception he had met with there. The first interview of the lovers was a cold one. The count recommended her to return to her uncle at Werky, to await the course of events. He himself fell ill. At length the bishop reappears on the scene, and consents to receive his niece if she will renounce her mad passion for the count.

Flanders was pacified on the accession of Leopold II., who restored the ancient privileges of the cities; and the Princes de Ligne returned to Bel-Œil in 1791, where they were well received. But meanwhile the French Revolution rushed, like the fire of a prairie, on its destructive course. The Austrian Netherlands were crowded with French emigrants. The sympathy of the Prince de Ligne was naturally with the court of France. He had no belief in the 'twelve hundred sages of 'the National Assembly at eighteen francs a day.' As the sufferings and dangers of the royal family increased, his interest in their fate became more warm, and his son shared the feelings of his father. War being declared between Austria

and France, Prince Charles was restored to his rank as a colonel of engineers, serving under Clairfayt and Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen. The headquarters of the army were at Mons, the province of the De Lignes. The war was carried on with a listlessness which shocked the gallant soldier, fresh from the stirring scenes of Ismailoff and Belgrade. He describes the condition of the imperial army as pitiable. The *émigrés* had 'brought it more butter than bread.' The revolutionary forces were intact, the peasantry hostile, the troops starving. Such was the state of things when the Duke of Brunswick, who commanded the allies, resolved to march on the defiles of the Argonne, with a view to enter France by Champagne. Dumouriez prepared for his celebrated defence of the forests of the Argonne. They were only penetrable in five places, the weakest of which was the Croix aux Bois. Clairfayt entrusted the command of the attack on this position to Prince Charles de Ligne. The passage was easily taken at first, but, French reinforcements having come up, the battle was resumed the next day.

'The attack and the defence were hot; six times the post was taken by the French, and retaken by the Austrians. Prince Charles saw that to hold his ground it was necessary to master a French battery which was raking his troops. A vigorous charge was necessary, which he headed himself. Eight men fell dead by his side in the first rank; he, the ninth, rushed on, was struck in the head by a cannon-ball, and fell from his horse, slain.'

The body of this gallant soldier was at once restored by the French, and carried from Mons to Bel-Œil for interment. But his father was no longer there; he had been summoned to Vienna. It passes the power of language to describe the blow that fell upon him there when he learned that the son who had been the glory and the joy of his existence was no more. From that moment the light of life seemed to be put out. In after years other calamities fell upon him. But he said: 'There is a way to rise superior to fortune. When the 'heart has been struck by the loss of its dearest all, I defy 'grief; loss of fortune, possessions, total ruin, injustice, are 'things that seem indifferent.'

To Helen Massalska the death of her husband brought a different message. It set her free; it brought her within reach of the object she passionately desired. She received the news as might be expected, and wrote to Potocki: 'A cannon-'ball has killed Prince Charles: I am free: it is the will 'of Heaven: that cannon had been loaded from all eternity.' This last phrase had been used by Madame de Sévigné in

speaking of the death of Turenne. There are those who see in the accidents of good or evil fortune the hand of fate; but it is hard to discern in the fall of the brave or the triumph of the unworthy the hand of Heaven. The Countess Potocka was at last driven by circumstances to submit to a divorce, and the prince-bishop exerted his influence with the Pope to obtain it. But even before it arrived, within three months of the death of her gallant husband, the marriage of Helen Massalska and Count Vincent Potocki was solemnised in the chapel of the Bernardines, near Werky, at midnight.

It would have been better for the reputation of this brilliant, vain, heartless, and profligate woman if these memoirs had not seen the light. They present to us a series of vivid pictures of a state of society which has happily ceased to exist; and whatever may be the foibles and follies of our own times, they fall short of the abuses of wealth and privilege, the disunited marriages, and the defiance of domestic duties, which contributed to the destruction of society in the last century. But these were, it seems from the pages before us, the results of the education of the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

ART. II.—1. *La Photographie Astronomique à l'Observatoire de Paris et la Carte du Ciel.* Par M. le Contre-Amiral E. MOUCHEZ. Paris: 1887.

2. *An Investigation in Stellar Photography conducted at the Harvard College Observatory.* By EDWARD C. PICKERING. Cambridge, U.S.: 1886.

3. *First Annual Report of the Photographic Study of Stellar Spectra conducted at the Harvard College Observatory.* By EDWARD C. PICKERING, Director. Cambridge, U.S.: 1887.

4. *The Applications of Photography in Astronomy.* Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Friday, June 3, 1887. By DAVID GILL, LL.D., F.R.S. (The Observatory, July and August, 1887.)

5. *Die Photographie im Dienste der Astronomie.* Von O. STRUVE. (Bulletin de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de St.-Pétersbourg, Tome xxx. No. 4: 1886.)

THE application of photography to astronomical research is rapidly transforming its destinies. The more closely the exquisite sky-prints recently taken at Paris and elsewhere are studied, the more opulent of promise they appear.

Their pictorial beauty is the least of their merits. In the eyes of the astronomer their eminent value lies in their capability of exact measurement. Upon this basis of fact rest anticipations which to unaccustomed ears sound exaggerated, but which the future will, unless we are much mistaken, amply justify. We can have no hesitation in admitting that what has been done, not by chance, but on system, can be done again. Results already obtained can be repeated and multiplied. It needs no more—although much more will probably be accomplished—to ensure a new birth of knowledge regarding the structure of the universe.

The scientific importance of Daguerre's invention was perceived from the outset. In formally announcing it to the Academy of Sciences, August 19, 1839, Arago characterised it as 'a new instrument for the study of nature,' the manifold uses of which must baffle, and would assuredly surpass, prediction. 'En ce genre,' he added significantly, 'c'est 'sur l'imprévu qu'on doit particulièrement compter.' * And it is indeed the unforeseen which has come to pass. Arago himself, with all his readiness to admit incalculable possibilities, would have been staggered by a forecast of the work now actually being done.

Celestial photography, as was natural, made its first essay with the moon. The broad, mild face of our satellite, diversified with graduated lights and intense shadows, formed a tempting subject for the nascent art. At Arago's suggestion, accordingly, Daguerre exposed one of his sensitive plates to the lunar rays, but with a disappointing result. Nothing worthy the name of a picture made its appearance. Professor J. W. Draper, of New York, however, obtained early in 1840 some little prints, not altogether characterless, of the lunar surface, after which the subject dropped out of sight during ten years. It was resumed at Harvard College Observatory by George P. Bond, one of whose lunar daguerreotypes attracted deserved attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The light employed to produce them was concentrated by a telescope fifteen inches in aperture, equatorially mounted, and kept fixed by a clockwork movement upon the moving object to be depicted.

Bond's pictures marked the close of the first or tentative period in celestial photography. In 1851 the collodion process was introduced by Frederick Scott Archer, and rapidly superseded all others. Daguerreotypes, lunar, solar,

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* Comptes Rendus, tome ix. p. 264.

and terrestrial, began to assume an antiquarian interest and aspect.

Collodion is a colourless, semi-viscous fluid produced by dissolving gun-cotton in a mixture of alcohol and ether. Spread upon glass, it forms a transparent membrane rendered susceptible to the action of light by impregnation with salts of silver. The 'sensitiveness' of these substances is due to their possessing a molecular equilibrium so delicate as to be overturned by the quick ethereal impacts of the vibrations of violet light. The metal they contain, thus partially released from the bonds of chemical combination, is ready to attract further deposits; and the opportunity of exercising this power of appropriation is afforded by the processes of developement.* A photograph is hence a picture painted in metallic silver under the regulating influence of light.

Mr. Warren De la Rue was the first to turn Archer's improvement to account for astronomical purposes. He began his photographic work towards the close of 1852 with a thirteen-inch reflector of his own construction which gave him successful pictures of the moon, one inch across, in ten to thirty seconds. Some taken later with improved means bore enlargement to eight inches, and clearly showed details representing an actual area on the moon's surface of about two and a half square miles. The distribution of light and shade in them differed so notably from that perceived with the eye as to afford hints (it was thought) towards a science of lunar geology, formations of different epochs being distinguished by their varying powers of reflecting the actinic rays.† The marked deficiency in chemical power of the so-called 'seas,' in especial, suggested that they might in reality be plains clothed with vegetation, the vital needs of which were supplied by a dense, low-lying atmosphere.

Mr. De la Rue showed further that, by the stereoscopic combination of two photographs taken at opposite phases of the moon's libration, something might be learned as to the relative age of lunar craters. The deep furrows diverging from Tycho, for instance, were perceived to run right through some craters, but to be overlaid by others.‡ Obviously, then, the dislocated craters were already in existence when

* Some kinds of developement merely complete the 'reducing' process begun by the action of light, without adding any fresh metallic supplies.

† Report British Association, 1859, p. 145.

‡ Monthly Notices, vol. xxiii. p. 111.

these clefts opened, while the unaffected ones were of later production. With the improved photographic methods now in use, it is quite possible that the real position in Jupiter's atmosphere of the great red spot adhering to his southern belt may in this way be determined; perhaps even indications derived as to the nature of the mysterious Martian canals.*

The immediate followers of De la Rue in lunar photography were two gifted Americans, Dr. Henry Draper and Lewis M. Rutherfurd of New York. The moon, as seen with the naked eye, is about one-tenth of an inch in diameter; that is to say, it is just covered by a disc of that size held at the ordinary distance for clear vision† One of Draper's pictures, taken with a fifteen-inch silvered glass reflector, September 3, 1863, and subsequently enlarged, showed it as three feet across, or on a scale of about sixty miles to the inch. The spectator was virtually transported to a point six hundred miles from the lunar surface.

Reflectors possess the great advantage of being perfectly achromatic; undulations of all wave-lengths are collected by them at a single focus. In refractors, on the other hand, there is always a certain amount of dispersion. Opticians have to choose which rays to unite, leaving the others to shift for themselves. They in general, of course, bestow exclusive attention on those of greatest visual intensity. Ordinary achromatics have hence no sharp chemical focus. Rutherfurd, however, took the more rapid vibrations alone into account in calculating the curves of an object-glass of eleven inches designed expressly for photographic use. He thus set the example of deliberately constructing a telescope totally unserviceable to the eye. By its means were obtained in 1865 lunar photographs which marked the culmination of the art in its second, or 'wet-collodion,' stage.

Yet the result, striking as it was in some respects, somewhat disappointed expectation in others. The details of structure were not so distinctly given as to serve for a criterion of future change; nor has any lunar photograph yet taken shown the crispness of the best telescopic views. The reason is obvious. Atmospheric shiverings, which the eye

* The rotation of the planets gives the differences in the point of view requisite for obtaining stereoscopic relief. Photographs taken at intervals—for Jupiter of twenty-six, for Mars of sixty-nine minutes—combine with the proper effect. De la Rue, 'Report Brit. Ass.' 1859, p. 148.

† H. Draper, 'Quart. Jour. of Science,' vol. i. p. 381.

can to some extent eliminate, produce their full effect on the sensitive plate. The resulting picture is the summation of a multitude of partial impressions due to evanescent distortions and displacements of the image.

It was perhaps owing to a sense of partial failure that lunar photography fell into neglect during twenty years. Now at last there are signs of revived interest in it. Recent improvements afford great advantages for its cultivation. Owing to the high sensitiveness of modern plates the images thrown upon them can be strongly magnified, while the time of exposure is still kept extremely short. The MM. Henry have accordingly adopted the plan of photographing the moon in sections, six or eight of which cover the visible hemisphere, and are united to form a map one and a half to two feet in diameter. A repetition of the process at intervals will test the occurrence of variations in lunar topography extending over not less than one and a half square mile.

The finest telescope in the world for the purposes of moon-portraiture is undoubtedly the giant refractor of the Lick Observatory in California. With an aperture of three and a focal length of fifty feet, it gives a direct image of the moon six inches in diameter, negative impressions of which may be enlarged with advantage to perhaps twelve feet. But the third lens, by which the correction of this superb instrument can be modified at pleasure to suit the actinic rays, has yet to be provided; and perfect glass discs of thirty-six inches are not to be had for the asking. They may be bespoke a long time before they are forthcoming.

The sun can now be photographed in the inconceivably short space of the one hundred thousandth part of a second!* A short exposure, followed by a long and strong developement, gives the best results; and it is difficult to see how those obtained by M. Janssen at Meudon during the last eight or nine years can be much improved upon. It might, however, be found possible to work on a larger scale. Advantage for the exhibition of details would probably be derived from the use of a solar image more highly magnified than has hitherto been customary.

The historical starting-point of solar photography is a daguerreotype taken at Paris by MM. Foucault and Fizeau, April 2, 1845. The attempt, though not unsuccessful, remained isolated for a number of years. The eclipsed sun

* Janssen, 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes,' 1883, p. 809.

was the subject of the next experiment. Busch and Berkowski of Königsberg obtained a slight but distinct impression of the corona during the total eclipse of July 28, 1851. But the triumph of practically establishing the value of photography as a means of investigating the solar appendages was reserved for Mr. De la Rue and Father Secchi. By the comparison of photographs taken at various stages of the eclipse of July 18, 1860, the status of the 'red pro-'tuberances' was settled for ever. The advance of the moon *over* them proved beyond cavil that they belonged to the sun.

The camera is an encroaching instrument. So surely as it gains a foothold in any field of research, so surely it advances to occupy the whole, either as adjunct or principal. Telescopic and direct spectroscopic observations during solar eclipses are now altogether subordinate in importance to photographic records of them. Fleeting appearances, likely either to escape or to mislead the eye during the lapse of those counted and crowded moments, are stored up for leisurely interpretation; and the whole working power of the mind can thus be devoted to the collection of materials for subsequent discussion. The discovery of a comet close to the sun, May 17, 1882, is a picturesque incident of eclipse-photography. 'Tewfik,' as the object was named in compliment to the reigning Khedive, made its first known appearance to terrestrial spectators during the seventy-four seconds of total obscurity at Sohag. It was caught with beautiful distinctness on Dr. Schuster's plates of the corona, and its place was measured from them; but, for lack of previous or subsequent observations, it must for ever remain unidentified.

But we must hurry on, lest time fail us to describe the latest developements of this marvellous art. They are due to improvements of a fundamental kind in photographic processes. Collodion-plates can practically only be used in a wet state. This narrowly limits the time of exposure. Moreover, the preparation of each plate must immediately precede and its developement immediately follow exposure—conditions which inconveniently hamper the operations of the astronomical photographer. In 1871, however, gelatine was by Dr. R. L. Maddox substituted for collodion, silver bromide being exclusively used as the sensitive substance. The advantages of the new process were quickly perceived and improved. Gelatine is not, like collodion, a merely neutral vehicle. It possesses a reducing power of its own which

steps in as an effective auxiliary to that of light. Hence the extraordinary rapidity of the 'gelatino-bromide' plates now universally employed. Chief among their recommendations to 'astrographers' are the faculties of keeping indefinitely, and gaining fivefold sensitiveness by drying. They can thus be prepared at leisure, exposed with constantly accumulating effect for an unlimited period, and developed when convenient.

Their singular adaptation to the exigencies of celestial research was first perceived by Dr. Huggins, who used 'dry 'plates' in his experiments on photographing stellar spectra in 1876; and his advice and example were followed, a few years later, by Draper and Gould in America, by Common and Janssen in Europe. The change has proved of the highest moment to science.

We have heard much lately of the power and promise of the 'new astronomy,' and celestial physics have indeed, in our day, entered upon a splendid career. Like 'England's 'great Chancellor,' it 'has taken all knowledge to be its 'province.' No truth regarding the material universe is indifferent to it. It assimilates every variety of information. Scarcely an experiment can be performed in a laboratory without directly or indirectly promoting its interests. The labours of electricians, meteorologists, geologists, mineralogists, chemists, are all made available. No science can be its rival, because each one is its colleague and ally. The results have been commensurate with this vast extension of resources. Knowledge, ample and assured, has been accumulated of a kind which, previous to the middle of the present century, appeared to the profoundest thinkers for ever unattainable. Undreamt-of analogies between celestial and terrestrial phenomena have been disclosed. Above all, boundless prospects of future discovery have been thrown open, and the keenest stimulus to persistent effort has thus been supplied.

The new astronomy has accordingly found eager and numerous votaries in all its various branches. Yet its popularity seemed attended by a twofold danger. The majestic elder astronomy—the astronomy of Hipparchus, Bradley, and Bessel, of Newton, Leverrier, and Adams—might, it was to be feared, suffer neglect through the predominant attractions of its younger, more versatile, and brilliant competitor; or its lofty standard of perfection might become lowered through the influence of workers more zealous than precise, recruited from every imaginable quarter,

inventive, enthusiastic, indefatigable, but unused to the rigid requirements of mathematical accuracy.

Both these perils have been happily averted. The prospect has suddenly cleared and brightened. The new astronomy has submitted to bear the yoke of the old. The old astronomy has adopted the new methods, and is even now anxiously fitting them to its own sublime purposes. It has enlarged its boundaries without departing one iota from its principles. By an effort which shows it to be still young and elastic, it has seized the key of the situation, and now stands hopeful and dominant before the world.

This union of the two astronomies has long been in remote preparation. Artists and experimenters innumerable have unconsciously urged it on. It has been promoted by improvements in the manufacture of glass, in the shaping of lenses, in the grinding, polishing, and silvering of mirrors, by the growth of intimacy with the peculiarities of salts of silver, and by the growth of skill in their employment for the purposes of light-portraiture. The meeting last year at Paris of an International 'Astrophotographic' Congress marked its accomplishment. This event will undoubtedly prove to be of the 'epoch-making' description. Future ages will look back to it as the beginning of great achievements. To have been concerned with it will in itself be counted as giving a title to fame. Circumstances concurred to bring it about just at the right moment.

Stellar photography originated with a daguerreotype of Vega (*a* Lyræ) taken at Harvard College July 17, 1850. The oval shape of an image of Castor obtained about the same time indicated its duplicity; but these impressions were very faint, and none at all could be derived from objects of inferior lustre, such as the pole-star. Then the collodion process was introduced, and with its aid the younger Bond, in 1857, extended the depicting powers of the camera to stars of the sixth magnitude. Still more significantly, he demonstrated the applicability of photography to the astronomy of double stars by executing upon prints of *Mizar* in the Tail of the Great Bear a set of measures which proved superior in accuracy to those of the ordinary visual kind. He also led the way in photographing what are called 'star-trails.' When Vega, the clock being stopped, was allowed to 'run' upon the plate by its own diurnal motion, its passage remained marked by a fine line. The principle of 'trails' has been turned variously to account in recent investigations.

Rutherfurd reached the limit, in this direction, of what was possible to be done with wet plates. In and after the year 1864 he secured photographs of a number of clusters, including stars down to the ninth magnitude, from one of which Dr. Gould deduced places for nearly fifty Pleiades, agreeing so closely with Bessel's, of a quarter of a century earlier, as to put beyond doubt the extreme minuteness of the relative motions of those stars. When it is added that quantities of $\frac{1}{500000}$ of an inch were measurable on Rutherfurd's negatives, it becomes clear that the era of observations 'of 'precision' by photographic means was fast approaching.

With the introduction of dry plates it may be said to have arrived. They were indeed indispensable, no less for charting than for exploring the skies. Photography is of service for these purposes just in proportion to the number of faint stars it can register. But here length of exposure is all-important; and long exposures are impossible with plates subject to change by evaporation.

Impressions on the sensitive plate are cumulative as well as permanent. Those on the living retina are neither. The maximum effect of a luminous object on the human eye is produced in one-tenth of a second. Beyond that limit there is continual effacement and renewal. Were it not for this faculty of rapid obliteration, we should see, with the strangest results of visual confusion between time and space, not what we were actually looking at, but what had met our eyes some short time previously. A vast gain in penetrative power would, however, ensue upon a very moderate extension of the time during which the eye can collect impressions. By lengthening it to one second the brightness of visual images would be nearly decupled, and the whole heavens would appear, like the Milky Way, dimly luminous with minute stars.*

This retentive power is possessed, in an eminent degree, by a sensitised gelatine film. No limits have, so far, been set to the time of useful exposure. Successively, as the rays continue to impinge upon it, all the orders of the stars, all the secrets of the sky, disclose themselves to its patient stare. It has thus become possible to photograph stars too faint to be seen with the same optical aid. Some of those sprinkled over the Orion nebula, in Mr. Common's beautiful picture of it, were probably beyond the reach of direct observation with the 36-inch mirror employed; and Dr. Draper at the time

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* Janssen, 'Annuaire,' p. 809. Paris: 1883.

of his death in 1882 was making arrangements for exposing plates during nearly six hours, by which he hoped to get notified of the existence of stars sunk in depths of space hopelessly inaccessible to telescopic vision.*

But the decisive impulse towards the greatest astronomical undertaking of this century came otherwise. The Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope was, in 1882, unfurnished with any photographic appliances. The activity reigning there was of a rigorously orthodox kind. The ample programme of work in course of execution included nothing for which Halley or Maskelyne would have been unprepared. 'Astrophysical' tendencies, of whatever description, were absent from it. Nor did any such exist in the mind of the Royal Astronomer. Dr. Gill belonged to the strict school of Bessel; in the use of the heliometer he was Bessel's legitimate successor. His leading title to distinction at that time was a masterly determination of the sun's distance, for which the opposition of Mars in 1877 had given the opportunity; and he was engaged upon a set of measures for stellar parallax of unsurpassed excellence, and now of standard authority. His energetic administration was mainly directed towards promoting the interests of practical astronomy in the southern hemisphere; and he was far from suspecting that in the camera an instrument was at hand more rapidly effective for the purpose than the transit or the heliometer. He was not, however, slow to avail himself of it.

The splendid appearance, at the Cape, of the great comet of 1882 challenged photographic portrayal; and Dr. Gill employed for that end the apparatus, and profited by the experience, of Mr. Aldis, a local artist. An ordinary portrait-lens, of only two inches aperture and eleven focus, was attached to the stand of the Observatory equatorial, the telescope itself serving as a guide to the small corrections needed of the clockwork following motion during exposures lasting from half an hour to two hours and twenty minutes. A series of pictures resulted, one of which was exhibited by Dr. Gill in the course of his lecture at the Royal Institution, cited, from its importance to our present subject, among our authorities. They were remarkable, not only for the strength and fidelity with which their principal subject was represented, but for the accessory wealth of stars they displayed. The entire background was thickly strewn with them.

* Rayet, 'Bulletin Astronomique,' tome iv. p. 320.

Forty or fifty, down to the ninth magnitude, shone across the interposed film of the comet's tail.

The sight of the Cape photographs set the whole astronomical world upon the business of stellar chartography. They emphasised the advantages to be derived from the use of lenses of short focus and wide field, giving small, bright images of tolerably extensive sky-landscapes.* To Mr. Common they 'came as a revelation of the power of photo-'graphy' for star-charting purposes; and he proposed to Dr. Gould, then (in 1883) at Cordoba in South America, a joint photographic survey of the whole heavens, which it was not however found practicable just then to undertake. Investigations of relative stellar brightness by photographic means were almost simultaneously executed by Professor Pickering at Harvard and by Mr. Espin in Lancashire; and Mr. Roberts of Liverpool began, and has made considerable progress with, a detailed chart of northern stars.

But by far the most important of these preliminary enterprises was that of completing, in the southern hemisphere, the great northern star-census executed by Argelander at Bonn above a quarter of a century ago, and lately extended by Schönfeld to twenty degrees south of the equator. The 'Durchmusterung,' comprising in its two sections nearly 458,000 stars, may be described as the roll-call of the stellar army. Stars not entered in it have no official existence; should they fade and vanish, the fact cannot be attested: should they brighten into conspicuousness, we are obliged to regard them as 'new' for lack of previous acquaintanceship. Whatever is known of the distribution of the stars in space is founded on this grand enumeration, which was besides an essential prelude to more refined measurements.

A corresponding enrolment of southern stars was one of the most pressing needs of astronomy; and it is now, by novel means, in course of being supplied by Dr. Gill. His photographic 'Durchmusterung' will extend from the limit of Schönfeld's zones to the south pole, and will include all stars brighter and many fainter than the ninth magnitude. The requisite number of plates will probably have been secured in two or three years; while the Catalogue derived from their measurement, through the disinterested labours of Professor Kapteyn of Groningen, may be completed in

* Mr. De la Rue showed experimentally in 1861 that such instruments were the most proper for mapping the stars. 'Report Brit. Ass.' 1861, p. 95.

five or six. It will give the places (exact to one second of arc) and magnitudes of thirty per cent. more stars per square degree than are contained in the Bonn Catalogue, and will furnish 'working lists' for still more accurate determinations for about the epoch 1900.*

But we have not yet exhausted the results of the comet-pictures of 1882. Thirty-six years have elapsed since Chacornac began, at the Paris Observatory, the laborious task of charting ecliptical stars to the thirteenth magnitude. His object was the detection of asteroids, by obtaining an individual acquaintance with the small stars strewing their route in the sky; but he died in 1873, leaving the work only half finished. For its completion the resources of the newer astronomy had to be called into play.

His successors were MM. Paul and Prosper Henry, two brothers united by a rare community of tastes and endowments, inseparable in their labours, scarcely distinguishable by fame. In ten years they constructed sixteen additional maps out of a total of seventy-two; but they were arrested by encountering, where the ecliptic crosses the Milky Way, a throng of minute objects, totally unmanageable by the ordinary methods. The perplexity in which they found themselves was dissipated by a glance at the starry background of Dr. Gill's comet. They determined to have recourse to photography; their stars should henceforth register themselves. From that hour visual star-charting became a thing of the past.

The unmistakeable success of some preliminary experiments earned for their scheme the warm approval of Admiral Mouchez, Director of the Paris Observatory, the title of whose valuable little book heads this article; and the construction of the largest photographic telescope yet seen was officially sanctioned. In May, 1885, an instrument on a somewhat novel plan, the optical part by the MM. Henry, was mounted in the garden of Perrault's edifice. It consists of two telescopes, one adapted for chemical, the other for visual use, enclosed in a single rectangular tube. The photographic objective is of thirteen inches aperture and eleven feet focus, its curves being computed to enable it to take in a wide area of the sky without sensible deformation of the images. Their complete immobility in the field is secured by a skilful use of the guiding telescope. During the time

* Auwers, 'Monthly Notices,' vol. xlvii. p. 455.

of exposure the eye of the operator is never removed from it, and incipient deviations are checked by his hand.

The results of the employment of this apparatus by the MM. Henry were summed up by Admiral Mouchez before the Academy of Sciences, January 18, 1887.

'At the Paris Observatory,' he stated, 'we now easily obtain, with exposures of an hour, plates upon which thousands of stars down to the sixteenth magnitude are portrayed with the utmost nicety and distinctness over an area of six or seven square degrees. That is to say, the limit of visibility with our best telescopes under the sky of Paris is considerably overpassed, and we have even obtained many seventeenth magnitude stars doubtless never anywhere directly observed. The stellar images, varying in diameter proportionately to magnitude, afford useful data for photometric determinations.

'Objects other than stars, invisible in our most powerful instruments, sometimes appear on the plates. Such is the Maia nebula in the Pleiades, depicted like the tail of a brilliant little comet attached to the star, yet heretofore undetected, notwithstanding the exceptional amount of attention bestowed upon the Pleiades group. Unknown bodies, in sufficiently rapid movement to become sensibly displaced in an hour—minor planets, for instance, comets, the problematical trans-Neptunian planet, or undiscovered satellites—may reveal their existence by imprinting the line of their route among the fixed stars, as Pallas has been observed to do.

'The distinct visibility, on a photograph submitted to the Academy, of the interval of 0″·4 between the rings of Saturn, gives a prospect of securing impressions of double stars at that apparent distance. The satellite of Neptune has been photographed in every part of its orbit, even when it is only 8″ from the planet.*

'With the consideration before us that stars below the sixteenth magnitude have thus been photographed amid the turbid atmosphere of Paris, it becomes difficult to imagine the prodigious quantity of new objects which would be disclosed on the plates of the MM. Henry could they be exposed under the pure skies of the tropics, or at so favourable a station as the Pic du Midi. Stars of the eighteenth magnitude would then not improbably emerge to view, showing a penetration of the heavens to depths never before sounded. Such plates would doubtless, at a little distance, like the firmament itself in serene tropical nights, assume a uniformly nebulous aspect. We hope then to apply photography not only to the regular prosecution of celestial chartography, but to researches on double stars, and to explorations in search of unknown heavenly bodies.' †

Specimens of the Paris photographs were soon in the

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* No *visual* observations of Neptune's satellite have ever been made at Paris.

† Mouchez, 'La Photographie Astronomique,' p. 37.

hands of astronomers in all parts of the world. They were received with admiration not unmixed with incredulity. They seemed too absolutely perfect to be wholly genuine. Abundant evidence was however at hand to show that their extraordinary precision was really the fruit of unparalleled skill, and this conviction, once attained, was decisive of the future of astronomy.

On one of the plates, covering an area of about four square degrees in the constellation Cygnus, where 170 stars had previously been identified, some 5,000 were clearly imprinted. Wolf's great map of the Pleiades, founded on laborious observations extending over several years, contains 671 stars; photographs taken in a few hours by the MM. Henry supplied materials for charting 1,421 stars of the same group down to the sixteenth magnitude with an exactitude unattainable by visual means. The significance of such results was not to be mistaken. They pointed to a great task, the execution of which was felt to be imperative so soon as it had become possible; and Dr. Gill gave expression to a universal sentiment when he proposed, June 4, 1886, an International Congress for the purpose of organising a photographic survey on a grand scale of the entire heavens.

Fifty-five delegates of fifteen different nationalities took part in the deliberations of the memorable assembly which met at Paris, April 16, 1887. They were concluded in nine days, and were as harmonious as they were prompt. Enthusiasm for a great end secured unanimity as to the means; differences of opinion vanished as if under the pressure of some supreme crisis. The upshot of the meetings was to set preparations on foot for the charting of over twenty millions of stars! So far have we got by the aid of photography.

The co-operation of ten or twelve observatories in both hemispheres can be reckoned upon, and the work will be executed upon an identical plan with instruments similar in every respect to that of the MM. Henry. About ten thousand plates (duplicated to avoid accidental errors), each exposed during a quarter of an hour, will record the positions of all the stars in the sky to the fourteenth magnitude—the prescribed limit of faintness. This part of the undertaking can scarcely occupy less than five years. For the orientation of each plate, a single 'star-trail' (necessarily running along a parallel of declination) will suffice. The *absolute* places of the imprinted stars will be deduced from accurate measurements of their situations relative to certain 'standard

'stars,' of which a sufficient number will be found on every plate.

But there is to be a catalogue as well as a chart, and, in Dr. Gill's opinion, 'the work which astronomers of future 'generations will be most grateful for, and which will most 'powerfully conduce to the progress of astronomy, will *not* 'be the chart but the catalogue.' Plates showing fourteenth magnitude stars, however, are necessarily over-exposed for the brighter ones, and are hence not available for the most refined determinations. A set of short-exposure plates, reaching to the eleventh magnitude, are accordingly to be taken with a view to cataloguing about one million and a half stars to serve as reference-points for the twenty millions crowded on the chart plates. Such a catalogue (we again quote Dr. Gill) 'may be considered complete for the practical 'purposes of astronomy, because the eleventh magnitude is 'the faintest which can be measured with accuracy in the 'larger class of equatorials usually employed in working 'observatories.'

The mass of stellar statistics thus collected will include data as to relative brightness. The 'magnitudes' of stars can be derived from photographs either by comparing the size of their images on the same plate, or by measuring the time that elapses before they produce a sensible impression. Estimates founded on the circumstance that the diameters of the photographic discs of stars bear a strict ratio to their lustre have proved accurate (on an average) to one-fifth of a magnitude; and varying length of exposure affords the only fixed standard of brightness at present available for the minuter orders of stars. The photometric range of the eye is somewhat narrowly limited, and large errors attest its incompetence below the eleventh or twelfth magnitude. The sensitive plate, on the other hand, measuring light-intensity as it were by the clock, records its gradations between faint objects more precisely than between bright, because the corresponding intervals of time are larger. Stars of the first, second, and third magnitudes can all be photographed in a small fraction of a second; but stars of the thirteenth magnitude require five, of the fourteenth thirteen, of the sixteenth eighty minutes, before they become perceptible with the apparatus of the MM. Henry. Intermediate positions on the photometric scale can hence, it is obvious, be assigned much more easily and securely towards its lower end.

A star of any given order of lustre emits just two and a half times as much light as a star of the magnitude next

below. One of the sixteenth is accordingly a million times fainter than one of the first magnitude, and under identical conditions takes a million times longer to get photographed. This is the proper and only definite criterion of the rank of such feebly luminous objects, visual estimates of which are little better than guesswork.

It is true that colour exercises a disturbing influence owing to the predominant sensitiveness of silver salts to the more refrangible rays. Aldebaran, for instance, is reduced by the fiery tinge of its light to the fifth or sixth *chemical* rank; and small red stars are frequently missing from photographs which display crowds of objects equally or less bright to the eye. Such discrepancies, however, have an interest of their own, and they do not impair the general correspondence between visual and photographic evaluations of brightness. Nor, even when they differ, is there any valid reason for preferring the former to the latter. Both serve as means to the same ends; and chemical determinations are in so far at least to be preferred that they are authentic over a wider range.

Accurate comparisons of stellar brilliance serve two chief purposes—an individual, so to speak, and a general. Taken separately, they are a direct test of variability; taken together, and on an average, they are a safe guide to distribution.

The great problem of the constitution of the sidereal universe is not one to be solved by a stroke of genius. The generations of men are but as hours for its study; each contributes its little quota of gathered facts, and more or less ineffectual thoughts, and goes to its rest only a shade less ignorant than its predecessors. It was Herschel's great merit to have perceived that no reasoning on the subject could stand unless based on a solid substructure of statistics; and he even made the attempt by his 'gauges,' or counts of stars in various directions, to supply the needful data. But the information attainable by the labours of an individual was as nothing compared with what must be collected before profitable discussions could even begin. Now at last the requisite materials are, it would seem, about to be provided, and a long pause in the progress of knowledge may be compensated by a leap forward. When the photographic survey of the heavens is completed, conclusions of reasonable certainty on some fundamental points connected with the galactic structure will be within comparatively easy reach.

The mere counting of the stars of various orders on the plates will show whether they give any signs of *thinning out.* Stars of any assigned brightness should, on the supposition of tolerably even scattering, be nearly four times as numerous as those one magnitude brighter. There should be more of them because they occupy a wider shell of space. Thus, a marked scarcity, local or general, of faint stars would afford evidence of an approach to the limits of the system; it would indicate a determinate boundary to the Milky Way.

It is practically certain that such a boundary must somewhere exist. Were the stars agglomerated in the Galaxy infinite in number, they should emit an infinite quantity of light; and (unless on the gratuitous assumption of its extinction in space) our skies should blaze with a uniform and unendurable lustre. But the sum-total of stellar radiations striking the earth is very small. It has been estimated at one-tenth of full moonlight; it is in reality probably much less. The grand aggregate number of stars, however, corresponding to that amount of light comes out, by a recent computation, at no less than *sixty-six milliards*, and the frontier line of the system constituted by them is drawn at the average distance of stars of the seventeenth magnitude.* All this is, of course, largely hypothetical, but it is a certain and a curious fact that we receive much more light from stars invisible than from those visible to the naked eye. All the lucid orbs might, in fact, be withdrawn without sensibly diminishing the general illumination of the sky.†

The concentration of stars towards the Milky Way appears, from the evidence of Schönfeld's zones, to be far less marked in the southern than in the northern hemisphere.‡ Photographic statistics will supply the means of deciding whether any such difference really exists. They will, moreover, test the truth of M. Celoria's interesting theory of a double Galaxy. The sidereal world is, in his view, composed of two rings of stars at widely different distances from us, one inclined at a considerable angle to and including the other, the sun being situated in the plane of neither and excentrically towards both. We shall see whether the twenty millions about to be charted conform to this plan.

The movements of the stars, as tending to reveal the laws governing the stellar commonwealth, are of even higher interest than their distribution; but we are still very much

* Hermite, 'L'Astronomie,' tome v. p. 412. † Ibid. p. 409.
‡ Seeliger, 'Sitzungsberichte,' Heft ii. p. 228. Munich: 1886.

in the dark about them. The impending photographic survey will be a preparatory measure for acquiring extended knowledge on the subject. About the year 2000 A.D. the seed planted in our time will have begun to bear fruit. A fresh determination of their places for that epoch will reveal the amount and direction of their changes in the interim. Something of the meaning of those changes can then hardly fail to become legible. Stars associated by a general 'drift' can be marshalled into systems; others in specially rapid motion —the so-called 'flying' or 'runaway' stars—will show their common peculiarities; an inkling of the purpose of the sun's mysterious journey through space may be gained, and its rate and aim, in any case, ascertained; his companions on the voyage may even be picked out. The motion-harmonies of the Cosmos will begin to sound intelligibly in the ears of humanity.

But present as well as prospective results may be looked for from the contemplated star-enrolment. Its progress must inevitably be attended by interesting disclosures. Now a new asteroid will stamp its light-track on a plate, or a remote giant planet will be distinguished by disappearance from or intrusion into a duplicate record; a comet approaching the sun will announce itself from afar; stars will show unsuspected nebulous appendages; others, too faint for visual separation, will spontaneously divide on the chemical retina.

Our readers can now to some extent appreciate the importance of securing a trustworthy picture of the sky for a given epoch. But this was not the sole care of the astronomers assembled at Paris. The miscellaneous applications of photography also engaged their attention; and by appointing M. Janssen and Mr. Common as a permanent committee for the purpose of studying and promoting them, they made sure, in this direction also, of rapid progress.

Mr. Common's well-known photograph of the great nebula in Orion, taken at Ealing, January 30, 1883, not only superseded all previously existing delineations of that strange object, but virtually prohibited any such being attempted in future. Changes in its condition, it was made plain, must thenceforward be investigated by a comparison of photographs taken at various dates. No living astronomer has devoted more care to its telescopic study than Professor E. S. Holden, now director of the Lick Observatory. Yet he frankly admits that 'every important result reached' by an assiduous scrutiny of four years with the Washington twenty-

six-inch equatorial, 'and very many not comprised in it, 'were attained by Mr. Common's photograph, which required 'an exposure of forty minutes only.' *

Since about seven thousand nebulæ are now known, the field of research thus entered upon is sufficiently wide. And its cultivation must be largely disinterested. Time, for the most part, will be needed to ripen its results. Some centuries hence, for example, the examination of a 'vitrified' picture of a spiral nebula dating, say, from 1890, may reveal alterations of form decisive on some leading points connected with the genesis of worlds.† Posterity will not, however, alone reap the benefit of such labours. Some first-fruits have been already gathered. A photograph by Mr. Common of the central portion of the Andromeda nebula showed that the star which blazed out near the nucleus in August, 1885, had no visible existence a year earlier. It was *not*, then, developed by some sudden catastrophe out of one of the minute stellar points powdering the surface of the nebula, but was 'new' in the relative sense in which alone we can safely use the term.

The discovery of the nebulous condition of the Pleiades, again, has been an almost startling illustration of what may be learnt by sheer perseverance in exposing sensitive plates to the sky. Nearly thirty years ago M. Tempel, an exceptionally acute observer, detected a filmy veil thrown round and floating far back from the bright star Merope; and Mr. Common *saw*, with his three-foot reflector, February 8, 1880, some additional misty patches in the same neighbourhood. In general, however, the keen lustre of the grouped stars appeared relieved against perfectly dark space.

Great then was the surprise of the MM. Henry on perceiving a little spiral nebula clinging round the star Maia, on a plate exposed during three hours, November 16, 1885. The light of this remarkable object possesses far more chemical than visual intensity. Were its analysis possible, it would hence doubtless prove to contain an unusually large proportion of ultra-violet rays. It is of such evanescent faintness that its direct detection was highly improbable; but since it has been known to exist, careful looking has brought it into view with several large telescopes. It was first visually observed on February 5, 1886, with the new Pulkowa refractor of thirty inches aperture, and M. Kammer-

* Photography the Servant of Astronomy, p. 10.

† Mouchez, op. cit. p. 61.

mann, by using a fluorescent eye-piece, contrived to get a sight of it with the ten-inch of the Geneva Observatory.

The further prosecution of the inquiry is due to Mr. Roberts of Liverpool. With his twenty-inch reflector he obtained, on October 24, 1886, a picture of the Pleiades that can only be described as astounding. The whole group is shown by it as involved in one vast nebulous formation.* 'Streamers and fleecy masses' extend from star to star. Nebulæ in wings and trains, nebulæ in patches, wisps, and streaks, seem to fill the system, as clouds choke a mountain valley, and blend together the over-exposed blotches which represent the action of stellar rays. What processes of nature may be indicated by these unexpected appearances we do not yet know; but the upshot of a recent investigation† leads us to suppose them connected with the presence of copious meteoric supplies, and their infalls upon the associated stars.

The mechanical condition of globular clusters of stars offers a problem of extraordinary interest and complexity. It can, however, be usefully studied only by the aid of photography. Take as an example the marvellous agglomeration in the constellation Hercules. The many thousands of stars composing it run together towards the centre, into one unbroken blaze, utterly defying measurement of every kind; while the outlying 'grains of bright dust' bewilder the eye so as to incapacitate it for methodical operations.‡ But from the Paris plates all such separate stars can and will be perfectly well mapped and catalogued. Dr. O. Lohse has since 1884 been working at Potsdam with signal success in the same department; and thus data are being stored up for the future detection of interstitial movements in these complex systems. They must, in general, be extremely minute; and a star in the cluster No. 1440, shown as markedly displaced in eighteen years by a comparison of M. Von Gothard's photographs with Vogel's micrometric measures,§ will most likely prove to be accidentally projected *upon* the cluster, and not to form part of it.

Doubts as to the superiority of the photographic method of measurement for double stars can only arise where the components are considerably unequal. In this case the

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* Monthly Notices, vol. xlvii. p. 24.

† Described by Mr. Norman Lockyer, before the Royal Society, November 17, 1887.

‡ Mouchez, op. cit. p. 54. § Astr. Nachrichten, No. 2777.

brighter star, necessarily over-exposed, gives an indistinct and distended image ill suited for precise determinations. The same difficulty impedes photographic operations for ascertaining the parallaxes of large stars. Professor Pritchard has, however, shown conclusively by his successful measures of 61 Cygni that this most exacting problem of stellar astronomy lies for the most part well within the competence of the camera. Its prerogatives in the matter are obvious, and the result of its employment will infallibly be a rapid multiplication of the stars at known distances from our system.

We are far from having reckoned up all the tasks of astronomical photography. They become every year more numerous; their scope widens as we contemplate it, while that of eye-observations dwindles proportionately. Even transits, it appears, can now be taken with increased accuracy on the sensitive plate. It is indeed difficult to set bounds to the revolution in progress by which all the practical methods of celestial science are being swiftly and irresistibly transformed.

The tendency of the camera to usurp the functions of the eye is nowhere more apparent than in the study of stellar spectra. When Dr. Huggins laid before the Royal Society, December 6, 1876, a little print of the spectrum of Vega,* only a prophetic imagination could have anticipated that, within ten short years, so vast a developement would be given to the subject. After the lapse of three years, the same eminent investigator communicated his discovery of the complete ultra-violet spectrum of hydrogen as depicted, dark by absorption, in the analysed light of Vega and other white stars. This rhythmical series of vibrations, repeated, in varied terms, in the spectra of some metals,† may yet serve as a clue out of the labyrinth of speculation regarding the molecular constitution of matter. None of its nine invisible members occur in ordinary sunlight; but they appeared in a photograph of the spectrum of a prominence taken by Dr. Schuster during the total eclipse of 1882. Their presence would seem to be conditional upon a high state of excitement by heat of the hydrogen atoms emitting them; and their strong reversal in the spectra of Sirius, Vega, and their congeners almost compels the belief that the photospheres

* The first photograph of a star-spectrum showing lines was obtained by Dr. Draper in 1872.

† Cornu, 'Journal de Physique,' Mars, 1886.

of such stars are more intensely incandescent than that of our sun.

The work to which Dr. Henry Draper devoted his chief energies during the later years of his life was that of stellar spectroscopic photography; and it is now being prosecuted at Harvard College as a memorial to him, and with funds and instruments provided by his widow. 'The attempt will 'be made to include all portions of the subject, so that the 'final results shall form a complete discussion of the con-'stitution and condition of the stars, as revealed by their 'spectra, so far as present scientific methods permit.' * There can be little doubt that, under Professor Pickering's direction, this 'attempt' will be successful. Already superb specimens of photographed spectra have been distributed, obtained by methods so expeditious as to enable stars by the score together to stamp the characters of their analysed light on the same plate. And in sidereal astronomy, the subject-matter of which is all but infinite, the quantity of information collected in a given time is nearly as important as its quality. Hence large expectations from the Harvard researches are justly entertained.

The spectroscope supplies information not only about the physical constitution, but about the movements of the stars; and it is safe to say that its messages on this head will henceforth be read almost exclusively by photographic means. The acquisition of power to determine, by the displacement of known lines in its spectrum, whether a heavenly body is moving towards or from the eye, and at what rate, is one of the most considerable of recent additions to the resources of astronomy. Its use as regards the stars, however, has hitherto been hampered by grave difficulties of observation. Small deviations of delicate lines kept continually thrilling and shivering by air-tremors can be but insecurely registered. But on such photographs as Professor Pickering's (once provided with a standard of wave-length) the readings will be sure and easy.

Here we find the natural meeting-place of the old and the new astronomies. Spectroscopy and photography here directly lend themselves to dynamical inquiries, and so help to found the future science of sidereal mechanics. They combine to measure movements otherwise wholly imperceptible. More complete data as to the mutual relations of the stars are thus afforded, and means provided for determining the rate

* Draper Memorial, First Report, p. 3.

of translation of the solar system by contrasting stellar rates of approach or recession in opposite quarters of the sky. Stars sensibly exempt from visual displacement because the whole of their motion is 'end-on' can be discriminated from stars really almost immoveable relative to the sun, because associated with it in a journey towards the same bourne in space. The members of the stellar group to which the sun belongs can in this way be identified, and some insight gained into its structure. And all this in the immediate future. For spectroscopic determinations of movement are complete in themselves. They evade the necessity for exact comparisons after the lapse of tedious years or centuries. They tell us at once *what is.*

Astronomical photography includes tasks of all kinds and suited to every capacity. The Baconian principle of the division of scientific labour will by it be brought into full play. One division of workers will devote themselves to the exposure and developement of plates, another to their measurement. It may even happen that the first set of operations will be conducted in a different part of the globe from the second, as the Cape photographs are now in course of measurement at Groningen, and the Cordoba photographs at Boston. The same negatives may be studied by one astronomer in search of new members of the solar system; by another, for the purpose of detecting displacements due to annual parallax or proper motion; by a third, with a view to eliciting facts relative to stellar distribution; by a fourth, for the sake of information latent in them as to stellar variability. In each branch of sidereal astronomy photographic experts will arise skilled in developing the special conditions favourable to success in a special direction. The picturing of nebulæ is a totally different art from stellar chartography; double stars require modes of treatment not applicable to clusters; impressions for photometric purposes would be wholly useless for measuring displacements; the obstacles met in depicting stellar spectra are of another order than those which impede the photographic sounding of space.

Several magnificent instruments will shortly be available for photographic use. A 'bent equatorial,' twenty-nine and a half inches in aperture, in preparation at Paris, will offer particular advantages for lunar and planetary work from the extremely long focus (fifty-nine feet) which its peculiar form enables it to receive. The Lick object-glass will collect nine times as much light as any actually existing photographic telescope.

'A single exposure,' Professor Holden remarks,* 'will give us a map of the sky comprising four square degrees on a plate twenty-four by twenty-four inches. A few minutes will impress on this plate a permanent record of the position and brightness of all the stars visible in even the largest telescopes. A comparison of two such plates, taken on different nights, will point out any changes which might easily escape the most minute observation by other methods. The sun's image unmagnified will be six inches in diameter; a large sunspot will be the size of one's finger-nail. Beautiful photographs of the planets can be taken so as to register with perfect accuracy the features of their surfaces. Comets and nebulæ can be studied at leisure from their automatic registers, as one studies a copperplate engraving. The variations of refraction from the horizon to the zenith can be made to record themselves for measurement. There is absolutely no end to the problems lying close at hand, and their number and their importance will develope with time. We are merely at the threshold of this subject.'

But even the Lick refractor will be beaten out of the field, as regards luminous capacity, by the five-foot silver-on-glass reflector which Mr. Common is now personally engaged in constructing. Twice as many rays as the other transmits will be concentrated by it, and its other qualities, unless they belie expectation, will correspond to its power. Unfortunately, however, there is another large factor in the account. A bad climate cripples the use of the most perfect instrument. Its size renders it only the more sensitive to atmospheric troubles. And Ealing is half submerged by the fogs of London, while Mount Hamilton, as an observing site, has no known rival in the world.

We have said enough to show that a new and hopeful era is opening for astronomy. It is greeted on all sides with the enthusiasm which the dawning of large possibilities never fails to evoke. The time-honoured problem of 'how the 'heavens move' presents itself under a novel aspect. Novel implements of research are being zealously adapted to its requirements. The shrinkage of films, the vitrification of negatives, the distension of photographic star-discs, devices for modifying the qualities of salts of silver, are being studied with the same patient ardour that Bessel brought to determinations of 'collimation-errors' or 'personal equation.' There is no longer a 'new' and an 'old' astronomy. The two are fused into one, to the enormous advantage of both. It seems hardly possible to be over-sanguine as to the results.

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* Photography the Servant of Astronomy, p. 10.

ART. III.—1. *Agricultural Returns of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1886 and 1887. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London: 1886 and 1887.

2. *The Tithe Acts.* By T. H. BOLTON. London: 1887.

3. *The Tithe Rent-charge Bill.* London: 1887.

4. *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment.* By ROUNDELL EARL SELBORNE. London: 1887.

THE tithe question, from its national importance, deserves to be considered apart from party, class, or sectarian prejudice. It has been repeatedly discussed. But the legislation that is impending, the magnitude of the interests at stake, the momentous character of the issues that are raised, the far-reaching consequences of the principles that are involved, justify, if they do not demand, recurrence to the topic. There are few subjects which are so frequently misunderstood, few with which men are so indisposed to grapple, as the history and present conditions of the tithe rent-charge. Round the question has gathered a mass of misconception, misconstruction, exaggeration, and ambiguity. No words are more ambiguous than rights, property, church; each of the three has different acceptations with which sophistry delights to juggle; yet without exact agreement on their true meaning no solution of the problem is possible. A Nemesis hangs over the consideration of the subject. What Lord Althorp said of the question in 1833 remains true in 1887: 'I can say conscientiously that greater exaggeration 'has prevailed upon this subject than has prevailed upon 'any other political topic that I recollect.'

The attack upon tithes is mainly due to four causes—the peculiar character of the charge, pressure of agricultural distress, hostility towards the Established Church, and ignorance respecting the nature of the charge. Tithes represent profits without risk, produce without cost of production; and, as such, they gall and irritate owners and occupiers of land in a period of acute distress. Farmers may, in theory, pay tithe by arrangement for the mutual convenience of themselves and their landlords. But, in practice, the free-will element is often excluded, because payment by the occupier forms a compulsory condition in a lease of land. In times like the present tenants look in every direction for relief from cash payments which can only be met by the sale

of produce at disastrous prices. It is human nature to strive to enlist principles on the side of interests; the desire to avoid the disbursement of cash not unnaturally tends towards a desire to disestablish and disendow the Church. Farmers button up their pockets, not as defaulting debtors, but as village Hampdens. Yet these symptoms are far less formidable than ignorance respecting the real issues of the tithe question. If it ever falls to our lot to conduct a post-mortem examination of tithes, we certainly expect to trace the dissolution to want of knowledge. Lord Selborne's very valuable work supplies the answer to many of the fallacies and fictions which are in vogue. But though the truth has thus been placed within the reach of everyone, there remains no slight danger that a valuable property like the tithe rent-charge may be sacrificed to secure temporary ease. Immediate relief would be dearly purchased by the permanent surrender of the present interests of the Church and the reversionary interests of the nation for any inadequate consideration.

It may be impossible to remove inveterate misconception, to efface the impression of reiterated misstatements; but the existing crisis imperatively requires that we should see clearly where we stand and whither we are going. We cannot play with fire when the country is inflammable as tinder. When the storm rises highest there is most need for the compass; and the true compass of public men consists neither in vague notions of expediency, nor in weak abandonment of causes because they are hastily assumed to be lost, but in steady adherence to principles which are conscientiously believed to be sound. It is sometimes urged that, in dealing with questions like the tithe rent-charge, a distinction must be drawn between the moral and the legal rights of the State, and that abstract rights are controlled by a liberal breadth of interpretation, not by constructions which are circumscribed within the four corners of a statute. On such a question as this common sense is not likely to be fettered by technicalities; Parliament is not an assemblage of lawyers; it has never paid excessive deference to quibbles. The danger is not that Parliament should unduly respect, but that it should unduly ignore, the limitations upon its powers.

Our argument is briefly this. Tithes are historically, broadly, and technically distinct from taxes, and their essential character is unaffected by their existing incidence as a tithe rent-charge. The present value of the charge is

determined by the compact of 1836. Agricultural distress affords no sufficient excuse to reopen that bargain, because the charge is relatively a lesser, not a greater, burden on agriculture now than then. On other grounds it is proposed to appropriate the fund to secular objects. Under certain contingencies the property might be thus appropriated. It is part of a corporate fund vested in the clergy to promote the spiritual interests of the nation, only so long as religion is recognised to be a vital element in the national welfare. But, subject to this clerical life-interest, the nation claims the reversion. Thus the interests of Church and State are identical. It is the duty of the State to guard the corpus of a property of which the nation enjoys the reversion. If this principle is recognised, no legislation can be defended which lessens the value of the charge or procures temporary ease for individuals at the expense of the property of the community. The only solution of the problem is that Church and State should recognise the identity of their present and prospective interests; that the incidence of the charge should be diverted from the occupiers to owners; that the State should assume the collection of the payment; and that redemption should be postponed in hope of a rise in the value of the property.

The questions connected with the tithe rent-charge may be conveniently discussed under five heads:—

1. What is the history of the origin of tithe?

2. What is the history of its existing incidence as a rent-charge?

3. On what grounds is legislative interference demanded with the compact of 1836?

4. What is the nature of the property enjoyed by the Church in the tithe rent-charge, and what is the nature of the rights exercised by the State over that property?

5. What appears to be the best method of finally and successfully determining the problem?

Before proceeding with these five questions in their order, it will be well to ascertain the amount of the tithe rent-charge which is vested in the clergy to promote the spiritual interests of the nation. The annual value of the tithe rent-charge at par is 4,053,985*l.* 6*s.* 8½*d.* It is thus distributed: Payable to clerical appropriators, 678,897*l.* 1*s.* 1¾*d.*; payable to parochial incumbents, 2,412,708*l.* 9*s.* 11½*d.*; payable to lay impropriators, 766,233*l.* 0*s.* 6¾*d.*; payable to schools, colleges, &c., 196,056*l.* 15*s.* 0½*d.* In other words, 76 per cent. of the tithe rent-charge is appropriated, and 24 per

cent. is impropriated. Of the 76 per cent. of the appropriated tithe, 16 per cent. is held by bishops and cathedral bodies, and 60 per cent. by parochial incumbents. Of the 24 per cent. of impropriated tithe, one-fifth is applied to educational and charitable purposes, the remaining four-fifths belong to private persons. By the system of averages this par value is now reduced by rather more than 12½ per cent., the septennial average for 1887 giving 87*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* for every 100*l.* of tithe rent-charge. But the loss to the clergy from agricultural depression must, like the loss of landlords or of tenants, be measured by comparison of present distress with previous prosperity. In 1877 the tithe rent-charge was 12*l.* 7*s.* 5¼*d.* above par; in 1887 it is 12*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* below par. Its total annual value is now, in round numbers, 3,500,000*l.*, and its value to parochial incumbents is 2,100,000*l.* It is with this last sum that we are mainly concerned. In 1888 it will be reduced still lower by a further fall in the averages. Impropriated tithes stand on a slightly different footing. They resemble, not the corporate property itself, but that portion which has been alienated to individuals. On the other hand, many of the arguments urged against tithe rent-charge in the hands of the clergy apply with equal, if not greater, force to impropriations. Lay titheowners are, for this reason, specially interested in the question whether precedents are to be followed or created afresh.

We pass on to the first of the questions we have proposed: What is the history of the origin of tithes? In one sense this question is immaterial. Behind the prescriptive title which the Church enjoys in the tithe there is no need to travel. It is the oldest form of property in this country; by its side all other forms are of mushroom growth. But the assertion is often made that the nation conferred the property upon the clergy, that State-endowed churches are an anachronism, that what the nation has once given it may at any time resume, that tithes are national property in the same absolute unconditional sense as the produce of the taxes. We hope, on the other hand, to show that tithes originated in voluntary consecrations of portions to the service of God, that they were not conferred by the State, that so far the Church has not been endowed by the State, that tithes can be plainly and broadly distinguished from the produce of the taxes, and that, therefore, the rights of the State to deal with them are relative and conditional, not absolute and unlimited.

No dispute arises respecting the historical origin of tithes

till the point is reached at which the payment passes from voluntary tenths into tithes, from free-will offerings into payments enforced by civil or ecclesiastical penalties. From the fourth century onwards there is abundant evidence that throughout Western Christendom tenths of increase were given to churches in discharge of a recognised moral obligation. Here the duty of payment was preached by Augustine and his successors, and enforced with all the arguments of those who hold the keys of heaven and hell. Everywhere throughout England the example of Ethelbert of Kent was followed; in the different kingdoms mother-churches were built, and supported partly by gifts of land, partly by the oblations of the faithful. The contributions of converts were paid into a common fund, which was administered by the bishop within the kingdom and its corresponding diocese. The bishop's house was the centre of missionary efforts from which radiated itinerant monks, who sang, preached, and prayed under rude crosses in secluded villages. When the need arose for more continuous ministrations, monasticism was at first almost universal. But side by side with the growth of monasteries went the multiplication of rural churches and a parochial clergy. All over the country nobles and landed proprietors imitated their rulers by erecting churches upon their private estates, and endowing them with gifts of land or by the dedication of some portion of its produce. This process spread throughout the sixth and seventh centuries. At first the parochial priesthood, consisting of uncouth ignorant men, recruited from the lowest ranks of the tillers of the soil, received but slender provision. No regulations controlled the appropriation of tithes. Anglo-Saxon custom left landowners the option to bestow them upon monasteries or upon parish churches. Either form of gift discharged the moral obligation. Naturally the monasteries, which served as hospitals, asylums, schools, penitentiaries, reformatories, and poor-houses, received larger endowments than the peasant-bred, illiterate clergy of the parish churches. Thus, long before England existed as a nation, she existed as an ecclesiastical organisation. Tithes were voluntarily dedicated to the religious use of cathedrals, monasteries, and parish churches a century before any civil or ecclesiastical legislation has been recorded; they were given to the regular and secular clergy when there was no national Parliament to endow religion, and no State which was capable of creating the diocesan and parochial system which taught the lesson of national unity.

In the eighth century the moral obligation to give tithes was first enforced by civil or ecclesiastical sanctions. In 787 A.D. legatine councils were held in the provinces of Canterbury and York, to which the attendance of the kings and ealdormen gave the authority of Witans. Among the decrees of these councils was the following: 'Præcepimus ut 'omnes studeant de omnibus quæ possident decimas dare, 'quia speciale Dei Domini est.' Henceforward the payment of tithe was repeatedly commanded in the legislation of Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings. But, for nearly one hundred and fifty years before this first recorded legislation, the practice had extensively prevailed of voluntarily dedicating tenths of produce, whether the dedication was made to cathedrals, monastic establishments, or parochial churches. If no permanent appropriation had been made, tithepayers remained free to choose the ecclesiastical person to whom they would pay tithes. Edgar, in the latter half of the tenth century, endeavoured to limit this freedom of choice. But at the Conquest the right of selection was revived, and remained practically unlimited down to the thirteenth century.

Those who urge that tithe property is a gift of the State contend that the civil penalties by which the State enforced the payment amount to a national gift of the property. Those who trace the origin of the tithe property to a voluntary consecration argue that the penalties imposed by the State protected a property which was none the less real because it originated in a free gift. If the first contention is correct, we expect to find that payments of tithes are statutory in origin, commencing with the civil legislation by which they are alleged to be created; that they are certain in practice, uniform in amount, identical in source. If the second is right, we expect to find that payments of tithes are customary in origin, preceding and presupposed by recorded legislation, uncertain in practice, varying in amount, irregular in source. As an historical fact the voluntary payment of tithes preceded civil and ecclesiastical legislation by nearly two centuries; the first civil enactment assumes the prior existence of the charge; in all subsequent legislation the reference is not to statute, but to lawful usages and customs; the practice, both in respect of the persons to whom the tithe was paid and the produce in respect of which it was due, is uncertain; the amount paid is not uniform, but varying; the sources from which it is derived are not identical, but irregular. If, therefore, the State endowed the

Church with tithes, all those signs which would naturally accompany such a national act are conspicuously absent, while all those signs which would naturally indicate the legislative protection of a practice originating in long-continued custom are conspicuously present. Our view is that tithes were voluntarily dedicated to religious purposes in accordance with the common law of Western Christendom; that, in reliance upon the permanence of these free-will offerings, cathedrals had been erected, monasteries founded, parish churches built, and a diocesan and parochial system organised; that by these voluntary dedications the original donors and their representatives had alienated portions of their property; and that the law interfered to compel payment, whether against the original donors who had made the dedication, or against their representatives who acquired estates which were already subject to the deduction of the consecrated portion. Aided by the personal example of sovereigns, fostered by the intimate union of Church and State, protected by frequent legislation, the common law of the Church became the *lex terræ*. The title-deeds to the property are enrolled in no statute, but in the common law of the realm. No right exists without a remedy; the essence of government is the protection of property once acquired. When the State recognised a right to tithe, it was bound to protect its enjoyment. But it is a novel argument that because rights are protected, they are therefore given, by the State. If A squats on B's land, if C owes money to D, the law, after the lapse of a certain time, secures to the squatter possession and to the debtor immunity. But will it be contended that the State gave B his land or C his money?

Another question connected with this aspect of the subject is, whether the quadripartite or the tripartite division of tithes ever formed part of the ecclesiastical practice of this country. Possibly the original common fund was distributed in four portions, one of which fell to the bishop, a second to the fabric of the church, a third to the parish priest, a fourth to the poor. After the bishop had been permanently endowed from other sources, the tripartite division may also have prevailed among the three remaining recipients. Probably also the monasteries received endowments morally charged with the duty of relieving the poor. But it will hardly be contended that the portions allotted to the parochial clergy were so divided. Under the Anglo-Saxons tithes were, as we have seen, frequently dedicated to the use

of monasteries. The Conquest gave fresh impulse to the practice. The courtly Norman, though his genius for system might favour the general developement of a uniform custom of regular dedication, was little disposed to pay tithes to the unlettered, peasant-born, Anglo-Saxon priest. All his refined instincts prompted him to enrich the monasteries and impoverish the parochial clergy. Nor could the latter enforce their claim. Legislation favoured the growth, it had not changed the nature, of the custom. The only legal obligation was the consecration of a tenth to religious purposes; if the parish priest attempted to make good his claim to a share, the landlord could discharge his liability by appropriating the payment to a monastery. Instances are recorded in which the landowner's right thus to select the recipient of his tithe was purchased on behalf of the parish priest. Not only the tithes, but also the patronage of parish churches, were transferred to spiritual persons like abbots, priors, and prebends, or to bodies corporate like monasteries and convents. Bodies corporate appointed vicars, often members of their own establishment, on small annual stipends; spiritual persons collated themselves to the benefice, obtained licenses as perpetual incumbents, and served the cure themselves. Both these abuses of appropriation were eventually checked by synodical legislation, in spite of a lay opposition which lingered on for two centuries. From the thirteenth century onwards all unappropriated tithes were to be paid to the person holding the cure of the parish out of which they issued, and a minimum stipend was fixed for the vicars.

The gradual and arbitrary endowment of parishes by means of tithe is shown partly by the difference between rectorial and vicarial tithe, partly by the varying size of parishes which generally coincide with the manorial estate, partly by the fact that lands in one parish are often charged with the support of the church of another parish. From 1215 onwards the first claim of the parochial clergy to the tithes of newly cultivated lands within the parish was generally, though not universally, recognised. Henceforward the parish priest was protected, because custom directed the payment, and canon law limited the right of selection. But the remedy differed. If the title was disputed, the tithe-owner applied to the common-law courts, where his title was upheld as part of the *lex terræ*, unless a grant could be produced by a rival claimant; if payment was refused, but no title was in dispute, he sought his remedy in the ecclesi-

astical courts, which enforced payment *pro salute animæ* of the defaulter. At the moment when the parish priest was thus for the first time secured in the possession of the tithes no evidence can be produced of the tripartite, still less of the quadripartite, division. He received his tithe for the three objects stated in 4 Henry IV. c. 12—to inform the people, to keep hospitality, to perform divine service. If the shadowy evidence of earlier periods establishes the claim of the poor to a share in any tithes, it applies, not to the property in the hands of the parochial clergy, but to the tithes appropriated to monastic establishments; and these not only never formed part of the endowments of the Established Church, but at the dissolution of the monasteries were vested in the Crown and granted out in lay fee free of any such charge. Some portions of these tithes were restored to the Church by Henry VIII., and others are represented in the fund administered by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But by far the largest portion is still held by lay impropriators.

The bearing of these historical facts upon parochial tithes is obvious. Part of the property consists of free-will offerings consecrated by landowners to the parish churches built upon their estates, or, when customary payments were legally enforced, of payments voluntarily appropriated to the same object. Part consists of the more modern growth of tithe out of the common-law liability, and the recognised claim upon the produce of the parish church which served the lands whence the tithes issued. Part consists of those parochial tithes which were purchased, while the landlord still retained his right to select the recipient, on behalf of the parish church; or of those tithes which were restored by lay impropriators who, like Spelman himself, doubted the legality of holding them; or, finally, of the tithes which have been from time to time, and especially at the close of last century, acquired by purchase and freely bestowed upon particular parishes.

Up to 1836 tithes consisted of 'the tenth part of the 'yearly increase from the profits of the land, the stock upon 'land, and the personal industry of the inhabitants.' They were classed under three heads:—

1. Prædial—i.e. the produce of the actual cultivation of the soil, as corn, grass, fruit, hops, &c.

2. Mixed—i.e. the produce of farm stock, as sheep, cattle, wool, milk, pigs, poultry, bees, &c.

3. Personal—i.e. the net profits of trade and occupations.

At first, and indeed down to the Commutation Act of

1836, the practice varied in each parish, and was determined by usage and custom. But payment of tithes in kind in the nineteenth century was rather exceptional than universal. Allotments in lieu of tithe, corn rents, moduses, customary compositions had to a large extent superseded the older system. But many of the compositions agreed upon between titheowners and tithepayers were only valid between the parties to the original agreement. Some uniform and permanent system of money payment was imperatively required. Thus we reach the second of our five questions, What is the history of the incidence of the existing tithe rent-charge?

During the twenty years which followed the peace of 1815 agriculture suffered severely. The evidence laid before Sir James Graham's Committee on Agriculture in 1833 shows that rents were then undergoing a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent. on the old war rentals. Then, as now, landlords and farmers looked anxiously in every direction for relief, and a formidable agitation arose against the existing system of tithing the produce of land. Titheowners contributed nothing to cultivation, but claimed increased payments on the crops which were raised by the application of fresh capital to the land. No man would embark in an extensive scheme of improvement when titheowners, paying nothing and risking nothing, shared in the profit. Thus tithes of produce discouraged and retarded agricultural progress when the rapid growth of population rendered it necessary to develope to the full all the resources of the soil. Before 1836 several schemes had been discussed to remove the deadlock. The consideration of these different proposals prepared the way for the Bill of 1836, and, by a process of exhaustion, secured its ready adoption. On all sides it was accepted as conferring undoubted benefits on titheowners, tithepayers, owners of land, and the community at large.

In 1833 Lord Althorp laid down the principle, as an axiom of tithe legislation, that, if the legislature appropriated tithe in its present shape of the tenth of the gross produce, they were bound to give a fair equivalent to those from whom the property was taken. He proposed as the basis of commutation the actual amount of tithes which had been paid in each parish during the past seven years. But the proposal was rejected because it placed a premium on the rigorous exaction of legal rights.

In 1834 Lord Althorp proposed to strike an average of

the tithe in kind, estimate the value in money, throw the payment upon owners instead of occupiers, and give it a fixed proportion to the rent of the land out of which it issued. He also proposed to permit the landlord to redeem at twenty-five years' purchase, and, where no redemption took place, to convert the money payment into a rent-charge permanently settled upon the land. But this scheme was rejected because rent and tithe are not common measures of value, since one depends on the expenses of cultivation, the other on the amount of produce.

In 1835 Sir Robert Peel announced his intention of introducing a Tithe Bill. The principle which he adopted was that of encouraging voluntary commutation. With this object he proposed to commute the tithe for a fixed payment in the shape of a corn rent varying with the price of corn. 'In cases of lands let upon lease,' he proposed to 'permit 'the tithe rent to be paid by the lessee, allowing him to 'deduct the amount so paid from the head landlord.' He did not intend then to burden the question of commutation with that of redemption, but he contemplated that 'here'after they could determine the manner in which the 'redemption could be effected.' Before Peel could introduce his Bill his government resigned on the Irish Church Appropriation question.

In February 1836 Lord John Russell introduced his Bill. In his speech he used an expression which has been often quoted for applause or condemnation. 'Tithes,' he said, 'are the property of the nation.' The phrase is ambiguous. But the point which Lord John intended to emphasise is one which we fully accept. Tithes are not, and never have been, the exclusive property of the clergy; they belong to that mixed body of clergy and laity which constitutes the visible Church of Christ, and they are vested in the clergy, not for the temporal interests of their class, but for the spiritual interests of the nation. It is on this ground that the legislature is entitled to interfere more largely with the so-called Church property than with private property; but if the principle is fully recognised, the interference is restrained by well-defined conditions.

The Bill of 1836 was so far tentative that Lord J. Russell relied on the loyal co-operation of both sides of the House to make it a workable scheme. Party considerations were for the time obliterated. The object of the Bill was to commute tithe of produce in kind for a variable money payment charged on the land, to maintain the existing

relations between values of titheable produce and prices of living, to preserve the purchasing value of the money payment, to make the commuted sum fluctuate with the price of money. It never proposed to fix the tithe once and for all at the real or supposed value which it then possessed. The distinction is of vital importance, and should be carefully noticed. To effect this object Lord John borrowed the machinery and other portions of the Bill which Peel had sketched. The only essential question on which he differed from the Conservative leader was whether the tithe should be voluntarily or compulsorily commuted. When once this question was decided in favour of compulsion, both sides loyally co-operated in rendering the Bill as effective as possible.

The first step was to determine the value of the tithes, the second to adjust the purchasing power of the money payment at which they were commuted.

Within a limited time the titheowners and tithepayers of any parish might agree upon the total sum to be paid in lieu of tithes. This agreement was first to receive the assent of the patron; secondly, to be communicated to the bishop; and, thirdly, to be approved and ratified by the commissioners, one of whom was a nominee of the Archbishop of Canterbury. If the titheowners and tithepayers failed to agree, the commissioners or their assistants held a local inquiry upon the spot, estimated the value of the tithe, taking as their basis the actual receipts of the titheowner during the seven preceding years; framed the draft of an award; deposited it for inspection by the parties interested; and, finally, confirmed their award, which from that time was binding upon titheowners and tithepayers. The clergy were adequately represented upon the commission, and justice was substantially done to both sides. If any inequality is now felt in some of the terms of the bargain, it must be remembered that the valuation and its assessment satisfied the original parties to the contract.

The mode in which the purchasing power of money was intended to be preserved was as follows. The average of the gross annual value of the actual receipts of the titheowner was ascertained in money for the seven preceding years. From this sum were first deducted all just expenses for collecting, preparing, and marketing the produce. The net value might be increased or diminished by one-fifth at the discretion of the commissioners, if they thought excessive forbearance or excessive rigour had been used in exacting

tithes. This net sum was taken as the permanent commutation for the great and small tithes of the parish. It was then divided into three equal parts, and represented as many bushels of wheat, barley, and oats as could be purchased at the average price per bushel of each for the previous seven years. Thus of 100*l.* tithe, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was to be expended in wheat, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* in barley, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* in oats. In 1836 these three equal sums purchased the following amounts: 94·95 bushels of wheat, at 7*s.* 0¼*d.* per bushel; 168·421 bushels of barley, at 3*s.* 11½*d.* per bushel; 242·42 bushels of oats, at 2*s.* 9*d.* Every subsequent year the same quantities were to be purchaseable at the average prices for the preceding seven years, and the value of the purchase represented the commuted sum. Thus in 1887 we have the present value of 100*l.* tithe rent-charge:—

					£	*s.*	*d.*
94·95	bushels of	wheat,	at 4*s.* 11*d.*	per bushel =	23	6	10
168·421	"	barley,	" 3*s.* 10*d.*	" =	32	5	7½
242·42	"	oats,	" 2*s.* 7½*d.*	" =	31	16	4½
					£87	8	10

Other points in the Act of 1836 deserve notice. In 1833 Lord Althorp, and in 1835 Sir Robert Peel, adopted the principle that the tithe commutation was a necessary preliminary, but a preliminary only, to a final measure of redemption. This was also the view of Earl Russell, who stated in 1836 that he contemplated a measure of redemption so soon as the tithe rent-charge had been established. Thus, fifty years ago, both Whigs and Tories regarded redemption as the goal towards which commutation was but a stage. On another change, which is still in Ariosto's moon, they were equally unanimous. Lord Althorp in 1833, Sir Robert Peel in 1835, Earl Russell in 1836, agreed that the payment of the tithe should be transferred from occupiers to owners of land. The principle thus unanimously adopted was, in fact, incorporated in the Tithe Commutation Act. By section 80 every tenant is entitled to deduct the rent-charge from the rent payable to his landlord; he may treat tithe rent-charge as he treats land and property tax. But the section is permissive only. Owners and occupiers of land have found it more to their mutual convenience that the tenant should pay the tithe rent-charge directly to the titheowner, and his other rent to the landowner has been computed accordingly. Thus the disastrous system of dual landownership has been created, the spirit of the Act evaded,

and the greatest of the promised advantages withheld from the titheowner.

The tithe rent-charge which represented the value of the tithe averaged, according to the evidence of the commissioners, 60 per cent. of the gross tenth, or 6 per cent. of the gross annual produce, of titheable lands. The grounds upon which 40 per cent. was thus deducted from the strictly legal claims of the titheowner may be summed up under the five following heads: Firstly, 'the tenant,' as a member of the Government explained, 'would no longer be liable to be 'applied to for the payment of the charge, and the clergy-'man would have the great advantage of the security 'afforded him by the liability of the landlord.' Secondly, the clergyman would receive his money without the cost of collection. Thirdly, it would have been unfair to demand the whole 100 per cent., because, if the titheowners were legally entitled to it, it was never, as a matter of fact, collected in full. Fourthly, tithes of produce were rather a contingent than a positive property. Titheowners could not dictate the mode of cultivating the land; hence, tithe-payers could plant trees on which no tithe was payable, or cease to apply capital to their farming, or lay the land down to grass, and so convert rectorial into vicarial tithes. Fifthly, within the period from 1800 to 1836 nearly four million acres had been enclosed and reduced to cultivation; such land was, in the infancy of farming science, most fertile during the first years of tillage, owing to the quantity of vegetable matter which had accumulated, and afterwards it seemed probable that the fertility of the soil would decrease.

The Act admittedly conferred a great boon on each of the three classes directly interested. It enabled tenants to apply increased capital, skill, and labour, without fear that titheowners would intercept a share of the profits. To the landlords it remitted 40 per cent. of the value of the tithes; it also gave them all that portion of the increased value of the produce which, prior to 1836, would have fallen to the Church, and which Sir James Caird in 1877 estimated at two million pounds a year. It gave the clergy in theory a fixed and certain though reduced income, increased security, and relief from their strained relations with tenant-farmers. But in practice the latter class alone has failed to reap in full the promised advantages. The income of the clergy is uncertain and precarious; they have received no additional security; they are not relieved from their unpopular relations with the occupiers of land. On the other hand, we

are confident that for the last fifteen years they would have been practically far worse off under the old than under the new system. It would be impossible to revive in these days the practice of taking tithe in kind.

The Act of 1836 was regarded as a permanent settlement of the value of the tithe rent-charge. For half a century in every valuation, in every sale or purchase of land, in every contract to let or hire land, this part of the compact has been confirmed; it has governed every transaction by which the ownership or the tenure of land has been affected; round it have grown up the reasonable expectations of fifty years. It has been recognised and sanctioned by hundreds of legal decisions, ratified by numerous parliamentary measures, strengthened by innumerable acts of undisputed ownership. A bargain of fifty years' standing, thus made, recognised, ratified, strengthened, and sanctioned, is not lightly to be set aside.

What, then, are the grounds on which legislative interference is demanded? At this stage of our inquiry we propose to consider only the agricultural aspect of this question.

Complaints are made against the rent-charge not only by owners of land, but by tenant-farmers and labourers. Neither labourers nor tenant-farmers ought to be affected by the tithe rent-charge. It is a charge upon the land, not upon its produce, and therefore concerns them no more than a mortgage which a landlord lays upon his estate. If the incidence of the charge touches their pocket, it is because the compact is broken. They cannot obtain a hearing as interested parties by urging that tithes raise rents or lower wages. Such contentions will not hold water for a moment. If they were true, the rents of tithe-free farms and the wages paid by their occupiers would be higher than the rents and wages given by occupiers of titheable land. Northamptonshire, for instance, a county in which most of the land is tithe-free, would be the Paradise and not the Inferno of farmers and labourers. If tithes were abolished, and rents were concurrently fixed by law, no doubt farms would be cheaper, and labourers might receive higher wages. But the abolition of tithes alone would produce no such result. What farmers now pay in rent and tithe they would then pay in increased rent.

But the permissive character of section 80 of the Act of 1836 undoubtedly enables the occupier to assume the part of tithepayer. He *volunteers* to be the conduit-pipe, the

agent, of the landlord. From this position, thus gratuitously assumed, he complains of the septennial average; and, so long as the tithe is paid by him, his complaint is well founded. If the system of averages is not unjust, it wears the specious garb of injustice. Farmers, accepting holdings in these depressed times, pay tithes which are partly calculated on more prosperous seasons. They pay to titheowners that share of prosperity which the average postponed; but they pay it in adversity upon a scale of profits which they are not themselves enjoying. The true answer to the complaint is found by reference to the compact of 1836. It was intended that, if temporary occupiers paid the charge, they should deduct the payment for the rent just as they deduct property tax. To permanent landlords it is indifferent whether tithe rent-charges are based on septennial, triennial, or annual averages. The aggregate amount remains the same. This fact may be clearly proved by taking the average annual value for fifty years, and the average triennial and septennial values during the same period. They amount respectively to 102·25, 102·20, 102·56. But, if the payment continues to be made by occupiers whose tenure is short, the average on which the charge is based should be annual or proportionately short. The obvious remedy, however, is to carry out the spirit of the compact of 1836, and then the grievance wholly disappears. The longer the average, the more steady will be the payment.

Again, tenant-farmers complain that in taking the average tail corn is not considered. In other words, septennial averages are based only upon the superior corn which is brought into the market, and not upon grain consumed on the farm. But inferior grain is only not considered because farmers find their best profit in feeding stock with unsaleable grain. If the compact of 1836 is to be reopened on this ground, it is plain that a reduction in the price of corn would only increase the number of bushels which are purchaseable every year, and thus would rather increase than diminish the rent-charge.

Closely connected with this part of the subject is the statement that the prices upon which the average is based are not those paid to the farmer, but those prices increased by freightage and railway dues. It is, however, impossible to suppose that the Act, in requiring the comptroller of corn returns to publish the average prices of corn, meant that he was to publish the prices paid to the farmers at their doors. But if any weight was due to this plea, or to the technical

arguments against the mode of taking the estimate, or to the complaint that the towns from which the weekly returns of the prices are made are too few in number, it has been minimised by the Corn Returns Act of 1882 (45 & 46 Victoria, c. 37).

Again, it is frequently contended that, while the Act of 1836 allowed the tithepayer 25 per cent. to pay his rates, he pays only 12½ per cent. In other words, the sum allowed by the Act is double the sum required for the purpose. The contention is based upon an entire misconception of the Act. Before 1836 tithes were paid either in kind or in an agreed money value. If the latter, the money payment was either a *gross* equivalent for the produce in kind when titheowners paid the rates, or a *net* equivalent for the produce when the rates were paid by farmers. In this last case, and in this last case only, section 37 of the Act of 1836 allows the commissioners to add a sum equivalent to the rates which titheowners were by the Act required to pay.

Many other complaints are alleged against the tithe rent-charge; but they all resolve themselves into the varied expression of one comprehensive grievance. The main contention, both of farmers and landlords, is that the charge has become a disproportionate burden on the land, which cripples and paralyses British agriculture in competition with foreign producers. They therefore demand the revaluation and reapportionment of tithes. As was previously pointed out, the Act of 1836 nowhere professes to preserve fixed relations between rent-charges and the value of land, but only to maintain fixed relations between rent-charges and the purchasing power of money. On the other side, if in 1887 the relative values of tithe rent-charges and rents are wholly disproportionate to their relative values in 1836, some cause for complaint would indisputably exist. But the contract of 1836 was intended to last for all time, for better or worse; and if one of the contracting parties suffers, it does not necessarily follow that the bargain must be reopened. But no such disproportion has been proved to exist. What are the facts? In other words, what are the comparative values of tithe rent-charges, rents, and farm produce in 1836 and in 1887? If we could answer this question even approximately, we should be able to gauge the strength of the contention that the tithe rent-charge is disproportionate and ought to be readjusted.

No accurate comparison can be instituted between values of farm produce in 1836 and 1887. Increased produce

arises out of the application of increased capital. Farm buildings would not have been erected, nor drainage works completed, nor valuable flocks and herds formed, nor land brought to a high pitch of cultivation by the use of artificial manures, if tithes in kind had not been commuted into a rent-charge. So, again, artificial food used in feeding cattle ought to be considered before tithes of increase can be accurately determined. These and similar considerations show that it is practically impossible for titheowners and tithepayers of 1887 to resume their relative positions in 1836. But, subject to these general cautions, some figures may be given which approximately answer the questions proposed. If we can compare tithe rent-charges, rentals, and farm produce in 1836 and 1887, it will be seen whether or not the tithe rent-charge has become a greater relative burden now than it was half a century ago.

The tithe rent-charge, measuring the net tithe of 1829–35, amounted to 4,053,663*l.* This figure represents, as was stated by the commissioners, 60 per cent. of the gross tenth of titheable land. The gross tenth therefore amounts to 6,756,105*l.*, and the gross annual value of the produce of cultivated land of England and Wales amounts to 67,561,050*l.* One third, or, as some authorities have stated, one half, of the cultivable land of England and Wales is tithe-free. Taking the former estimate, the gross annual value of the produce of England and Wales in 1829–35 will be, in round figures, 101 millions.

It is more difficult to ascertain the rental of 1829–35. Sir James Caird estimated the rental of 1836 at 33 millions. Sir James here adopted the figures of the 'Encyclopædia 'Britannica' (letter to 'Times,' July 22, 1879), and we venture to think that the estimate is probably excessive. It makes the gross produce of land average only three rents. If we allow four rents as the basis of our calculation, we should arrive, in round numbers, at 25 millions as the rental of 1829–35. Another circumstance makes it probable that 33 millions is too high an estimate for the rental of 1829–35. The amount of property assessed under Schedule B for income-tax purposes in England and Wales for 1814–15 was 34,028,655*l.* But this calculation is based on war rentals. There was no income tax from 1816 to 1842; but the evidence given before Sir James Graham's Commission of Agriculture in 1833 conclusively proves that between 1814 and 1835 rents had undergone, or were undergoing, a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent. Twenty-five millions would

give a 25 per cent. reduction; Sir James Caird's estimate only allows for a reduction of 3 per cent. For these reasons we believe that 28 millions more truly represents the rental of 1829-35 than the figures adopted by Sir James Caird from the 'Encyclopædia.' But, although 33 millions is probably an excessive estimate for the rental of 1836, we will avoid all charge of over-statement by accepting it as approximately accurate. We have, then, the following results in 1836 on the higher scale of calculation:*—

	£
Gross produce of cultivated land in England and Wales	101,000,000
Rental of " " " " .	33,000,000
Gross produce of titheable land in England and Wales .	67,000,000
Rental of " " " " .	22,000,000
Tithe rent-charge on " " " " .	4,053,666

In 1887 tithe rent-charge has fallen more than 12½ per cent. below its par value in 1836, and its annual value is now, in round numbers, 3½ millions instead of 4 millions. It will be remembered that landlords in 1836 received a 40 per cent. reduction upon the gross annual value of the tithes; they have also obtained the whole of that portion of the yearly increment, a tenth of which, before 1836, would have fallen to the Church. We have also seen that the estimate of the rental in 1836 is probably excessive, and that 28 millions would approximate more closely to the true figures than 33 millions. But, waiving all these considerations, assuming 33 millions to be the amount of rental in 1836, assuming it to be reasonable that landlords should have received the bonus of 40 per cent., as well as the whole increment arising from agricultural produce, no just complaint can now be alleged against the tithe rent-charge unless the relative proportions which rental bore to tithe in 1836 are no longer preserved in 1887. In other words, unless landlords can show that the rentals have fallen 12½ per cent. below 33 millions, that is to say, are at the present moment less than 29 millions, or have diminished since 1877 by nearly 25 millions, the old proportions are still maintained, and tithe rent-charge is not a greater relative burden

* On the lower estimate the following results are obtained:—

	£
Gross produce of cultivated land, &c. . .	101,000,000
Rental of " " . .	28,000,000
Gross produce of titheable land . . .	67,000,000
Rental of "	18,666,000
Tithe rent-charge on " . . .	4,053,000

on agriculture in 1887 than in 1836. Where the shoe pinches is obvious. A number of landlords bought estates at inflated prices; but they did not buy—because their predecessors in title could not sell—the tithe rent-charge. Whatever they bought they bought subject to the compact of 1836; and they have undoubtedly purchased a most unprofitable bargain. These newcomers have not received the benefit of the 40 per cent. bonus or the yearly increment. They cannot now realise their security; and it not only pays no interest, but eats into their remaining capital. They suffer hardships compared with which the reductions forced by legislation upon Irish landlords amount to little more than discomfort. But sympathy must not blind us to the fact that the factors in this question are the relations which the tithe rent-charge bears to rentals of 1829–35, not those which it bears to rentals of 1870–80.

Sir James Caird calculated that rentals had risen in 1877 to 51 millions from 33 millions in 1836, or, as we should have preferred to estimate the rise, from 28 millions to 51 millions.* But, in order to anticipate any cavil on the score

* We have shown ground for thinking that 28 millions is a truer estimate than 33 millions for the rental of 1836. Our figures are mainly based on Schedule B of the income tax. Between 1836 and 1880 rents rose steadily, and reached their culminating point of 51,625,560*l.* in the latter year. Schedule B approximately shows the fluctuations in land rents. When the income tax was laid on in 1842, the total value of property assessed under Schedule B in England and Wales was 42 millions. In 1844 it had fallen to 40,442,128*l.* For the next six years the rise was gradual. In 1850 it had reached the sum of 42,516,450*l.* From 1851 to 1860 a slight decline is manifest, and rentals varied between 41 and 42 millions. But from 1862 to 1880 (with the exception of a marked fall in 1869–70) the rise was continuous. The following table shows the rise and fall during the past fifteen years in Schedule B :—

	£		£
1871	48,893,166	1879	51,527,938
1872	48,914,230	1880	51,625,560
1873	48,947,879	1881	51,493,216
1874	49,948,282	1882	51,169,023
1875	49,965,735	1883	48,268,992
1876	50,009,851	1884	48,025,698
1877	51,610,072	1885	47,787,618
1878	51,566,035		

These figures may be objected to as official returns. But they are based upon the rack-rents, are wholly independent of the poor's rate assessment, and were obtained for the specific purpose of the schedule.

of over-statement, the difference between 33 millions and 51 millions will be taken as the measure of the rise in rentals between 1836 and 1877.

But this figure of 51 millions in 1877 by no means represents the rental of 1887. Before the recent Agricultural Commission the landlords' loss was estimated at 20 millions a year; in other words, at nearly 40 per cent. below the rental of 1880. If this reduction is made from Sir James Caird's figures, the rental of 1887 is 31 millions. At the recent Church Congress Mr. Jasper More, M.P., estimated the rental of 1887 at 38 millions. But, whichever valuation be adopted, it is obvious that there is still a considerable margin in favour of the titheowner; and therefore that, looking at the question from the point of view most favourable to the landlord, no case has been established, on the ground of pecuniary loss, for interference with the compact of 1836. Compare the two sets of figures in 1836 and 1887, and this fact is established beyond all controversy:—

	1836.	1887
	£	£
(1) Tithe rent-charge	4,053,663	3,544,851
(2) Rental		
(*a*) Sir J. Caird	33,000,000	31,000,000
(*b*) Mr. More, M.P. . . .	Not estimated	38,000,000
(*c*) Our calculation . . .	28,000,000	31,000,000

All charges upon land are borne by the gross annual value of its produce. It is equally impossible to say that tithe rent-charge is disproportionate to gross annual produce. Titheable land in England and Wales amounts to two-thirds of the cultivated area. The total area of land and water in England and Wales is 37,319,221 acres. In 1887 the cultivated area, not including nurseries and woods, amounted to 27,753,207 acres. The gross value of farm produce upon this acreage can scarcely be placed at a lower figure than 90,000,000*l.*

To this must be added the value of stock. And here it must be admitted that statistics wholly fail us. Only the annual produce is titheable, and only the gross value of the stock is obtainable. Again, a large proportion of the stock

Land taken for railways, roads, or buildings falls out of Schedule B; consequently, as the quantity of land tends to diminish, the rise in value must in the main represent the rise in rental. It does not do so absolutely, because certain fixed items are included which are far more than covered by the allowance of 610,072*l.*, which reduces the rental of 1877 to the figure of 51 millions which we have selected.

kept by farmers is not bred by farmers upon the land, but is bought from dealers. Again, it is not the value of the increase at the market, but at birth, which must be estimated. Lastly, the extensive employment of artificial food renders it impossible to claim more than a proportion of the increase as stock reared upon the land. We therefore content ourselves with giving the number of cattle, sheep, and pigs in England and Wales in 1887, and adopting an estimate of the value of titheable produce which cannot be reasonably objected to as an exaggeration:—

1. Cattle	5,320,952
2. Sheep	19,192,867
3. Pigs	2,163,677

To the titheable value of this amount of stock must be added (1) the gross value of the wool, which in 1885 amounted to 3,300,667*l.*, and (2) the poultry and dairy produce. If it is remembered that the value of the whole titheable produce ought to be calculated, not upon the falling prices of a single year, but upon the prices of the years 1881–7, we shall be within the mark if we estimate the gross annual value of titheable produce at 115 millions.

We thus get the following result for 1836 and 1887.* Tithe rent-charge was, in 1836, as 4 millions to 33 millions (or 28 millions); in 1887, it is as 3½ millions to 31 millions (or 38 millions). None of these estimates show a loss to landlords upon the bargain of 1836, but, on the contrary, a gain. And this gain is enormous, if it is remembered that in 1877 and the five succeeding years the tithe rent-charge was as 4½ millions to 51 millions.

These figures speak for themselves without further comment or explanation. We have throughout endeavoured so

*	1836.	1887.
1. Gross value of gross produce of	£	£
cultivated area	101,341,575	115,000,000
Gross produce of titheable land	67,561,050	76,666,000
2. Gross rental of cultivated area—		
(1) Sir James Caird . .	33,000,000	31,000,000
(2) Mr. Jasper More, M.P. .	not estimated	38,000,000
(3) Our calculation . .	28,000,000	31,000,000
3. Gross rental of titheable land—		
(1) Sir James Caird . .	22,000,000	20,666,000
(2) Our calculation . .	18,666,000	20,666,000
4. Tithe rent-charge . . .	4,053,663	3,544,851

to state the case as to preclude the charge of over-statement in the titheowner's favour. But in justice to the parochial clergy the net amount which they receive must be considered. The gross amount of tithe rent-charge payable to them is, at par value, 2,412,500*l.* It is in 1887 reduced to 2,098,875*l.*, and it will undergo further reductions in 1888. From this sum must be deducted at least 25 per cent. for rates and taxes, arrears, abatements, and costs of collection. In other words, the gross sum of 2,100,000*l.* must be reduced, by the deduction of 525,000*l.*, to 1,575,000*l.* And this net sum is subject to a further reduction of not less than 20 per cent., which is yearly paid away by incumbents in stipends for curates in order to promote the efficiency of their work. This last expenditure is not indeed necessary in the strictest sense of the word. But as the tithe rent-charge is paid to the clergy to promote the spiritual interests of the nation, it may fairly be considered. The net result gives to the parochial clergy very little more than 1¼ million.

From another point of view, the parochial clergy, rather than the landowners, have lost by the compact of 1836. The Act was designed, as we have said, to counterbalance the rise in expenses of living by the rise in the value of the charge. But the rent-charge has not met the increased cost of living, or fluctuated so as to countervail the decreased purchasing power of money. Since 1836 the cost of living, including the wages of servants and expenses of education, has increased by at least 25 per cent. Moreover the growth of population has compelled incumbents to employ curates whose stipends have increased by nearly a half. Meanwhile the tithe rent-charge, instead of rising, has fallen 12½ per cent. since 1836. Had the fall in the corn averages consequent upon foreign competition been contemplated in 1836, the value of the charge would have been represented in a far wider range of farm produce. But as it is, the improved value of tithe rent-charge, which was the natural source of increase in the titheowner's income, has been diverted into the pockets of the landowners.

To sum up the results of our review of the operation of the Act of 1836. Tithe rent-charge is less of a relative burden upon farming in 1887 than it was fifty years ago; and the compact has done injustice, not to the tithepayer, but to the titheowner. If, then, we are asked only on agricultural grounds to readjust the tithe rent-charge, the answer is that the grievance cannot be established.

We pass on to the fourth question which we asked at the outset. What is the nature of Church property, and what are the rights of the State to interfere with it? And here we must incidentally touch upon some of the more general arguments which are alleged in favour of legislative interference.

All property, whether real or personal, is politically liable to State control, and all landed property is technically held of the Crown. But, subject to this supreme authority, wide differences exist between the various forms of property, which may be broadly classified under the three heads of private, corporate, and public property. The question which goes to the root of the matter is, whether the corporate property of the Church can be distinguished broadly and practically from the public property of the State, and, if so, on what grounds. The same degree of sanctity cannot be claimed for Church property which is recognised in the private property of individuals. Incumbents cannot transmit their freehold to their heirs; they cannot through the power of testamentary disposition create between themselves and their successors that privity of interest which amounts to perpetual ownership. But if it is not sacred to persons, it is sacred to trusts. The Church with which we are concerned includes both the clergy and the laity. From this fact flow two results. It is to this body, and not to any class or order within it, that the so-called Church property belongs; and the Church as a property-holding community has no corporate existence. No collective body called the Church holds an acre of land or receives a penny of tithe. There is no common endowment, no common fund vested in the Church in its collective capacity, whether that word is used to represent the whole body of the clergy and laity or the clergy alone. The so-called Church property consists of an aggregate of separate funds, a collection of independent properties which are classified by the common use to which they are dedicated as Church property.

But, historically, technically, and broadly, this property is distinct from the public property of the State. The latter form of property consists of the produce of the taxes imposed by the State for its own purposes upon the property of its citizens, annually voted and contained in the Budget, dedicated to no particular purposes, impressed with no specific statutory trusts, administered unconditionally through its servants, whose office is created by the State, who are appointed or dismissed by the State, whose salaries are

paid by the State out of the same public property, and whose employment is regulated by the State which is their employer. Corporate property, like Church property, on the other hand, is impressed with specific statutory trusts of a public kind, determined at the time of the creation of the trust; it is not created by the State, but by private individuals; it is not annually voted, but is independent alike of the meeting or suspension of Parliament; it is neither contained in the budget nor administered by the State unconditionally, or through its State-paid and State-appointed servants. Corporate property may be of different kinds, and as it approaches to public or private property, it is subject to more or less control by the State. But, though there is no uniformity in the conditions of the tenure of corporate property, the differences between it and public property appear to be essential, distinctions not of degree but of kind. The public interests which are involved in almost all forms of corporate property give the State the right of regulation, control, and redistribution; but they confer no rights of appropriation, unless the income is extravagant or the purposes to which it is devoted are noxious or obsolete, manifestly mischievous or manifestly useless. In other words, the State rights over corporate property are limited not unconditional, relative not absolute.

If, then, it can be proved that Church property is wastefully administered, the State has the undoubted right, and as public trustee the imperative duty, to regulate it more economically. If the nation is of opinion that the religious purposes to which its property is applied are superannuated or detrimental to the public, the State may indisputably appropriate ecclesiastical endowments to such uses as best promote the well-being of the nation. There is no assertion that its income is extravagant; the Church is neither bloated nor dropsical; its endowments are inadequate rather than extravagant. It follows, then, that the first question to be decided is whether we are asked to interfere with the administration of Church property in order to promote the efficiency of the institution, or to appropriate the fund to other and secular uses. If the first, the demand for legislative interference is based upon waste and inefficiency; if the second, upon the assumption that religion is no longer a vital element in the wellbeing of the State. It is plain that it is the second, and not the first, demand which is pressed upon Parliament; it is not the more efficient administration of Church property that is required, but the

absolute alienation of ecclesiastical endowments to secular purposes. Such a diversion might be excused, as in Spain, on the tyrant's plea of necessity, as a means to avert a national bankruptcy. No such question arises here. The appropriation of ecclesiastical revenues is demanded, not because the State is poor, but because the Church is alleged to be rich; not that the State may gain, but that the Church may lose, the endowments.

But though this is the broad issue raised, it is not the only issue. Men no less opposed to the aggressive secularism of the French Republic than the most loyal supporters of the Establishment demand the disestablishment and consequent disendowment of the Church, on the ground that it has failed in the object of its institution, that it rather prejudices than promotes the spiritual interests of the nation. Within the Church itself there is a large and increasing party which holds the same opinion, and yet deprecates the event as, under present conditions, an irreparable national disaster. If disestablishment and disendowment is to be effected for the promotion of religion, that result can only be achieved by the united efforts of these two religious parties within and without the Church. Only thus can it be said beyond the possibility of dispute that the measure is designed to promote and not to extinguish religion. Money is admittedly needed to propagate religion, whether it is obtained by endowments or voluntary contributions. Logically, therefore, the argument of those who have at heart the spiritual interests of the nation is not the secularisation of ecclesiastical funds, but concurrent endowment. Into this important side of the question we do not here propose to enter. It is sufficient to point out that at the present moment religious-minded Nonconformists seek to win a victory which their allies and the mass of civilised Europe will hail as the final triumph of secularism; that to ensure success they accept, if they do not court, the assistance of those who demand that religion should be driven forth from society, schools, and hospitals as if it were a leprous thing; that, though they themselves admit that money is necessary for the promotion of spiritual interests, they advocate the diversion to secular uses of funds which can never be replaced, the loss of which will inevitably cripple existing agencies, and temporarily paralyse ecclesiastical organisations; that, in the face of a common foe, they are ready to risk the overthrow of the one compact barrier against the onward sweep of infidelity and the re-

duction of the Church of England to a mere sandheap of disconnected atoms.

The balance between the champions of the Established Church and the allies by which it is attacked is at the present moment held by those who recognise what Hooker calls 'the politic use of religion,' who see that the Church performs duties which no existing organisation can undertake, and that men who fear God are more effectually restrained from evil by their consciences than by all the legislation which the world has ever seen. And it may be fairly asked whether the history of this country has ever presented a crisis when it was more dangerous to weaken the existing safeguards of law and order. The dark cloud of misery and crime which hovers on the borders of our great cities is ever increasing in volume and density. Here, if anywhere, religion is indisputably a powerful auxiliary sanction to law, a useful assistance to the preservation of order. Voluntary Churches cannot exist among those who do not contribute to the support of ministers; it is only an endowed Church which can send its best men to the front to carry on an aggressive war against vice and crime. In the poverty-stricken, fever-haunted dens of the East-end the Established clergy, with all their countless agencies for good, are at work. It is no slur to Nonconformist bodies to say that they are absent; they would be there if they could. But it is just because churchmen are not obliged to support their own ministers that they are able to support these East-end missions. Compel each individual churchman to maintain his own minister, and he can no longer contribute the same sums to the support of churches elsewhere or to hospitals and charities. And it is difficult to measure the value of charitable institutions and religious agencies to these ignorant, unhappy, and often desperate men and women. Hospitals and public charities alleviate some of the bitterest pangs of their sufferings, and are standing tokens of the sympathy of those whose lot in life is so widely different as to afford an appalling contrast. In the political sphere the Established clergy fashion lawless instincts into harmony with society, maintain order, guard justice. In the sphere of the individual life they are human consciences, living witnesses to duty, its hopes, fears, discipline, and vindication. In the Christian sphere they uphold the verity of God's moral government of the world against countless temptations to denial and rebellion; they penetrate frozen minds with the warm breath of charity;

they help unhappy souls—overburdened in the race of life as, in our finite knowledge, we believe them to be—wearied, as we see they are, by their sore struggle for existence—to rise step by step to a felicity which recks nothing of the sorrows of this present world. How much or how little religion and charity contribute to maintain the law we cannot tell till both are temporarily paralysed by the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church. Is it safe to try an experiment which will thus leave numbers confronted only by sheer force?

It is admitted on all hands, by titheowners and tithepayers, by clergymen and tenant-farmers, that the present condition of things is intolerable. The question cannot be left alone. How then can the problem which tithe rent-charge presents be most successfully and finally solved?

There are, as it appears to us, three methods of dealing with the subject—

1. To leave the immediate incidence of the charge upon the tenant-farmer, and to remove the grievance which, in this case, is caused by the septennial averages.

2. To carry out the spirit of the Act of 1836, and to throw the immediate payment upon the landlord, with whom it mediately rests.

3. To proceed to that redemption of the charge which fifty years ago was recognised by both Whigs and Tories as the final step towards which commutation prepared the way.

Whichever of these three courses be adopted, the Church must inevitably lose income. But ecclesiastical endowments exist to promote not the temporal interests of the clergy, but the spiritual interests of the nation. The nation may reasonably complain that its spiritual interests suffer when the Church is forced to appear as the tithe proctor and evicting bailiff of bankrupt agriculturists. If the nation decrees that religion is an anachronism, or noxious to public policy, nothing restrains the State from determining the life-interest of the clergy and claiming its reversion. We do not doubt that the vast majority of persons in this country are firmly convinced that religion still forms a vital element in the wellbeing of the community. It is therefore a change in the form of endowment, and not an appropriation of the fund to secular uses, that is really before the country. But, whatever the character of the change, the State, as the national trustee, must sedulously guard the national reversion. In former times, both at the Reformation and in 1836, this principle was neglected, and the nation was de-

prived of funds which, in their aggregate, amount to fully as large a sum as the existing rent-charge. Temporary ease can be procured by paring down the interests of tithe-owners; but this relief is only obtained by wasting the corpus of the property. Any scheme which diverts a portion of the endowments, now dedicated to religious uses, into the pockets of individuals, stands condemned as a confiscation of a portion of the national reversion.

So long as tenant-farmers, occupying land for short terms of years or from year to year, are directly liable for payments calculated upon longer terms, they are unfairly treated. If the immediate incidence of the charge remains where it is, some change is necessary in its calculation. The choice appears to lie between a triennial average and a payment based upon the year's prices. To make the change suddenly would entail a heavy loss immediately upon the clergy and prospectively upon the national reversion. Pecuniary relief would be paid to individuals out of funds belonging to the whole body of the clergy and the laity. It might indeed be effected gradually at a comparatively small loss. Thus the septennial averages give titheowners for every 100*l.* of tithe rent-charge 87*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*; the prices of the year 1886 would have given him only 75*l.* 1*s.* 5½*d.* If the charge were computed in 1888 according to the preceding six years, and that for 1889 according to a quinquennial average, the charge of 1893 would be computed according to the prices of 1892. This method would minimise the sacrifice which would be entailed upon titheowners by a sudden substitution of the single year system. But there is no reason to suppose that so slight a change would permanently reconcile tenants to the continuance of their liability, and if the concession is only to be the first of a series, there is absolutely no ground for the surrender to individuals of this portion of the national reversion.

The second proposal is to make tithe rent-charge altogether a landlord's outgoing, and to insist that all land shall be rented tithe-free. This could easily be effected by rendering the 80th section of the Act of 1836 compulsory instead of permissive, and by substituting for the words 'shall be 'entitled to deduct' the words 'shall deduct.' It may be urged that, since landlords and tenants have for mutual convenience contracted themselves out of the 80th section, there can be no hardship in this amendment. But we cannot accept this view. The present conditions of agriculture render it probable, if not certain, that landowners would

have to pay tithes out of their own pockets. Farmers are masters of the situation; they will not consent for nothing to allow the charge to be added to their rents. To upset existing contracts would, at the present moment, cause loss to many hard-pressed landlords. This danger might be compensated by an allowance to landlords of 5 or even 10 per cent. But while the clergy would in most cases be well advised to accept the condition as a matter of private arrangement, the arbitrary and uniform gift of any bonus appears to us in the highest degree mischievous. Parsons who are now paid directly by landlords cannot with justice be asked to surrender 5 per cent. for no advantage. In many instances the unpopular relations with their parishioners will only be shifted or remain the same. Especially would this be the case in Wales, where the proportion of small proprietors is large. But the chief objections to the transfer of the direct incidence remain to be considered. The proposed change hardly pretends to be final. Landlords will only re-enact the drama of the Sibyl; fewer leaves are offered to the clergy in 1887 than in 1836. The spiritual interests of the nation will still be prejudiced, though the clergyman becomes the tithe proctor of the landlord instead of the evicting bailiff of the tenant-farmer. And, lastly, if a deduction of 5 per cent. is granted to the landlords by the Legislature, the national reversioner can never again claim the whole of the tithe rent-charge. It irrevocably surrenders to individuals, for doubtful benefits, 5 per cent. of a property which belongs to the whole body of the clergy and laity.

These considerations seem to us fatal to any legislation which only proposes either to continue the present liability of occupiers or to render the charge an owner's outgoing. The Government Bill of 1887 erred, as it seems to us, in not going far enough. So long as the principle of voluntary redemption by landlords is adopted, the scheme must be necessarily impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If the terms are made easy, the scheme may work, but it works at the cost of clerical and national interests. If the terms are not sufficiently advantageous, clerical and national interests are preserved, but the scheme proves inoperative; it is still-born and a dead letter. The terms offered in the recent Bill rightly protected the clerical life-tenant and the national reversioner. But the result was that only trustees, colleges, and other bodies, whose powers of investment are limited, could have profitably redeemed the charge. Apart from a

landlord's unwillingness to store all his eggs in a rickety basket, the proffered terms would have tempted no one who could command more than 3 per cent. for his money. So long also as agitation can be brought to bear upon a small body of titheowners, there is always a chance of men holding back for better terms. Convince the agitators that the interest of the titheowner and of the nation is in fact one, and you convince them of the hopelessness of delay. The only principle upon which a scheme of redemption can be made operative without enriching individuals from the corpus of a property which belongs to the clergy and the State is to show that the life-tenant and the reversioner are the parties with whom the bargain must be struck.

There remains the third course of redemption. This is, as we believe, the final solution of the difficulty. The only question is whether it should be adopted at once, or whether it should be postponed for better times. Whatever relief is ministered to agriculturists should be openly given for the avowed object of assisting a great national industry; it should not be granted covertly and, as it were, by a side wind, or to one section of the sufferers at the expense of another. What the nature of that relief must be can only be determined by careful consideration. But, meanwhile, if the plan we suggest be adopted, redemption might be postponed to the ultimate advantage both of the Church and the community.

In any scheme of redemption the life interests of the clergy and the reversionary interests of the State are opposed to the private interests of the landlords. There is abundant scope for bargaining. But whether fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or thirty years' purchase is taken as a fair rate for capitalising the charge—whether the clergy receive half, three-fifths, three-fourths, or the whole of their present income—whether redemption is effected gradually or immediately by absolute or partial compulsion, the principle remains the same. No class benefit can be obtained except at the expense of the community; no relief can be extended to landlords without a corresponding diminution of the fund now dedicated to religious purposes, but, under certain contingencies, available for education or similar objects. It is the obvious interest both of the Church and the State that whatever profits are derived from the transaction should be secured for national purposes. If the four millions of money alienated from the Church at the Reformation and in 1836 were now available for national objects, the sting would be

gone from the present agitation against tithes. Till now each successive change has impoverished the clergy and enriched the landlords; but while the Church is weakened, no portion of the sum has hitherto been set aside to meet the cry that there are other national purposes besides those of religion. Is this fatal course to be again pursued at the present crisis?

The first step towards the final extinction of the charge is for the State to undertake its collection, and to treat it as land or property tax. The tithepaying tenant would be compelled to deduct the charge from the rent which he pays the landlord. The tithe rent-charge is now 12½ below par. Assume, by way of illustration only, that the State guarantees to the clergy a net 60 per cent. of the 100*l*. charge, regularly paid, free of rates, taxes, and costs of collection. There would remain in the hands of the State a margin of 27½ per cent., out of which to defray necessary outgoings. In the hands of the clergy there must be deducted from the gross value of the tithe, besides 15 per cent. for rates and taxes, 10 per cent. for arrears, remissions, abatements, and costs of collection. In the hands of the State this last percentage would be reduced to 2½ per cent., and thus the State would obtain a net 10 per cent. upon the transaction. This sum would be immediately available to meet further falls in the averages, to compensate in special cases the losses incurred by landlords pending new arrangements with their tenants, or by the clergy through diminution of income. But the margin would be rapidly freed from liability in respect of these two last payments. Thus protected, the State could well afford to wait a turn in the tide, and escape a ruinous sale in a falling market.

All schemes of redemption proceed on the basis of State co-operation. The State raises a loan at 3 per cent. and lends at 5 per cent. The difference at compound interest pays off principal and interest within a fixed period. The amount of the State loan, the extent of the advance to landlords, the rate of interest charged, are mainly determined by the rate of years' purchase at which the charge is capitalised. It is the interest of the State to demand thirty years' purchase, of the landlord to offer fifteen. Between the two rates lie the possible compromises. The basis upon which the charge is generally valued for redemption seems to us false in principle. A uniform rate of purchase based upon the *gross* value of the charge, subject to the deduction of the *average* necessary outgoings, would press hardly on indi-

viduals. Rates vary in every parish. Thus in A the rates are 7*s.* 6*d.*, in B 5*s.*, in C 2*s.* 6*d.* The *average* outgoing in these three parishes is 5*s.* in the pound, and this deducted from the gross value of a pound tithe rent-charge leaves 75*l.* as the sum to be redeemed. Assume, for the sake of illustration only, that twenty years' purchase is a fair rate at which to capitalise the charge, and in A, B, and C the charge is redeemed for the same capitalised sum of 1,500*l.* But observe the different values of the purchase. The withdrawal of the tithe rent-charge from the amount of rateable property in each parish necessitates a readjustment of the assessment upon the remaining property. Practically speaking, landowners will be additionally burdened by the rates previously assessed upon the charge. Thus in A, B, and C, 100*l.* rent-charge is redeemed for the same sum of 1,500*l.*; but in A the purchase is worth 62*l.* 10*s.*, in B 75*l.*, in C 87*l.* 10*s.* In other words, landowners in A obtain a very bad, in B a fair, in C a very good bargain. The principle which we advocate is that the charge should be redeemed at its *net* value, deducting the *actual* outgoings in each individual case. Thus the net value of the tithe rent-charge in A, B, and C respectively is 62*l.* 10*s.*, 75*l.*, 87*l.* 10*s.*, and the charge would be redeemable at 1,250*l.*, 1,500*l.*, and 1,750*l.* If the liabilities in the shape of necessary outgoings are capitalised at the same number of years' purchase, it will be seen that the prices are the same in all three parishes. Thus in A the rates are 750*l.*, in B 500*l.*, in C 250*l.*; and therefore 1,250*l.* + 750*l.* = 2,000*l.*, 1,500*l.* + 500*l.* = 2,000*l.*, and 1,750*l.* + 250*l.* = 2,000*l.*

Rates have a most important bearing upon the question whether redemption should be immediate, or whether, as we suggest, the State should at once undertake the collection of the charge and wait for better times. In the first case, landlords would borrow from the State at 5 per cent. the sum required for redemption, and in less than fifty years would have paid off principal and interest and extinguished the charge. But the terms would be necessarily governed by the miserable state of the present market. Church and State must be content not only to make a wretched bargain, but to see the value of the property rise for the benefit of individuals rather than of the community. Suppose, on the other hand, that the State, protected against loss by a considerable margin, holds its hand. What then? It is in the highest degree improbable that land, which is limited in quantity, should permanently lose its value in the midst of a

growing population, and the selling value of the rent-charge will benefit by any rise in the value of the property out of which it issues. If, again, agricultural depression should prove in some degree a question of currency, a readjustment of our financial conditions by depreciation of gold or appreciation of silver would restore agricultural industries to health and advance the value of the tithe. If, again, the country were to embark on a policy of Protection, the value of the charge would rise immediately, if not permanently. If, again, as the populations of foreign countries increase, the surplus production which now floods our markets were consumed in the land of its growth, the tithe rent-charge would once more approach par value. Even its present value is unduly depreciated by the alleged insecurity of the titheowner's tenure; it is worth far more if not only the life tenant but the reversioner guarantees the title. We hold no optimistic views of the immediate future of English farming; but to sell property of the nature of the tithe rent-charge, even though a purchaser is found by compulsion, appears little short of financial suicide. If these improvements in the value of the charge appear to some critics too distant or too problematical, it cannot be disputed that the readjustment of local burdens is a measure of the immediate future. Local taxation is the weight which really crushes English farming; relief has been long promised and long deferred; it cannot now be long postponed. But the immediate result of any readjustment of the load will be to enhance the net value of the rent-charge. If the State holds the charge, the advantage of this certain rise will be secured; the national fund, and not any private individual, will benefit; and, until religion is voted to be noxious or obsolete, the money will continue as now to be sacred to religious trusts. At least let the State, while undertaking the collection of the charge and thus relieving the occupier from the immediate incidence of the charge, abstain from framing any immediate scheme of redemption which will deprive it of certain advantages already almost within its grasp.

ART. IV.—*Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria, with Cetigne in Montenegro and the Island of Grado.* By T. G. JACKSON, M.A., F.S.A. Oxford (at the Clarendon Press): 1887.

BOOKS which authors have written with enthusiasm and delight are not always received with the same eagerness by the world at large. The putting together of the volumes before us has been a labour of love, and therefore a satisfaction, in the highest sense of the word, for the writer; and the perusal of them cannot fail in the same measure to gratify all who are competent to form any judgement on the subject. The appeal is made to a large circle. The author is, before all other things, an architect; and his task, as such, was to compare the art of the eastern and northern shores of the Adriatic with the art of the western world generally, and especially with that of the mighty empire which has left its stamp on every land embraced within its vast dominion. He has had to examine the civil, domestic, and ecclesiastical buildings of the whole region stretching from Aquileia and Grado in the north to the desolate moorlands of Montenegro in the south, and to determine how far Dalmatian art has been moulded by foreign influences and how far it exhibits the force of an originating genius. But Mr. Jackson is an historian as well as an architect, and it has therefore been his effort to ascertain how far the fortunes of the people account for the growth and the peculiar forms of their architecture as well as of their subordinate arts. Of these, it would seem, not one escapes his notice. He is as diligent in the scrutiny of metal work of every kind, of mosaic, painting, enamel, and embroidery, as in the researches in which he is more immediately interested, if we ought not rather to say that his well-balanced and healthily versatile mind can give itself as thoroughly to the one as to the other.

But his work has a further charm, which will commend it to all who can appreciate beauty of form or colour, whether in land, sea, or sky. Dalmatian towns have features as striking as those of any cities in the world, and exhibit pictures impressive both in their likeness and unlikeness to the scenes of western Europe, or to those of the eastern lands to which they are nearer neighbours. Costumes of barbaric richness are mingled with the more sober raiment of wealthier countries. The crowds are often made up of

a strange medley of foreigners and natives, all having an air of novelty for English eyes; and the towns themselves are commonly set in landscapes like pictures in their frames, the one harmonising completely with the other. It is a land where the eye will seldom lack brightness and even splendour; but the gorgeousness of colouring is produced not by any wealth of vegetation, but rather by its absence, by the local hues of stone or marble or sand, by desolate moors and naked mountain peaks. Seizing with quick eye all the varying aspects of this wonderful land, Mr. Jackson has presented us with pictures which live, not with outlines which, however clearly and accurately traced, soon fade from the memory. He speaks of his task as a laborious one, which has occupied more time than he could well spare from his art. No one will dispute this. The book speaks for itself. All that unwearied industry and an exquisite taste could do has been done to make these volumes beautiful; and the work is the richer and more valuable as taking us, in not a few instances, to places which few travellers would have patience or courage to seek out. For those who do not care to go out of the beaten track Dalmatian travelling is easy enough; in the less accessible parts there are difficulties, but none of them, Mr. Jackson tells us, need deter those who are well and strong, and who, with the power of speaking Italian, have a liking for exposure and exercise, and are content with homely quarters and rough fare. In some cases he certainly encountered exposure enough, and throughout all his wanderings the dangers and hardships were shared by his wife, who does credit to the bravery of English women. No small powers of endurance were needed for such a passage as that which they experienced in crossing from the fever-stricken island town of Ossero to San Martino, in a boat for which oars might be used as well as sails. A time of almost dead calm was followed in a moment by tempest.

'Suddenly, without the least warning, a gale of wind swooped down upon us, and in a few minutes we were tearing along in an angry sea, and running nearly gunwale under. I gave up the steering to the skipper, who, coiled in the stern with the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, was a picture of eager attention as he peered forward into the twilight under the edge of the sail. The gale increased in violence, and, worst of all, crept gradually round to the east and south-east, more and more against us. . . . The waves broke over us, and it became plain that the boat was too small for such rough weather, and that we were in considerable peril. The gale had become a Levante, and on nearing the western shore we found that we

could not make S. Martino. In fact we only just managed to fetch the bay next to it, on the wrong side of a dangerous rocky headland, which we had to double if we could. We ran close in, and then went round on the other tack, and no sooner so than the tide (which was running up very fast) took us far away out to sea again. Thrice we repeated this manœuvre, gaining but little ground each time; and we began with dismay to doubt whether we should succeed in weathering the point after all.'

Failing in this, they must have run back for Ossero; Neresine was ten miles off, and there was

'some chance of not being able to get in even there, the entrance of the port being very narrow. At Neresine there was no sort of accommodation for my wife, and we should have been obliged to get a mule or ass and bring her to Lussin-piccolo over the mountains by a vile footpath in the dark, nearly killing her with fatigue. However, a fourth tack promised better things; the skipper resolved to try to pass the point, and as the water was deep enough for a man of war we did, to our joy, just shoot by, with only a few fathoms to spare between us and the frightful rocks, on which the waves were dashing themselves into foam that rose far above our heads.' (Vol. iii. p. 112.)

Thus ready to meet whatever might turn up, Mr. Jackson has practically completed the work begun by earlier explorers, or rather has dealt with parts of it which had been left almost untouched. For the illustration of the Roman antiquities in Dalmatia and Istria much had been done. Spalato had been visited and described by Wheler in the seventeenth century, and by Adam in the eighteenth: Pola had been splendidly illustrated in the great work of Stuart. But these and later works have left comparatively unnoticed the Dalmatian art and architecture of the middle ages, which it has been Mr. Jackson's special purpose to study. For this purpose he has thought it expedient to give a sketch first of the general history of the country, and then of each city, as he takes them in their order. This part of his task has been done with commendable accuracy, the materials being 'gathered from a variety of sources, some of which 'are not easily accessible;' and his readers who have not specially worked at the subject may be grateful to him for a narrative which will save them no little trouble. To some, however, this arrangement may appear awkward and cumbrous. It certainly involves the need of a good deal of repetition; and, although we are reluctant in speaking of such a work to pick out faults and flaws, we are bound to say that these historical sketches or summaries lack the life and vigour which mark all other portions of the work. There

are periods in the history which are not especially attractive, and perhaps not greatly important; there are others marked by events of the most stirring kind. Among these are the incidents of the fourth (if we should not rather speak of it as the fifth) crusade, so far as they affected the fortunes of the city of Zara, of which we have at least one brilliant narrative in the pages of Dean Milman's 'Latin Christianity.' Mr. Jackson's story must, we fear, be set aside as by comparison dull. But it is often easier to raise objections to a plan after it has been adopted than to suggest a better one. We will only add, therefore, our ready acknowledgement that the blots to be hit in these volumes are few and far between.

The peculiarities of Dalmatian work must be traced to the relations of the people with the Empire. From the foundation of the Latin municipalities along the coast and on the islands to the present time, these cities have clung to their old tradition, and have remained centres of what may fairly be termed a Roman civilisation as distinguished from that of Hungarians, Croats, or any other Eastern peoples. It is this 'Latin culture' which is now an object of attack to the so-called national party; and it binds them, as it has always bound them, to Italy, and not to any individual city on the western shores of the Adriatic. Some of these towns have been engaged in a series of struggles with the great republic which kept them for some centuries under her yoke in spite of repeated efforts to shake it off. But this circumstance failed to extinguish the old Italian spirit, although it may have affected the developement of Dalmatian art. It was not likely to render more popular among them the distinguishing features of Venetian architecture, or to give them special vitality even after they had been adopted. The architecture of Dalmatian and Istrian towns was Roman, not Venetian; but the Empire acted upon it from two sides. The Byzantine influence was only less powerful than that of the west; and the result was a decided preference for Byzantine or Romanesque over pointed forms, even after these had been introduced among them, partly by way of Hungary, and in part through Venice.

The two streams of Latin and Slav society have thus flowed on side by side with but little intermixture. The Slav rulers, whether Zupans or Bans, were recognised by the emperors of the East, to whom they professed at least a nominal subjection; but a more genuine bond connected with the Empire

'the old Roman municipalities of the maritime towns, speaking the

old Roman tongue, governed by the old Roman law, owning allegiance to none but the Roman Emperor and the Prior who represented him in each community, and looking to Constantinople for protection in their ancient municipal liberties against the Slavs, whose rule began beyond the narrow limits of the territory which each city claimed as its own. This was the beginning of that dual element in Dalmatian history which must be thoroughly appreciated before the after history of the country can be understood, which has continued with comparatively little difference to our own days, and which is at this moment the key to the proper intelligence of Dalmatian politics, and the pivot on which they turn.' (Vol. i. p. 20.)

The tradition which has thus been rather strengthened than weakened by time is, Mr. Jackson insists again and again, imperial, not local.

'Those who have not acquainted themselves with Dalmatian history are apt to think that the Latin fringe which borders the Slavonic province has derived its language and customs from Venice, to which it was so long subject.'

But, in truth, this is no question for debate.

'Zara, Spalato, Traù, and Ragusa were Latin cities, when as yet Venice was not existent, and they remained Latin cities throughout the Middle Ages, with very little help from her influence until the fifteenth century. The Italian spoken in Dalmatia before that time was not the Venetian dialect; in some parts it had a distinct form of its own, in others it resembled the form into which Latin had passed in the south of Italy or Umbria, and it was only after 1420 that it began to assimilate itself to the Italian of Lombardy and Venetia. At Ragusa it never became Venetian at all, and to this day resembles rather the Tuscan dialect than any other, while the *patois* of the common people is a curious medley of Italian and Illyric, with traces of rustic Latin, Vlach, or Rouman.' (Vol. i. p. 185.)

That the Latin feeling was in no way connected with attachment to Venice is proved among other instances by the history of Trieste. The Triestini 'boast that they are '"più Italiani degli Italiani." . . . Trieste was never but 'for a few brief periods Venetian, and throughout her his-'tory she never regarded Venice with any feelings but those 'of hostility and alarm' (iii. 353).

The influence of Venice made itself felt, nevertheless, in more ways than one. In spite of the grievous faults and iniquities of her government, the rule of the Serene Republic promoted the welfare of its subjects. Person and property became safer by land and sea; and if they were heavily taxed, new sources of wealth enabled them to bear the burden. Of this fact the vastly increased activity in building is ample evidence. No sooner was her ascendency secured than

churches and other structures began to rise on every side on a larger scale and with greater magnificence.

'Zara completed her cathedral and the basilica of S. Grisogono; Sebenico began her new cathedral, and raised it nearly to the cupola; Curzola completed her duomo and raised the campanile, and built the Badia with its graceful cloister, which is one of the gems of Dalmatian art; a new cathedral was begun at Ossero; and the cathedral at Traü was enlarged and adorned by its western tower, and by the sumptuous sacristy, baptistery, and chapels that render it the most magnificent church in Dalmatia. Throughout the province the churches and convents were fitted with handsome stalls, and the treasuries furnished with beautiful plate and embroideries, reflecting the taste of the ruling city, and probably generally the handiwork of Venetian artists.' (Vol. i. p. 180.)

The forms thus introduced may be regarded as Gothic, so far as the architecture of Venice was really the architecture of the pointed arch. Of the grace, beauty, and dignity of the style which exhibited its glory among the lagoons of the Brenta, there can be no question; but it may well be doubted if the Gothic dress was more really her own than the Greek dress, which Rome chose to put on, was in harmony with the genuine Roman architecture of the round arch. The comparatively brief duration of Venetian Gothic, its late developement as compared with the growth of the style in France and England, and the slender hold which at best it had on the cities of the eastern Adriatic shore, are surely facts which should be accounted for; and the explanation must depend on the definitions which may be given of Gothic art. Our definition has been given long ago,* and we believe that it fully explains the phenomena of Venetian and Dalmatian architecture. Venetian architects attained, beyond doubt, a marvellous skill in the management of their materials and in the gracefulness as well as the force of their forms; but essentially their great buildings, and especially their great churches, remained Romanesque structures dressed out in Gothic garb. As a rule they exhibit no real relation of parts. In the several stages of a building one or more may be taken away without injuring the design; in the true Gothic work of Northern Europe not a stone could be displaced without ruining the whole design irretrievably. In these perfect structures, as we have had to insist, not only do the openings of the triforium and clerestory correspond throughout with the number of bays in the building; but perpendicular shafts,

* Edinburgh Review, No. 213, p. 132.

springing from the capitals, or more often from the pier-bases, preserve the individuality of the parts, while uniting them with each other and with the ribbed vault which rises above them. This description will not apply to any Venetian or Dalmatian building, although in some instances we may see a straining after the true Gothic or rather Teutonic idea. The Gothic of Venetian architects depends rather on the forms of the ornaments than on those of the structure; and if the dress be taken off, the abandonment of the pointed arch is all that is further needed to convert the so-called Gothic into a Romanesque design. It is not likely, therefore, that Venetian Gothic would gain strength by crossing the Adriatic; and there is nothing, therefore, to surprise us in the fact that the Dalmatian cities were as eager in taking to the Renaissance as they had been slow in adopting the Gothic or pointed forms. Still, the effect produced by the ascendency of Venice was very strongly marked, although at no time can it be said that the Romanesque style was actually extinct. The latter had been scotched, not killed. In Mr. Jackson's words—

The upper central parts of the fronts of the duomo and S. Grisogono at Zara are probably the latest instances of the expiring round-arched style, which actually prolonged its existence into the fifteenth century, when on the other side of the Adriatic the Italian Renaissance had fairly set in, and round-arched architecture had once more come into fashion. Venice, however, did not accept the Renaissance so soon as central Italy, and the architecture which she brought with her into Dalmatia was that form of Gothic which she had invented and refined, and which, as a domestic style, has never been surpassed. The streets of every Dalmatian town on the seaboard or islands are filled with the same graceful semi-oriental ogee windows, and the same lovely balconies that meet the eye at every town in the mistress city. The churches are fitted with rich tabernacle work, that recalls the choir of the great church of the Frari; and it does not need the ever-present symbol of the Evangelist to remind us that we are treading the soil of an ancient Venetian province.' (Vol. i. p. 222.)

This is all most true. Yet the beauty here lies in the ornamentation of parts, not in their relation to each other as parts of a whole, in which the removal of one portion will involve the ruin of all. The grace of Venetian form depends on the dress; and the dress is like the gold on the statue of the virgin goddess at Athens. It can all be taken off without marring the work.

In truth, there is no evidence that the pointed arch was ever regarded in Dalmatian cities as any other than an intruder and an alien. Among Dalmatian nobles, bishops,

and artists, some may have felt a genuine admiration for this new feature; a few may have been awake to its wonderful capabilities; but on the people at large it manifestly took no hold. Had they been in this respect really open to foreign influences, they were exposed to the power of this influence in two directions, from Hungary as well as from Venice. Between Latin and Slav there was little love lost, and for the Serene Republic the municipalities of the Eastern Adriatic shores felt no warm affection. But of the two the Hungarian, if unchecked, might have influenced Dalmatian work more surely for the better than it was ever in the power of Venice to do. Venice learnt to use the pointed arch with splendid effect, but she used it rather as a source of ornament than as a necessity of construction. Her architecture may in this sense be regarded as Gothic; Teutonic it never was, if by this word we may denote the genuine pointed styles of northern Europe.* But the Hungarian, coming into the lands from which he sought to extend his conquests to the labyrinth of islands lining the Dalmatian shore, seems to have been an untrained savage with no originating genius, but with considerable aptitude for learning and imitation. In art of every kind the Hungarians were as helpless after the tempest of Tartar invasion as they had been before it; but their need of foreign help in the reconstruction of old buildings and the raising of new ones was no small gain to the country. Names great in the architectural achievements of north-western Europe are found also in Hungarian cities. Wilars de Honcourt, architect of the cathedral of Cambrai, was in Hungary, Mr. Jackson tells us, immediately after the retreat of the Tartars,

'and is supposed to have built the cathedrals of Gran and Kaschau, and the church of St. Elizabeth at Marburg. French influence may be detected in several other churches of Hungary, and the west portal, as well as sundry details of the curious church of Jàk, has a look of French design about it. Elsewhere throughout Hungary the influence of German Romanesque is plainly seen in the earlier architecture, and it is difficult to trace any of the artistic ideas of Hungarian architecture to a distinctly Hungarian source.' (Vol. i. p. 217.)

To the influence of foreigners employed by Hungarians Mr. Jackson is inclined to attribute the peculiarities of Dalmatian work when they cannot be traced to Italian sources. But the influence of no foreign masters could

* Edinburgh Review, No. 241, p. 74.

avail to implant in Dalmatians a genuine preference of the pointed over the round arch; and this is proved by the fact that, with but one or two exceptions, the pointed arch appears only as an isolated feature. Such an exception is found in the duomo of Sebenico. The Venetian architect of the nave arcades has caught in some faint measure the spirit of the builders of Rouen or Salisbury; but even a hasty comparison will suffice to show the vastness of the interval which separates them. The mouldings of the arches at their springing die against wall piers 'segments of an 'octagon, which rise like vaulting shafts from each column.' The bays above the shafts are divided from each other by flat panels, which are carried through the insignificant triforium of rectangular panels and piercings to the blank wall, with small single-light windows, which serves as clerestory. The several parts of the building remain perfectly distinct, while there is some attempt to establish a relation between the members and embrace them all into one whole; but there is, necessarily, no trace, either in this building or in any other, of the tendency which ran off into the flowing or continuous styles of England or the flamboyant of France or Germany. Such a result was impossible in a country which can scarcely be said to have really grasped the principles involved in the use of the pointed arch. The immense gulf which separates the feeling and aims of the two countries may be best measured, perhaps, by placing in juxtaposition the great campanile of Spalato and a bay of the angel choir at Lincoln. The latter is by about thirty years the older of the two.

In spite of all the magnificence and beauty exhibited in other Dalmatian buildings, the foremost in interest, if not in grace and loveliness, must always be the last home of Diocletian. His palace of Spalato, with its wonderful assemblage of structures, religious, civil, and domestic, is remarkable as a picture of life passing into decay, or of decay arrested by a new outburst of life. It is possible that the architecture of Christian Europe, or something like it, might have come into existence if Spalato had never been built; but as things have gone, it is certain that we have here the germs of the eastern Byzantine and the western Romanesque. Both were developed by shaking off the Greek forms with which Rome had overlaid or disguised her own genuine architecture of the round arch, and the first course in this process is seen at Spalato. As Mr. Jackson well says:—

'It is impossible to overrate the interest of this building to the student either of ancient or modern art. To the one it will be the last effort of the dying art of antiquity, still majestic in its proportions, still dwarfing into insignificance by its huge masonry the puny works of later ages, which are already crumbling into ruin, while it seems destined to stand for eternity, but at the same time fallen from the perfection of the classic age, and stamped with the seal of returning barbarism. To the other it will seem the new birth of that rational and unconventional mode of building in which the restless and eager spirit of the regenerated and repeopled Roman world has found free scope for its fancy and invention; which places fitness before abstract beauty, delights to find harmony in variety, and recognises grace in more than one code of proportion. Both will be right: the palace of Spalato marks the era when the old art died in giving birth to the new.' (Vol. i. p. 207.)

Elsewhere Mr. Jackson describes the work of Diocletian's architects as the emancipation of the arch; and perhaps deliverance rather than death may be the fitter word for describing the process. The true Roman architecture, which had been compelled to bow to a foreign yoke, was now to set itself free, and Spalato was to see the beginning of the work. Following Mr. Jackson as his guide, the reader may trace the first steps of the new developement and picture to himself the palace, or rather city, with its surroundings. Ruin and defacement have not destroyed its charm:—

'Diocletian,' says Mr. Jackson, 'could hardly have chosen a place for his retreat with greater natural advantages, and it could never have looked more beautiful than on the evening when we first saw it, when mountain and town were bathed by the sunset in richest tints of rose colour and orange, which were reflected in the still water of the haven.'

Mr. Jackson is a painter as well as an architect; and his descriptions of Dalmatian scenes, whether in the towns or in the country, are scarcely less charming than the wealth of illustrations which bring before us with wonderful vividness as well as with strict exactness almost every building visited, and not a few of the landscapes which delighted his eye. But the beauty which he eagerly takes in is, we are reminded, hidden from many still, and was in the long ages of the distant past hidden from almost all. The great cryptoporticus or colonnade of the palace gave certainly a glimpse of the splendid landscape spread around; but from within the palace and from the imperial rooms nothing was to be seen. It is true that the atrium and the other imperial dwelling-rooms have virtually disappeared.

'The site is thickly covered by courts and houses, and Adam's restoration is based partly on actual remains of walls and arches which

he was able to trace, and partly on conjecture, aided by the precepts of Vitruvius. The principal halls and chambers of the palace must have been only one story high, and lighted either from the top or by a clerestory over lower roofs and windows. Internally, no doubt, they were sumptuous with marble and mosaic, and the courts may have been gay with flowers and plants, but, except from the crypto-porticus and three or four of the imperial apartments, there can have been no view of the beauties of the scenery beyond the walls.' (Vol. ii. p. 26.)

It was here that the setting free of the arch from the old swaddling bands of the order was brought about in the first instance by carrying the whole entablature as an arch from column to column, the idea of the entablature as a beam being thus definitely abandoned. The next step, by which an arch was made to spring from the column both to the right and to the left, soon followed, and the arch no longer remained in isolation. For the developement of the architecture of Christendom this, as Mr. Freeman rightly, we think, insists, 'was the greatest step ever taken, the beginning of all the 'later forms of consistent arched architecture, Romanesque 'or Gothic or any other.' Not caring to commit himself to so sweeping a statement, Mr. Jackson yet admits that the age which saw the construction of Spalato was the time when arches turned directly from the capital first appeared in architecture, examples of arched entablatures being found at Baalbec, and the discovery having been almost anticipated in Hadrian's time at Athens, 'where the frieze and cornice 'are stopped over a column and the architrave alone springs 'from it as an arch.'

Spalato is indeed a school rich in instruction for the architectural and historical student. We shall see that the so-called temple of Jupiter, which is now the cathedral, and the temple of Æsculapius, which now serves as the Baptistery, have suggested probably a system of roofing which later architects have attempted to carry out on a vastly larger scale, unless, indeed, we adopt the conclusion that the dome has never been, like that of the Roman Pantheon, visible externally. Internally the duomo is a singular specimen of a building in which structure and ornament are independent of each other. It is, in fact, nothing more than a cylinder surmounted by a dome; but this cylinder is divided into eight bays by detached columns two orders in height.

'These columns,' Mr. Jackson remarks, 'merely support projecting returns of the two entablatures which surround the building. . . . They could be removed without in any way impairing the fabric, and

in fact when I first saw the building, in 1882, they actually had been removed and were lying on the ground.' (Vol. ii. p. 36.)

With this structure the modern restorer has been busy, pardonably in some instances, in others without excuse. The capitals of the upper order, in a state of good preservation, may now be seen in the museum, and are represented in their original places by copies. The columns of this upper order are set without any plinth or base on the gallery formed by the entablature of the lower order. From this circumstance, and from the low proportion of this order, which is seven diameters in height instead of ten, Mr. Jackson infers that they are spoils from an older building clumsily adapted to their present position, and admits that this may be a symptom of a decline into barbarism. The conclusion is not forced upon us of necessity. If the builder knew what he was about, his act was as much a sign of strength as was the boldness which emancipated him from the bonds of trabeated construction.

To sever the thought of Spalato from the old imperial traditions is for the historian impossible. It is now a busy and thriving place, full of improvements, for which the city is indebted to the late podestà, Dr. Bajamonte, who

'with the whole municipality was ejected from office by the Austrian government to make way for a new corporation of strictly Croatian sympathisers, which after an interregnum of two years was elected under the guns of a man-of-war stationed in the harbour, and which one may therefore assume to have been forced upon an unwilling people. Spalato has hitherto been no less strongly attached to the Latin or autonomous party than Zara itself; but nothing is now being left undone to give it the character of a Slavonic town, and to put an end to the Latin traditions of twelve centuries during which the Croat has borne no rule within its walls.' (Vol. ii. p. 83.)

For the maintenance of the old tradition Zara has been even more zealous than Spalato itself, and their municipal independence has always been the first care of the citizens. We cannot follow Mr. Jackson through his outline of the strangely chequered history of this city with its long series of revolts against the Venetian republic. It is enough to say that the struggle with Italian masters has not left them less Latin at heart. The two streams of Latin and Slavonian life flow on side by side, and the sight is often singularly interesting.

'The native Zaratini, to be sure,' Mr. Jackson tells us, 'are Italian in language, garb, and habits; but the country people, of whom the town was full when we first saw it, just at vintage time, show plainly

in all three particulars that they belong to a different race, which has not yet lost the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages in the humdrum of the nineteenth century. The splendour of their embroidered garments and the wealth of silver ornaments and coins displayed on their persons may, perhaps, smack slightly of semi-barbarism, but they are not the less interesting on that account to those who like to see civilisation in the making; and though the native Dalmatians of the Latin stock object to these gay costumes being considered national, a foreigner may enjoy their picturesqueness, in which point it must be admitted the advantage is all on the side of the Croatians.' (Vol. i. p. 233.)

Of the churches in Zara, San Donato (originally the Holy Trinity) is remarkable not only for its form, but still more for the foundations on which it rests. It is a circular building with two stories of pier-arches, which has lost its dome, the wooden roof with its tiling being now visible from within. Rude though the structure may be, it is dignified in its size and simplicity; but the theory which would look on such a building as this as a veritable temple of the age of Augustus turned afterwards to Christian uses is extravagantly absurd. It belongs more probably to the ninth century; and the inscribed stone which led the earlier antiquaries to regard it as classical work has been accounted for in a singular fashion.

'In 1877 the old pavement of the Christian church was taken up, and the whole area excavated to the depth of about four feet. At this level was found the ancient pavement of a Roman street or forum, and running diagonally across the area of the church were the two lower steps of what had evidently been a flight leading up to a portico. But the most surprising spectacle revealed by this excavation is that of the foundations of the Christian work. They consist of huge fragments of more than one magnificent classic building, entablatures with Corinthian enrichments, marble columns cut or broken into lengths and laid simply on their side, rich friezes with running scroll-work in the best style of Roman architecture, dedicatory inscriptions, mouldings and string courses, all thrown flat on the pavement of the Roman town. . . . The whole mass of these fragments was filled in with earth and rubbish, and covered over with the pavement of the Christian church, so that till now their existence was not even suspected.' (Vol. i. p. 259.)

It was a strange foundation for the vast structure raised over them. It has carried the building for a thousand years; but settlements have taken place, and the walls show many serious fissures. The cathedral and some of the other churches of Zara present a striking contrast to the rudeness of San Donato. The Duomo owes its splendour in part to the colour of its stone and marble, in part to a baldacchino of singular richness and beauty over the high altar, and in part also to the elaborate choir stalls which Mr.

Jackson regards as the finest examples of a class of woodwork abounding throughout Dalmatia. Other specimens, equally elaborate and scarcely less beautiful, may be seen in the church of the Franciscan convent. But, fine as the carving is, he does not put it on a level with the best examples of northern European woodwork. The stalls of Amiens or Carlisle belong to a different order of work; but he holds that these Dalmatian carvings have, nevertheless,

'a splendid freedom in their lines and a luxurious fulness in their scrolls and flourishes that is very effective, and they show a facility in drawing and technique that was perhaps itself a snare to the workman and a hindrance to his artistic growth.' (Vol. i. p. 276.)

The impossibility of following Mr. Jackson through all his wanderings and explorations compels us to hasten away from Zara to Sebenico. In the embarrassment of wealth poured in upon us in these sumptuous volumes, we must content ourselves with a short sojourn in those towns or buildings from which we may gather the most important lessons to be taught by a survey of Dalmatian work in general. Among these Sebenico, as charming in its situation as it is full of interest internally, is perhaps pre-eminent. Of the approach to the town Mr. Jackson gives us a pleasant picture.

'Sebenico is not visible from the sea, though the hill fort that commands the town appears above the low grey hills that fringe the shore. Leaving the open sea the steamer turns suddenly into a narrow tortuous channel, and emerges no less suddenly into a splendid inland haven to which there is only this one approach. On the further side is the city, an imposing mass of picturesque old houses piled up the mountain side, with the great white-domed cathedral in the middle, the massive towers of the castle of St. Anna in the highest point of the town, and two other old forts, weathered to a rich mellow brown colour, crowning the barren summits of two loftier hills in the background. The quays were crowded with men and women in their becoming national costume, and the port filled with gaily painted coasters with huge lateen sails, laden with wine casks, or crammed with peasants from Zlavin and the other islands returning from market. There is no place on the coast more inviting to a painter's pencil than Sebenico.' (Vol. i. p. 377.)

The present cathedral is in many respects a remarkable building. Throughout the whole structure neither timber nor brick is employed—a statement which would not hold good with perhaps any other building of its size in Europe. This fact alone points to a peculiarity which specially distinguishes Dalmatian work, while the history of the building,

which is known to us in the fullest detail, shows us the influences at work in the developement of Dalmatian architecture. The structure starts seemingly with the full swing of pointed work; but in a very little while the rich and graceful forms of Venetian Gothic are exchanged for the stiffer outlines and less varied shapes of the Renaissance. The erection of the church was entrusted in the first instance to a Venetian architect named Antonio, whose work Mr. Jackson pronounces to be 'of excellent Italian Gothic, with 'more of the merits and fewer of the faults of that much-'abused style than most examples of it.' We have, indeed, already remarked the nearness of his design to the true spirit of Teutonic architecture. The northern porch, known as the Gate of the Lions, is especially fine, the foliage which runs around it being as boldly and as tenderly undercut as in the best specimens of English work. For ten years it seems that Antonio satisfied his employers; and assuredly his own hands enriched the building with some of the most glorious carving to be seen on the capitals of piers of any age or country. But all that he had done failed to content the building committee. He had carried on the work by his own manual labour as well as by his supervision from the time when it had been decided to abandon the old cathedral of St. James. He had completed the whole of the lower story of the nave and its aisles; in other words, he had raised the pier arches, and wrought out the rich flowing cornice above the spandrils. He had built the exterior walls to the top of the beautiful series of intersecting trefoiled arches which serves as a cornice or border, and had also finished the ribbed vaulting of the aisles, when the committee began to complain of grievous defects and ruinous outlay. The money spent on ornamentation had, they insisted, been all thrown away, and there was urgent need of immediate change of management. The charges were, manifestly, a mere excuse. The real motive was kept in the background. Antonio's work had been splendidly done. Its strength and solidity were all that could be wished for, and Antonio's own carvings are among the chief glories of the land. Some of his capitals are marvels of the taste and skill with which the sculptors of that school 'contrived to indulge in an almost 'oriental luxuriance without weakness, and in an almost 'extravagant wealth of detail without confusion' (ii. 387). Even in what he has done he has left behind him a monument worthy of his genius; and the richness of his pier arches with the glorious cornice of foliage, which seems to have been

suggested to Dalmatian workmen generally by the exquisite grace of fresh fern leaves, brings out into painful contrast the poverty of the triforium and clerestory raised by his successor, Giorgio Orsini. But there is another feature in this remarkable church, which must be attributed to nothing less than true architectural genius; and this is the roof which covers the nave. To whom is the credit of this roof to be assigned? Antonio had been dismissed long before this part of the work had been taken in hand, and even his successor did not live to execute it. Is the vault, then, Antonio's design? and is it likely that he would carry his work so far without showing by model or on paper how he meant to finish it? If he made his idea known, was it likely that his successor would substitute some other plan, by way of asserting his own originality? We cannot think so. The idea of the roof as we see it now seems to have been suggested almost entirely by the demi-cylindrical or barrel vault of the little temple of Æsculapius, if not by the dome of the cathedral, at Spalato; and the impressions left by the buildings of the imperial palace were set deep in the minds of Dalmatian architects and workers generally. There was perhaps nothing to weaken them in the mind of Antonio, and certainly nothing to show that he was unequal to the conception. Mr. Jackson speaks with some little uncertainty on this subject; but whoever may have been the builder of this part of the church, we may very safely say that

'his greatest triumph was achieved by the roofs, which consist of wagon vaults of stone, visible outside as well as inside, an idea perhaps suggested by the semicircular vault of the little temple at Spalato, which was in the same way visible externally, but which, when carried out as it is at Sebenico, on so vast a scale, at so great a height, and with such comparatively slender materials, may fairly be considered original, and cannot fail to excite surprise and admiration.' (Vol. i. p. 223.)

It must do even more. The principle that the external shall be also the internal roof is applicable to all buildings. It is one which, if it had been introduced into northern Europe before the eleventh or twelfth century, might have caused nothing less than a revolution in the architecture of Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen, and must in any case have largely modified its developements. The applicability of the principle to domes is manifest at the first glance; and if the principle was suggested by Spalato, then the influence of Spalato has not been limited to Dalmatia or Italy. The Romance method of vaulting in Southern France led Mr. Fergusson to recommend their system of a

homogeneous stone-roofing; but, apparently, except in the case of domes, he seems to have thought that the double roof might still be necessary, although he insisted that the space between the two roofs should be as small as possible. But if the system of double roofing be at all conceded, the decision of the question must depend on the sense of harmony and proportion in the general design. In our notice of Mr. Fergusson's 'Handbook of Architecture' we offered some remarks on this subject, which may even yet become one of no little importance; * and the question is forced upon us more prominently by the larger scale on which the principle is applied at Sebenico.

'In England,' Mr. Jackson tells us, 'we have a few rude chapels in Pembrokeshire, the chapel at Abbotsbury, and the little fourteenth-century treasury at Merton College, in which the vault and roof are united in one solid structure of masonry, and in Ireland we have the chapel of St. Cormac at Cashel similarly constructed; but nearly all of these are on a diminutive scale. At Sebenico, however, the whole of a great cruciform church is covered by a wagon-roof of stone, the underside of which forms the ceiling, the stone covering being visible both internally and externally, without the outside roof of timber and tiles, or lead, which exists in ordinary cathedrals above the stone vaulted ceiling. The effect, both within and without, of these simple wagon-vaults over nave, choir, and transepts, interrupted only by a dome at the crossing, is very simple and imposing, and the design is not less successful architecturally than it is original.' (Vol. i. p. 379.)

This is undoubtedly true; but we are dealing with buildings whose lines are not the lines of pointed structures generally in northern Europe. At Sebenico the main vault is semicircular, that of the aisles a quadrant; and although these forms seen externally harmonise fairly well with the structure as a whole, it may yet be doubted whether an arch of two centres could be satisfactorily treated in the same way. The question is one which architects may do well to ponder carefully. All considerations of safety, and many of economy, would be in favour of homogeneous roofing; and although the effect of our high-pitched gables is in most instances very fine, we must surely admit that the rule may be carried to too great lengths. With all its exquisite grace and richness the cathedral of Lincoln is but dwarfish within. Its external dignity and even majesty are due to the vast lead-covered roof which at the east end leaves space over the great window for another window which would be of large

* Edinburgh Review, No. 213, p. 141.

dimensions for the elevation of a first-class parish church. The difficulties of the problem grow with increasing size. At Sebenico the architect worked with great caution, 'each 'course of the vaulting stones being tongued and grooved 'and accurately fitted together so as to be impervious to 'weather.' Even thus the disintegration of the stone showed symptoms of danger in 1843; and the nave vault was taken down and reset, new stones being put where needed, and the grooved joists being made good with cement in place of lead.

Not less splendid, if not more impressive, than the cathedral of Sebenico is the basilican duomo of Trau, the ancient Tragurium, which lies about midway between Sebenico and Spalato. Its nave (of five bays) and its aisles end with three apses, and at the western end a Galilee-porch or narthex stretches to the full width of the building. Mr. Jackson speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty of this splendid structure; and, in truth, familiarity can only deepen the impression made by the grace and power of Dalmatian work when it is really good. On the sumptuous western porch Mr. Jackson dwells as 'the glory not of Trau only, 'but of the whole province, a work which in simplicity of 'conception, combined with richness of detail and marvel- 'lous finish of execution, has never been surpassed in 'Romanesque or Gothic art.' This may seem a perilous statement, but Mr. Jackson's drawings well bear out his words. Its weakest feature reflects the weakness of mediæval workers generally. The sculptor of the middle ages could do little more than betray his ignorance when he attempted to deal with the nude human form, and here, as at Sebenico and elsewhere, the architect thought fit to place the figures of Adam and Eve on each side of the great portal, Eve, as it so happens, standing on the right. Of these statues Mr. Jackson says that

'though incorrect and grotesque from an academic point of view, and extravagant in their imitation and exaggeration of individual peculiarities, they have, for all that, a certain *naïveté* and genuine intention which gives them an artistic value. Eve stands on a lioness with a sheep in her clutches and her cubs asleep beneath her; Adam on a lion which holds down a griffin with his claws; and whatever may be the shortcomings of Adam, no nobler or more impressive beast was ever conventionalised by mediæval fancy than his supporter.' (Vol. ii. p. 116.)

Treated with wonderful cleverness, the tympanum of the great door exhibits the history of the Nativity with its

attendant incidents; and, indeed, it may be said that the whole narrative of the Gospels is drawn out in the enrichments of this magnificent portal. Many of them are worked out with all the finish of an exquisite picture. In the scene of the Annunciation 'several of the little floating angels 'with upturned heads and floating drapery remind one of 'the lovely angels by Agostino di Duccio in the tympanum 'of the church of S. Bernardino in Perugia.' In other parts of this great design there is space for other subjects which had a close local interest. The occupations of the huntsman, the fowler, the tiller of the soil, and many more, are all portrayed in their order; and the figures so introduced are excellent portraits of Dalmatian peasants in the thirteenth century. This splendid doorway belongs to the middle of that century, and the employment of the round arch shows how little the heart of the Dalmatian architect was in the arch of two centres. But the whole church from every point of view is very imposing. Internally it is full of sombre grandeur. Externally the three eastern apses group admirably with the lofty gable which rises above them, and with the one finished tower which rises at the western end of the southern aisle. This campanile has some good pointed work, the first stage having two light windows divided by an octagonal shaft, each face of the shaft being slightly concave to give brilliancy to the edge. The stage above this has windows on all four sides, 'those to the east 'and west having a reticulation of quatrefoils on their heads, 'and those to the north and south tracery work of cusped 'circles.' The final stage, not completed till 1598, is of inferior work, with Gothic and Renaissance details mixed together. Regarded as a whole, this church is splendid indeed; and, in Mr. Jackson's words, it

'has also the advantage, so rare in Italy, of being completed outside as well as inside, instead of presenting, like so many Italian churches, a rough face of unfinished brickwork or masonry, awaiting, and awaiting in vain, the splendid veneer of marble or sculpture which never comes. In this respect the Dalmatian churches seldom fail to satisfy the eye; though they were very long in building, the modest scale on which they were planned enabled their builders, sooner or later, to complete them handsomely and well, and to make them as beautiful without as they were within.' (Vol. ii. p. 109.)

Gems of Dalmatian art, in the form both of buildings and of their appurtenances or adornments, may be found in almost every town. Some works of singular beauty may be seen in Curzola, which Mr. Jackson reached late at night in

very broken weather, or, to be more accurate, in a terrible thunderstorm.

'It was half-past eleven before we hove to in the narrow channel which divides the town from the mainland, and saw the lanterns of the little boats that were to fetch us come travelling like glowworms through the darkness. At any time of day and in any weather this landing in little boats is a nuisance, but it is a veritable penance when it is pitch dark and the sky seems to be falling in solid sheets of water.'

The rain was not confined to the time of their landing; but there was much to be seen in the Duomo, and much also at the Badia, or Franciscan convent, on a small island to the east of the town. The conventual buildings belong chiefly to the fourteenth century, and some of them are of singular beauty. The cloister work of Dalmatia is very fine; that of the Badia is one of the finest specimens, if not, as Mr. Jackson thinks it, the loveliest of all. An exquisitely beautiful drawing bears out the words of the text.

'Trefoiled arches resting on round columns with square capitals, and with a very ingenious stilt to give them sufficient importance and height, are divided by more massive piers into groups of three; and this arrangement is interrupted in two places by wide arches, richly cusped, through which steps lead to the central enclosure with its two marble cisterns.' (Vol. ii. p. 275.)

The design with all its marvellous grace is still sufficiently solid, and the result is thoroughly satisfactory. But Mr. Jackson shows himself perhaps a little affected by some of Mr. Fergusson's fancies when he speaks of the work in this cloister as highly suggestive to moderns who must be eclectic. It is true that

'the cusped heads, the arches, and the including mouldings are all in ordinary Venetian Gothic of the fifteenth century; but the columns on which they rest have Attic bases, and capitals with concave abaci and angle volutes in the early style of the Renaissance, while over the arcades is something like a regular classic entablature with frieze and cornice.'

But eclecticism is not carried very far, when the workman chooses between forms every one of which may in a certain sense be regarded as his rightful inheritance; and the Dalmatian architect can scarcely be said to travel away from his own soil when he brings together the forms exhibited in the cloister of the Badia. It is another thing when Englishmen who have a wealth of English forms for the expression of every constructive or decorative want deliberately abandon those forms for others which are mere exotics and which

the use or misuse of generations has never made altogether congenial.

Even more characteristic, though possibly less charming, is the cloister of the Dominican convent of Ragusa. The church shows many signs of German influence, but there is no trace of it, Mr. Jackson remarks, in the cloister.

'The Dalmatian was here left to work out his Gothic in his own way, and though he failed to grasp the idea of receding orders in the arch or consistent mouldings in his tracery, he succeeded in evolving out of his inner consciousness a charming cloister, shocking in many ways to the northern purist, but perhaps on that account the more interesting to those who love to see the workman reflected in his work, and value the evidence of thought more than architectural propriety.' 'The cloister,' Mr. Jackson adds, 'forms a charming picture, with its Venetian well, its cherry and orange trees, and its evergreens, whose rich and dark foliage so well relieves the mellow white of the walls.'

The Franciscan cloister in the same city is not a whit less interesting or less beautiful, although we have here no features of either Venetian or any other kind of Gothic. Built in the first half of the fourteenth century, this very lovely structure has only Romanesque details, unless we make an exception for the cusping of some of the round openings in the tympanum of the great arches, which embrace each six bays of the arcade. Passing by Mr. Jackson's admirable description of this work, we must content ourselves with citing his conclusion that it is one of the most singular pieces of architecture which he had ever seen, and the more interesting because the name of the architect, Mycha, an Albanian of Antivari, has been fortunately preserved to us. But we confess that we are tempted to dwell on the delightful pictures which Mr. Jackson has drawn for us, both with the pencil and the pen, of the noble city to which these two convents belong. The whole place is beautiful and striking in every way.

'Scarcely among all the enchanting shores of the Mediterranean and its dependent seas can be found scenes to surpass that which presents itself as one issues from the town by the Porta Plocca and follows the coast-road southwards. We never tired of sauntering here in the evening, when the fading light had put a stop to sketching, and the day's work was done, to watch the heightened tints on rock and tree gathering fresh splendour from the dying sun, while behind us the ancient city, with all its towers and bastions, stood sharply cut out against the flaming sky. As we returned and, passing the drawbridge, threaded the threefold girdle of massive walls and gates with the protecting figure of St. Blaize above us, and descended the steep winding street under the shadow of the great Dominican convent, there was

nothing wanting to stir the imagination. Ragusa has preserved completely the character of a mediæval city.' (Vol. ii. p. 324.)

Of the several objects within its walls, which deserve careful study, the most noteworthy is perhaps the palace of the rulers of the Ragusan republic. The building is the work of different architects, the one succeeding the other after a short interval, during which the victory of the round over the pointed arch seems to have been accomplished. In short, the history of this palace repeats that of the duomo of Sebenico; and the work of the earlier and later architects can be distinguished as easily in the one as in the other. The front of the building, which faces the Piazza, exhibits in its lower stage a loggia of six arches between two solid structures with windows. The Æsculapius capital which strikes the eye on the first glance at this arcade is beyond doubt the work of the Gothic architect Onofrio; and this fact, for which Mr. Jackson gives the evidence, would seem to warrant the conclusion that the whole portico is his work. But of the seven capitals of the arcade three are pieces of Renaissance work of no great merit; the other four are splendid specimens of Gothic sculpture. These four capitals, therefore, Mr. Jackson ascribes to Onofrio, the other three belonging to the later architects of 1464. These later architects, when they undertook the restoration of the building after the catastrophe of 1462, preserved what they could; but the three centre capitals, as being probably too much injured for use, were replaced by new ones. This was the work of Giorgio Orsini, who, as we have seen, succeeded the Venetian Antonio as the architect of the cathedral of Sebenico. Having put these three capitals on the central shafts of the arcade, Giorgio placed on all the capitals the massive abaci which now support his round arches with their classic festoons and ribands.

This conclusion is, happily, no longer a theory or a conjecture. The clue which has led Mr. Jackson to evidence demonstrating the truth of this conclusion was furnished by Mr. Freeman, who in a garden at Gravosa saw a capital representing the Judgement of Solomon. Filippo de Diversis, writing in 1440, mentions a capital with this subject as belonging to a pier at the entrance of the palace. But, as the front arcade was complete without it, Mr. Freeman concluded that the description of De Diversis could not refer to the outer arcade, where none of the capitals show this subject. There would, however, be no difficulty in this, if

only it be true that three of the present capitals have been thrust in since that time. Mr. Jackson determined at once to act on the hint thus thrown out.

'I started for Gravosa,' he says, 'with the hope that this might be, after all, one of the three missing capitals. . . . And so, in fact, it proved to be. It corresponds exactly in dimensions with Onofrio's capitals; it would fit exactly one of his columns; it has the original shallow abacus decorated with running foliage, which I noticed as remaining in one of his capitals below the later one imposed by Giorgio, and the design of the foliage on the back and sides is exactly the same as that on one of Onofrio's capitals, which I had been drawing that very morning, with the selfsame birds perched in the middle and pecking fruit.

'The proof,' Mr. Jackson may well say, 'is conclusive and irresistible; but further confirmation was not wanting, for Count Caboga, to whom the capital belongs, said casually that he had heard there were two more capitals lying about somewhere, but that he had not been able to find them. Could we but find these, we should have the entire series of Onofrio's seven capitals *magno studio sculpta* in the year 1435.' (Vol. ii. p. 339.)

It is to be hoped that these two capitals may yet be forthcoming. The discovery, or rather identification, of the one which lies at Gravosa does great credit to Mr. Jackson's sagacity, and goes far towards accounting for the present perplexing appearance of the palace front. That Onofrio's work was Gothic or pointed, is beyond doubt. The round arches, therefore, which now rest on the piers, were no more his work than are the Renaissance capitals which have taken the place of the three lacking in the series. The superposition of the heavy abacus is thus at once explained. In no other way could the round arches be raised to the necessary height. But the perplexity is renewed when we come to the upper story, for here the series of windows is good Dalmatian Gothic; in other words, Onofrio's work stands above that of his successor. For the windows in the lateral towers this involves no difficulty. For the windows over the arcade, the only conclusion is that the explosion of gunpowder which ruined the building made some parts dangerous without destroying the ornamental work, and that these windows were carefully taken out and reset in their old places, with the carved string course beneath them. This conjecture, Mr. Jackson remarks, is confirmed by a curious half-italianised Latin minute of the Grand Council, of December 11, 1464.

The description of De Diversis has given us the history of the capital at Gravosa. He speaks also of another piece of sculpture as exhibiting a figure of Justice. This figure may

be seen close to the entrance of the hall of the Lesser Council, carved on a bracket, and holding in its hands a scroll on which may be read the words *Jussi summa mei*, although the inscription is much defaced. Near to it is the capital which De Diversis mentions as a representation of the Rector administering Justice. It is plainly not in its original place, being clumsily fitted to a detached square shaft, whereas it belonged to a round attached shaft. The carving is wonderfully vigorous.

'The style of the figures, though they are on a much smaller scale, corresponds exactly with those of the Æsculapius and Solomon capitals, and the Rector here wears the coif of a doctor of law, just as Solomon's principal law officer does. The culprit who is brought up for sentence has a dogged look, and the satisfied and complacent air of the officer who has "run him in" is most amusingly expressed. On the return side is the secretary seated at a desk, with a prisoner before him in custody of another officer. This was evidently the capital of a respond or door-jamb, and so agrees with De Diversis's language: *In quodam angulo januæ principalis habetur Rectoris injurias audientis similitudo.* The *janua principalis* may have been the inner arch of the passage from the piazza.' (Vol. ii. p. 345.)

It is no small thing that Ragusa should be still standing on its ancient site. The forces pent up within the earth have wreaked their fury upon it again and again, and few cities have been left more utterly desolate than was Ragusa after the frightful catastrophe of April 6, 1667. The earthquake destroyed the duomo, and the Rector died with five thousand of the people. Schemes of migration were proposed, but the majority were against them all. The decision, Mr. Jackson thinks, was more fortunate perhaps for students of art and history than for the inhabitants. Earthquake shocks recur at intervals seldom longer than twenty years, and when they come they bring with them the sense of no little danger.

In dealing with such a work as Mr. Jackson's, we must use the power, denied to travellers, of disregarding time and space. From Ragusa we should perhaps follow him to Cattaro and the sterile regions of the Black Mountain; but we may do better by transferring ourselves more nearly to the northern end of the Dalmatian archipelago and the island city of Arbe. The architectural interest of its buildings is equal to that of most Dalmatian towns; in the impressiveness of its features generally it yields to none. But its beauty is that of ruin. The population of the city and the island is under four thousand. The great plague which

fell on Arbe in 1456 dealt a blow from which it has never recovered. Of the whole space within the walls, half is either empty or filled with shattered fragments of houses and palaces, attesting the wealth and splendour of former days. The beauty of the site could not easily be surpassed. The city becomes visible at a distance of six miles on the channel which separates it from Jablanać.

'As we approached, entirely ignorant what there might be to reward our enterprise, our expectations were raised high by an enormous campanile that dominated the town; three others successively appeared from behind it, and at length we found ourselves gliding under the vast sea walls of such a dreary and forlorn, but withal such a lovely city, as might have been imagined in a dream. The lofty walls, broken and ruined at their summit, rose sheer out of the water; grand campaniles of the twelfth and thirteenth century soared above them, while within the town could be seen roofless houses, windows through which the blue sky appeared, and gaunt ruined walls that seemed to proclaim Arbe a city of the dead rather than the living. Indeed, Arbe, though not quite a city of the dead, is only half alive.' (Vol. iii. p. 206.)

The spell of the old beauty is everywhere—on the fragments of structures long since fallen, and on the massy palaces still standing, which in their decay and desolation show themselves worthy of the streets of Padua or Verona or even the canals of Venice. High over all rises the great campanile of the duomo, a few paces only from the cliff, to a height of about ninety feet exclusive of the parapet and spire by which it is crowned. Its chief peculiarity lies in the windows, which 'have double shafts with neither capital 'nor base, standing one behind the other, both set well 'inwards towards the centre of the wall, and supporting a 'common impost-block which spreads out fore and aft to 'the thickness of the wall.'

This splendid tower belongs, there is little doubt, to the earliest years of the thirteenth century. The very curious baldacchino over the high altar in the choir of the more modern cathedral is some three or more centuries earlier. Not less remarkable is the church of St. John the Baptist, now a ruin, although it was still used for divine service when Professor Eitelberger visited Arbe in 1859. This church is a basilica with the usual proportions; but the apse has a surrounding aisle, which, not being properly, as Mr. Jackson remarks, a basilican arrangement, points to Western influence. At the same time, no Northern architect 'would have made the number of the apsidal arches even,

'and so have made a column and not an arch come in the 'middle' (vol. iii. p. 227).

Another little church, approached by a postern in the old castle wall at the north-western angle of the city, looks on a pleasant grassy down with an expanse of green sward 'almost unique in stony Dalmatia.'

'The view of Arbe from this grassy meadow can hardly be surpassed for loveliness. The cliff on which it stands descends sharply into the sea, and is studded with aloes and such scanty vegetation as can cling to the face of the rock, or find hold for its roots in the crevices. The old town walls that crown the cliff seem to grow out of it, so that it is hard to say where art begins to supersede nature, while above them the four ancient campaniles rise in stately order. As we sat to take our farewell view, the sun was setting behind us, and the towers and walls melted from creamy white to orange, and from orange almost to flame colour. The sea lay like a sheet of glass below, without even a ripple on the shore; and the long rocky isles of Dolin and Pago changed, as do all these naked Dalmatian hills, to the most exquisite colours under the evening light. From the cliffs below ascended at intervals the song of the "passere solitario," with a melodious and sustained strain not unlike that of the nightingale. The beautiful scenery, the strange old mediæval town, seeming more a memory than a reality, and the delicious bird notes rising out of the stillness, made a pathetic impression that cannot be easily described. Of all Dalmatian towns there is none, to my taste, so lovely as poor plague-stricken Arbe.' (Vol. ii. p. 238.)

In the preservation of its ancient work the city of Parenzo presents a striking contrast to that of Arbe. The plan of the duomo is strictly basilican. The baptistery, flanked by the campanile to the west, opens into an atrium much like that of the church of St. Ambrose at Milan; and through this we enter a nave of ten bays ending with an apse both external and internal, the apses of the aisles being internal only. The capitals, exhibiting a lavish variety of form, are worked with great delicacy of finish, and were manifestly carved for this building, although, from the clumsy details in the neckings of some of them, we may infer that this was not the case with all the columns. The church was seemingly never vaulted, and has now nothing more than a flat plastered ceiling; but, in spite of this, Mr. Jackson regards the building as fully equal in the beauty of its workmanship to any of the churches of Ravenna, and as surpassing them in the completeness of its plan. But to what age does this church belong? Is it coeval with the Ravennese structures of the time of Justinian? or must we assign it to some such time as that of the rude San Donato at Zara? In Dalmatia especially, as we have seen, it is commonly a rash thing to

answer such questions without documentary evidence; and happily there are few countries in which such evidence is more commonly forthcoming. In this case an inscription on a marble ciborium or tabernacle now in the sacristy at the north-eastern end of the church seems to ascribe the building of this basilica, or of another on its site, to the eleventh year of the episcopate of Euphrasius. The words DÕ. IOBANT., in this inscription, are read by Eitelberger as DOMINO JOHANNE BEATISSIMO ANTISTITE, and are supposed to refer to Pope John II., the last year of whose pontificate corresponds with the eleventh of Euphrasius. Mr. Jackson looks on this interpretation as somewhat far-fetched, and thinks that Mr. Freeman may perhaps be right in taking the words as only the common form 'Deo juvante.' The likelihood lies probably the other way; but on other grounds Mr. Jackson has no hesitation in asserting that 'the capitals 'of Parenzo might many of them have been carved by the 'same hand that wrought those at S. Vitale and S. Apollinare 'in Classe in the sixth century, and the workmanship is 'marked by a delicacy and refinement that was lost long 'before the rude masonry and barbarous details of S. Donato 'were put together in the eighth.'

The building has no details which can be referred to any time following the Slavonic irruption in the tenth century, while everything has 'the character of the Byzantine school 'and of the period of Justinian's works at Ravenna and Con- 'stantinople, and there can be no reasonable doubt that in 'the duomo as it now exists we have the building and in a 'great measure the decorative details of the new cathedral 'raised by Euphrasius in the middle of the sixth century.'

Like that of St. John the Baptist at Arbe, the apse, being lighted by four large round-arched windows, has the peculiarity of a pier instead of a window in the middle, and exhibits the hemicycle of marble seats for the clergy with the episcopal throne in the centre. At the high altar in front of these seats the celebrant at mass stands on the eastern side, facing the people, and here, therefore, as in the Roman St. Peter's, we are indebted to the Latin Church for the retention of an ancient custom. Above these seats the walls of this most sumptuous apse

'are lined with a gorgeous dado of marbles and porphyries which has no parallel at Ravenna, but slightly resembles some mural decoration existing at S. Sabina at Rome. The materials are porphyry, serpentino, opaque glass, white onyx like that from Algiers, burnt clay of various colours, and mother-of-pearl, which is used not only in mosaics but in discs made of whole shells, which reflect a brilliant

opalescent light. There are eight varieties of pattern in the panels, and these are arranged symmetrically in pairs on the opposite side of the apse, while the central panel over the bishop's seat is inlaid with a gold cross on a ground of serpentino and mother-of-pearl surmounting a hill, or dome, between two lighted candlesticks. The cipher of Euphrasius occurring twice in the inlay proves it to be a work of the time of Justinian, and coeval with the basilica. . . . The remainder of the drum of the apse containing the four windows and the semi-dome above it are entirely covered with glass mosaic. In the dome are large figures on a golden ground, with cloudlets of crimson and blue floating above their heads.' (Vol. iii. p. 321.)

Among the figures is the Bishop Euphrasius, with a small figure of his son, EUPHRASIUS. FIL. ARC. In short, there is more than ample evidence in favour of the conclusion that all these mosaics are 'as nearly coeval with the basilica as 'the time required for their execution permitted.' Professor Eitelberger was strangely mistaken when he ascribed the work of the apse to the same age with that of the splendid baldacchino which covers the high altar. The mosaics in this costly and beautiful structure differ wholly in design and workmanship from those of the apse. 'More expression 'and action is attempted, and the drawing of the figures is 'more ambitious both as regards attitude and drapery; but 'they are far inferior in effect to the older mosaics, and the 'effort after greater naturalism has resulted in a grotesque-'ness that suffers by contrast with the severe conventionalism 'of the older school' (vol. iii. p. 325).

The baldacchino, in short, is a work of the latter part of the thirteenth century; and among the many fine specimens of such canopies to be seen in Dalmatian churches none is more splendid, and none perhaps more graceful and charming in outline. There remains yet a multitude of buildings into which we would gladly follow Mr. Jackson as a guide on whose soundness of judgement we feel that we may implicitly rely; and, indeed, we are tempted to think that we have not done justice to his book until we have gone over all the ground which he has traversed. To a large number of the subjects with which he has dealt we have been so far from doing justice that we have not been able to notice them at all; but we have, perhaps, drawn from his pages the chief lessons to be learnt from a careful scrutiny of Dalmatian art in all its forms, and we have certainly enjoyed the rich feast of beauty which Mr. Jackson has provided for us both with his pen and with his pencil. He, at least, has done full justice to a country which, in its manifold interest, yields to few, if any, others in the world.

ART. V.—1. *Clubs and Club Life in London: from the Seventeenth Century to the Present Time.* By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. London: 1872.

2. *The Reform Club: its Founders and Architect.* By LOUIS FAGAN. London: 1887.

IF the character of Dr. Johnson were judged by some of the instances of coarse manners and rude sayings recorded by his admiring biographer, it might be supposed that the sage of Fleet Street, like the sage of Chelsea in our own times, was a cynical hypochondriac. But Boswell himself supplies abundant evidence that Johnson, to his latest hours, was passionately fond not only of society, but of convivial society. Dearer to him than the tea-table of Mrs. Thrale and the fleshpots of Streatham was the unrestrained intercourse of his club. There he could talk politics with Burke over the supper table, or discuss the drama with Garrick, or his last picture with Reynolds. He was, to use the well-known word of his own invention, essentially 'a 'clubable man.' Johnson and Sir Joshua were the founders of 'THE CLUB' as its illustrious members call it to this day, or the Literary Club as this famous society was termed by the world at large. He alone established the Ivy Lane Club and the Essex Head Club, and drew up the modest rules of the latter body, 'which meets,' he writes to Reynolds, 'thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence.' In Boswell's immortal volumes, two splendid editions of which have recently been published, we obtain a very complete picture of the purely social London clubs of his age. They were not political, but except for this fact they closely resembled the political clubs of the eighteenth century. The club was a company of men of like tastes assembled in a tavern or a coffeehouse for a short period, and not necessarily day by day. These tavern clubs are the germs of the modern social and political clubs, and the earliest of the latter were exactly of the same character as the Literary or the Kit-Cat, though the men of whom they were composed were bound together by common political views. The modern political club, with a fine house and all the requisites of home except sleeping rooms, began with Almack's Club, which became Brooks's. On the later growth of the club system we shall have something to say, but before touching on it some mention must be made of the early political clubs.

They were, as a rule, small in size and short-lived, lasting only so long as the particular group of men of whom they were composed held together. If we go so far back as the beginning of the reign of William III., we see some characteristics of the early political club strongly exemplified in what was termed 'the Club' in Edinburgh, a body of disaffected and disappointed Whigs under the leadership of Montgomery, a society of the first importance in the politics of the North. 'The organisation of this body,' says Macaulay, 'contemptible as it may appear to the generation 'which has seen the Roman Catholic association and the 'League against the corn laws, was then thought marvellous 'and formidable.' And if we judge it not by the more elaborate organisations of our own day, but by its results in its own time, this club was both formidable and successful. When allusion is made to the Scotch Club, it is in point to refer to an Irish society, not unlike in character, though of more recent date, which was established in Dublin in 1789. Lord Charlemont, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Forbes were the originators of the society called the Whig Club. It contained forty-eight original members, who rapidly added to their number. It was founded, writes Mr. Grattan in a letter to Sir Jonah Barrington, 'to obtain an 'internal reform of Parliament, in which they partly suc'ceeded, and to prevent the Union, in which they failed.' Its members and its constitution (contained in certain 'Resolutions and Declarations') are to be found in the diffuse biography of Mr. Grattan by his son. It is most striking as being composed of men representative of classes at the present time the most hostile to Home Rule, and as being, like the Scotch Club of William III.'s time, rather a political league than a social body called into existence for party purposes.

Less extensive in numbers than these two clubs, and characterised by some social attributes which they did not possess, but otherwise with much in common with these political leagues, were the tavern clubs of Queen Anne's time —the October, the March, the Saturday, and the Brothers. The October was a Tory club, of which some account, as well as of the others which we have just enumerated, has been preserved to us in the famous diary of Swift. 'The 'October is,' he writes in February 1710–11, 'a set of 'above a hundred Parliament men of the country who 'drink October ale, and meet every evening at a tavern 'near the Parliament to consult affairs, and to drive things

'on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry 'to account, and to get off five or six heads.' Contemptuously as Swift here speaks of this club, it was, in the opinion of Harley and Bolingbroke, a formidable 'cave.' They considered it to be necessary to take measures to allay the dissatisfaction of their unsatisfied supporters, and therefore employed Swift to write what has since been known as the 'Letter to the October Club'—in the more elaborate phraseology of the time, 'Some Advice humbly offered to 'the Members of the October Club in a letter from a person 'of honour'—a communication which was at once a dignified apology on behalf of the Tory chiefs for any oversights in the past, and an indefinite promise of rewards in the future. As a corporation such a club as this has no long history; it dies when it has attained its end, or when the need for co-operation has ceased. Nor does it appear that these political clubs had necessarily a fixed local habitation, and thus they are but faintly separated from mere isolated parties of politicians meeting from time to time to take counsel together. 'Our society,' writes Swift in the same diary, 'met at the 'Duke of Ormond's.' And in another place: 'It is very odd 'that this very day Lords Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, 'Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords dined at Pontac's 'in the City.'

At a later period the gathering became less a council and more a social meeting. The change from the old club to the new is well exemplified in the Cocoa Tree Club, which had some characteristics in its first days of the old and of the modern style, and in the opposition club, which met at Mr. Wildman's in Albemarle Street. The former was a group of politicians composed—at the beginning of George III.'s reign—almost wholly of Lord Bute's ministerial followers; it was a tavern club; it was a personal group of politicians. It gradually widened out a little. When Gibbon visited it, he saw there 'twenty or thirty of the first men in the kingdom in point 'of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables in the middle 'of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, 'and drinking a glass of punch.' This is a picture of the social side, approximating to what may now be seen in the session at the Reform or Brooks's, though, the fashions of the times having changed, it is an eight o'clock dinner rather than an eleven o'clock supper which the diarist of to-day would describe.

The beginning of the social clubs with a political complexion, which in recent years have become so marked a

feature in London, is, as we have already said, to be seen in Brooks's and White's.* But their political colour was caused rather by accident than by design. They were societies of gentlemen established primarily for the purpose of social intercourse and amusement, and not clubs which, though intended for social purposes, had yet a distinct political object, namely, the collecting together of a number of members of a political party for the purpose of advancing the opinions which it held. Brooks's, as is well known, was established in 1764 as Almack's Club; it was 'subsequently 'taken by Brooks, a wine merchant and money-lender,' and it was from him that this club obtained its well-known name. The house which is now the home of the club in St. James's Street was opened for use in 1778. Such, in a few words, is the beginning of this famous club, so well described by Sir George Trevelyan.

This society, the most famous political club that will ever have existed in England—because before any noteworthy rival was in the field our politics had already outgrown St. James's Street—was not political in its origin. In the first list of its members the Duke of Grafton and Lord Weymouth are shown side by side with the Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Portland. Brooks's took its rise from the inclination of men who moved in the same social orbit to live together more freely and familiarly than was compatible with the publicity of a coffeehouse; and how free and familiar was the life of marquises and cabinet ministers when no one was there to watch them, the club rules most agreeably testify. Dinner was served at half-past four, and the bill was brought in at seven. Supper began at eleven, and ended at half an hour after midnight. The cost of the dinner was eight shillings a head, and of the supper six; and any one who had been present during any part of the meal hours paid his share of the wine. No gaming was allowed over the decanters and glasses "except tossing "up for reckonings," under penalty of standing treat for the whole party; and at cards or hazard no one might stake on credit nor borrow from any of the players or bystanders. But with these regulations began and ended all the restraint which the club imposed, or affected to impose, upon the gambling propensities of its members. The rule about ready money was soon a dead letter; and if ever a difficulty was

* Sir W. Young, in a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham on August 10, 1788, speaks of a Constitutional Club. 'Our second 'dinner of the Constitutional Club on Wednesday went off exceedingly 'well, and may prove a good political net to catch young men just launch-'ing into the world from college. Such use hath been made of the 'Whig Club, and something was wanting to counteract it.' (Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., by the Duke of Buckingham, vol. i. p. 418.)

made, Mr. Brooks, to his cost, was always at hand with the few hundred guineas which were required to spare any of his patrons the annoyance of leaving a well-placed chair at the faro bank, or a well-matched rubber of whist. Gentlemen were welcome to go on losing as long as the most sanguine of their adversaries were willing to trust them; and when, at the age of sixteen, Charles Fox entered the club which he was to render illustrious, he found himself surrounded with every facility for ruining himself with the least delay and in the best of company.' *

It was Charles Fox, indeed, who really made Brooks's famous. That fame has been essentially personal, for most of the historic interest of the club centres round the figure of this statesman. A large part of his days, and of his nights too, in the earlier part of his life, was spent at Brooks's. He was 'the hero in Parliament, at the gaming-table, at New-'market,' writes Horace Walpole. It was to Brooks's he retired after an onslaught on Lord North; it was at Brooks's that he lost large sums at cards; and it was at Brooks's that he consulted about the coalition with his former foe. The Prince of Wales became a member of the club for the sake of the society of his 'dear Charles;' it was the head-quarters of the Whig opposition when the party was under the leadership of Fox. Thus there is a kind of individuality in Brooks's of the time of Fox which belongs to no other society, intelligible enough to those who have studied the great power and the singular attraction of his character.

The mode of life there for a great many years reflected the state of political and aristocratic society, and thus the club itself was to some extent an epitome of the times. What that society was like has been well told by Fox's latest biographer, but it is apparent also in the correspondence of Walpole and of George Selwyn. That there was the grossest and the wildest gambling sanctioned by men, many of very high personal character, is undoubted. But, in a sense, it was less in extent and more honourable than much of the gambling which goes on to-day. It was, except in the case of a few rascals, nothing more than straightforward and downright throwing away of money. No one can doubt, who has any knowledge of the world, that there is now, through the medium of the turf and the Stock Exchange, gambling at once more extensive and more insidious in its character than that which in the days of Fox went on night after night at Brooks's and White's—'the

* The Early History of Charles James Fox, p. 81 (ed. 1881).

'scene,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'of the wildest and most ex-'travagant gambling.' Nor was this personal fame, so to say, of Brooks's confined to the membership of Fox. There are innumerable anecdotes connected with this club in regard to the most different of men, from the steady Wilberforce to Sheridan and 'Fighting' Fitzgerald. We have space but for one, which describes the manner in which Sheridan became a member of the club:—

'When Fox first became acquainted with Mr. Sheridan, he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation that he became exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brooks's Club. Sheridan was accordingly proposed; and though on several occasions every gentleman was earnestly canvassed to vote for him, yet he was sure to have *one* black ball whenever he was balloted for. This was carried on for many months, and it was at length resolved on by his friends to find out who was the person that so inveterately opposed Mr. Sheridan's admission. Accordingly the balls were marked, and old George Selwyn was discovered to be the hostile party. This circumstance was told the same evening to Mr. Sheridan, who desired that his name might be put up again as usual, and begged that the further conduct of the matter might be left to himself. Accordingly, on the next evening when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brooks's, arm in arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. The waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak to him in the room below stairs immediately. Selwyn obeyed without delay, and Sheridan, to whom he had no personal dislike' (it appears Sheridan was not of sufficiently aristocratic birth to please Selwyn), 'entertained him for half an hour with a political story. During Selwyn's absence the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen; which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the entrance of a waiter, who made the preconcerted signal by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and, apologising for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn "that the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe "of which he would find very remarkable." He now made his way upstairs, and, his name being sent in to Mr. Fox, the latter came out, took him by the hand, and introduced him with all due formality to the club, all the members of which welcomed him by shaking hands and with the most flattering compliments. Sheridan was now in his glory.

'The Prince, in the meanwhile, was left in no enviable situation; for he had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which (if it had been a thread) he had entirely forgotten, or which perhaps his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause prevented him from listening to with sufficient attention to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance in the way of prompting, he contrived, with a good deal of humming and hawing, to get on pretty well for a few minutes, when a question

from old Selwyn as to a flat contradiction of a part of his Royal Highness's story to that of Sheridan completely posed him, and he stuck fast. Having endeavoured to right himself by floundering about a good deal, and finding that it was all labour in vain, the Prince at length burst out into a loud laugh at the ludicrous figure which he cut, and exclaimed, "D——n the fellow! to leave me to finish his "infernal story, of which I know as much as the child unborn! But "never mind, Selwyn; as Sherry does not seem inclined to come "back, let us go upstairs, and I dare say Fox or some of them will be "able to tell you all about it." They accordingly adjourned to the club room, and old George, who did not know what to make of the matter, had his eyes completely opened to the whole manœuvre when on his entrance Sheridan made him a low bow, and said, "'Pon my "honour, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon for being absent so long; but the "fact is they have just been making me a member without even one "black ball, and here I am."' *

The 'betting book' has also been a storehouse of amusing incidents, and a record of the social life of the time; the members in making their entries in it little thought of its future historical importance: on these curious memoranda we have not space to touch. But from the time of the establishing of the club to the present day, Brooks's as a club has never intervened actively in public affairs, and has been little affected by political events however important. It is true, indeed, that in 1835 it received what may be described as a shock, in consequence of the resignation of Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Graham, and a number of other members, sixty in all. In a sense this incident may have tended towards the successful formation of the Reform Club in the following year, by setting free a considerable number of influential Liberals.

The incident arose out of an application to remove O'Connell's name from the club, which the managers, as the committee of Brooks's is called, refused to do. The House of Lords had lately mutilated the Municipal Corporation Act; they had bisected the Tithe Bill; but they had incurred the special enmity of O'Connell (strange as it may seem to the Home Rulers of to-day) by the rejection of the Dublin Police Bill, the object of which was 'to 'constitute an efficient police force in the city of Dublin, '. . . and to substitute for the old police, which was an 'inefficient body under the control of a corrupt corporation, 'a new force constituted on the principle which Peel had 'applied to the London police.' O'Connell went on the

* Marsh, 'The Clubs of London,' vol. i. p. 18.

stump through England and Scotland, attacking the House of Lords in language of unmeasured violence. He resolutely refused to fight duels, but he was equally determined not to moderate his language. The consequence was that men thought that if he would not fight he should not attack his adversaries with such violence.

'As a rule, indeed, people had no objection to the unscrupulous denunciation of public characters, but they thought that the man who preferred the charges should be ready to "meet" the adversaries whom he had wronged, and they were unanimous in thinking that a politician who persistently refused to fight should be scrupulously moderate in the language which he employed. Burdett, representing the general feeling, insisted on O'Connell's removal from Brooks's Club. He withdrew his own name from the club when his application was ignored. Stanley and Graham followed the example which was thus set them. Other Whigs imitated their conduct. The proprietor of Brooks's was startled at receiving no less than sixty resignations, all dated from one great Whig house; and fifteen years elapsed before the club again contained its full complement of members.' *

It was well for the future prosperity of political clubs that the managers of Brooks's took the view they did—one which commended itself to so sagacious a Whig as Mr. Greville, though he had, at the same time, no sympathy with O'Connell. To have expelled the latter would have been a dangerous precedent. If a political club is to criticise the public political actions of its members, it is almost certain, sooner or later, to be carried away by some personal prejudice, or to make the opinion of the majority of members on some particular question a kind of shibboleth. By refusing the application of Burdett the managers of Brooks's—then the chief, indeed almost the only, Liberal club—probably prevented in the future troubles in the management of the club then unforeseen, and established a precedent and a rule which, though it could not bind another committee or another club, was sure to have great weight whenever it might be referred to.

From that date to the present time this club has been chiefly the home of Whig members of the Liberal party. It has continued, by the favourite English method of a dinner, to identify itself with the name of Fox. For the members of the Fox Club, which consists of some members of Brooks's, from time to time dine together, and keep the memory of the great Whig leader green in excellent cham-

* Walpole, 'History of England,' iii. p. 333.

pagne. Unimportant as Brooks's is and has been as an active political institution, it must always have a continuing interest for students of English society and English politics, identified, as it is, with so much of the life of Charles Fox, and with the darkest, but not the least memorable or honourable, days of the Liberal party.

Upon Brooks's later and larger clubs belonging to both political parties have been chiefly modelled. The two most important of these are the Reform and the Carlton, and they in their turn have served as models for other, but less distinguished, societies. Both the Reform Club and the Carlton Club were formed with the view of strengthening their respective parties, and at the same time to minister to the social comforts of the members. For a number of years both clubs formed an essential part of the organisation of the two great parties in the State. Each was the focus of its party, each was the rendezvous in London of the chiefs and of the most energetic and active members of the party. In each the parliamentary organisers of the pre-caucus era could come into confidential relations with members of Parliament and leading men of the party who were not members of the House of Commons. Hence the Reform and the Carlton for many years had a considerable indirect influence on the fortunes of their party, though the Carlton has always been more representative of the Conservative party as a whole than the Reform has been of the Liberal party; for the Whig aristocracy has never cultivated the Reform as the Tory aristocracy has the Carlton. Yet, whilst each club has had this influence, it was much less than was popularly supposed, and it was rarely exercised by either club as a club. There was nothing more popularly believed to be a fact than that the Reform Club sent down candidates to contest seats all over England. The Reform, as a club, never did such a thing. It was there that interviews took place between the leaders of the party in London and local leaders desirous of a candidate. The influential members of the party in London were usually aware of the desires of individuals who belonged to the Reform Club as to contesting seats. It was there that men were to be found most likely to know of a suitable candidate for a particular constituency. Thus both the Reform and the Carlton became a kind of political Exchange, and so in the provinces each of these clubs itself was invested, in the popular imagination, with a kind of mysterious power by which it was enabled to provide, despatch, and finance a

candidate. In more recent times the characteristic which we have endeavoured to describe of these two great clubs has almost entirely disappeared. Political organisers have not been satisfied with old-fashioned and unbusinesslike methods, and so each party has now a central bureau, which does its best to organise electoral matters throughout the country. Of course, with the growth of local associations and local machinery, a central office can have comparatively little influence when local affairs are actively and intelligently managed by local politicians. Yet, even allowing for the existence of strong local bodies, there is yet plenty of work for the central bureaux of the two parties.

But we are concerned here not with party machinery generally, but with political clubs, and we now propose briefly to describe the beginning of the Reform Club. As we have already said, the club at one time had much indirect political influence; it has none now. It remains, and will probably continue to be, the most important of the Liberal clubs; it is and will be primarily a social institution. Changed political circumstances have rendered it impossible that a club which is primarily social should, directly or indirectly, be an active political force. It was not unfitting that so important a club, and one so closely connected with the Liberal party in the past, should have the tale of its foundation told, and that task has now been accomplished in one of the works which stand at the head of this article, 'The Reform Club: its Founders and Architect,' by Mr. Louis Fagan. It would be ungracious to criticise severely a work which it was right should be undertaken by some member of the club, and which, by the confession of its author, is without striking literary merits. 'The volume now offered,' says Mr. Fagan in his introduction, 'affords no scope for the display of exceptional literary 'skill, even did I possess such. My sole aim in its pro'duction has been to tell the story of the Reform Club 'with accuracy and with such brevity as the importance of 'the material, which has been derived from authentic sources 'exclusively, allowed.' It would perhaps have been in better taste if Mr. Fagan had left the reader to form his own opinion of his literary capacity; but we shall say no more on this point, except that we cannot agree with him that the work he undertook affords no scope for literary skill. In a book such as this, offering temptations to a writer to dwell at too great length on trivial details, literary skill might have been shown by bringing out salient and inte-

resting points, and by passing lightly over those which have no importance.

The parent of the present Reform Club was the Westminster, or the Westminster Reform Club as it was subsequently called, which was founded in 1834. Its first habitation was 34 Great George Street, Westminster, the house of Alderman (afterwards Sir Matthew) Wood, who has become notorious in history for his pronounced and injudicious support of Queen Caroline. He was one of the main promoters of the club, in which he was aided by Mr. Rigby Wason and Daniel O'Connell, who were the best known of his coadjutors. It was soon after the club came into existence, namely, in May 1834, that Lord Grey's Government received a serious blow from the resignation of Sir James Graham and three other Cabinet Ministers. The committee of the club, in order to put their political existence in evidence, assembled the members, and obtained from them their concurrence in an address to the Prime Minister representing 'the deep importance of a liberal, firm, and 'comprehensive administration.' It may be doubted whether such an academic document as this could in any way affect the course of a statesman so experienced and so tried as Lord Grey. It probably served its purpose by drawing some public attention to the newly formed body. Of Lord Beaconsfield's connexion with the Westminster Club, which occurred in the same year, Mr. Fagan gives a circumstantial account, which will once and for all place on record an episode to which perhaps too great importance has been attributed. Under date July 2, 1834, appears in the minute-book the following entry: 'Resolved that Mr. Disraeli, proposed by 'Mr. Bulwer [afterwards Lord Dalling and Bulwer] and 'seconded by Dr. Elmore, should be elected a member of 'the club.' The youthful opinions of a statesman may assume too much importance in view of the decided convictions of later life, and it must be confessed that the present generation, having seen a most extraordinary change of opinion in a veteran politician which far outdoes any early political uncertainty of opinion on the part of Mr. Disraeli, attaches comparatively little practical weight to the election of the latter to the Westminster Club. For on July 25 of the same year the secretary stated that he had written to certain members in regard to their unpaid subscriptions; among these members was Mr. Disraeli. On December 3 the following motion was carried: 'That Lord Dunboyne, Mr. 'Disraeli, and Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer be written to, in-

'forming them that the committee have observed by the 'banker's book that their subscriptions have not been paid, 'and that the secretary is to apprise them thereof.' In February of the following year Mr. Disraeli wrote 'requir-'ing information respecting the club,' and on the 8th of that month came the following letter:—

'February 8, 1835.

'SIR,—I enclose you a draft for the sum you require, and as my engagements have not permitted me to avail myself of the Westminster Club, I shall feel obliged by your doing me the favour of withdrawing my name from the list of the members of the society.

'I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

'B. DISRAELI.'

The committee on March 14 accepted the resignation, at the same time declining to receive the proffered cheque, 'having no intention to accept money from gentlemen whose 'engagements render them unable to avail themselves of the 'conveniences of the club.' Mr. Disraeli, as is well known, contested Taunton in this year as a Conservative against Mr. Labouchere, Vice-President of the Board of Trade in the Government recently formed by Lord Melbourne. The fact that the youthful candidate had been a member of the Westminster Club was discovered, and was of course used against him by his political opponents. Mr. Disraeli in one of his speeches during the election found it necessary to refer to this fact, and he stated that 'neither that club' (the Conservative) 'nor any other has ever given me anything. No, 'gentlemen, nor the Westminster Reform Club: it is a club I 'never heard of, and I never belonged to a reform or political 'club in my life.' This assertion, after the narrative already given, is, it must be confessed, a little startling. With this denial the episode may be said to have ended. It may be that Mr. Disraeli allowed himself to be proposed for the Westminster without a clear knowledge of the political views of the club. The fact that before resigning he asked for information respecting it lends colour to this supposition. On the other hand, a young and ambitious politician, conversant with the movements of London life, can scarcely be supposed to have been ignorant of the establishing of an active political society. Against this view again has to be set the fact that Mr. Disraeli was proposed in the very year in which the club was founded. Thus divergent views can be taken of this episode, suitable to political partisans. Like the often-told story of Lord Mansfield's early life, when he is said to have given vent to certain republican opinions, it must

remain an interesting incident in the life of a great man, rather than a matter of serious political importance.

Returning to the history of the Westminster Club, we find that in April, 1835, the word 'Reform' was added to its original appellation. But it was soon about to be superseded by a larger and more representative body. In March, 1836, it was decided to wind up the club, for it was obvious that it could not exist together with the Reform Club: 'in 'that club nine hundred gentlemen are already enrolled, and 'nineteen-twentieths of the members of this society have 'already contributed their entrance money and annual pay-'ment towards that new establishment.' It is clear that the new club was practically the old one on an enlarged basis and under different management, and it is equally clear that the members of the old club, in thus becoming members of the new society, desired to make the club more thoroughly representative of the Liberal party. Nor does this change appear extraordinary. It must be borne in mind that O'Connell was one of the leading members of the committee, about the best hated man of the day. Associated with him was Alderman Wood, by whom also the club was housed and supplied, and who thus had a kind of mastery over it. The Reform Club, on the contrary, was from its beginning thoroughly representative, and quite free from the thraldom of a single individual. That it should have been so is not surprising, since the club largely owed its existence to the late Mr. Edward Ellice. In the rapid personal changes which time has caused in the political history of the century Mr. Ellice's name may be forgotten. But no one, at the time when the Reform Club was founded, was more thoroughly well known in the political world. In the year 1836 he had been almost continuously a member of the House for eighteen years, he had been a first-rate whip to the Liberal party during the Reform Bill era, he had the welfare of the party thoroughly at heart, and he was acquainted with many of the leading statesmen on the Continent. Though a strong party man, he was not a politician whose vision is bounded by the division lobby. He sometimes boasted that he was the first man who had risen from the counting-house to the Cabinet, for, having been engaged in business in early life, and being still much occupied by the affairs of the great American fur companies and his own large Canadian property, he entered Lord Grey's Administration as Secretary at War, and took an active part in the work of the Reform Government. But as he did not hold office in any subsequent

Ministry, though he continued to enjoy the confidence of the leaders of the Liberal party, he had ample opportunity for the formation of the Reform Club. He was the man of the age successfully to initiate and aid in this undertaking. We of a later generation have two pictures preserved to us of him, each by a man in his own manner a master of literary portraiture. His friend Prosper Mérimée has thus described this cosmopolitan politician :—

'Il était l'un des plus parfaits modèles du gentleman de la vieille roche, type qui malheureusement disparaît tous les jours. Tous nos hommes politiques l'ont connu et pratiqué, et il avait presque autant d'amis en France qu'en Angleterre. Whig pur sang et sagement libéral, il disait avec vérité et non sans un certain orgueil qu'il était citoyen du monde. En effet, personne ne fut plus exempt de préjugés et de passions, plus prompt à reconnaître et à louer le bien partout où il le rencontrait.'

Speaking of him as a member of the House of Commons, he says :—

'Dans ces temps difficiles, où la chambre comptait un grand nombre de membres nouveaux et peu disciplinés, cette tâche ne pouvait échoir à un homme mieux qualifié pour la bien remplir. La loyauté connue de M. Ellice, sa finesse, son tact, sa profonde connaissance des hommes, surtout son remarquable *entregent*, contribuèrent puissamment au succès du bill de réforme.' *

In Mr. Greville's invaluable Memoirs there occurs this other sketch, written in the year 1850 :—

'At Brocket, nobody but the Bear [Ellice], who talked without ceasing, and told me innumerable anecdotes about Lord Grey's Government, and different transactions in all of which he had himself played a very important part, and set everybody and everything right with his consummate wisdom. He is a very good-natured fellow, entertaining and tiresome, with a prodigious opinion of his own *savoir-faire*; vain and conceited, though not offensively so; clever, friendly, liberal and very serviceable.' †

It was at Mr. Ellice's house in Carlton House Terrace,‡ in the beginning of the year 1836, that the meetings preliminary to the actual establishment of the Reform Club were held. It was on May 15 that the first formal meeting of the provisional committee of the new club was assembled at 104 Pall Mall, when five trustees and a committee were ap-

* Portraits Historiques et Littéraires, p. 291.

† Greville Memoirs, second series, vol. iii. p. 375.

‡ So says Mr. Fagan, but as long as we can recollect Mr. Ellice lived in Arlington Street.

pointed. Among the former was Mr. Ellice, who was, of course, also one of the committee. The representative character of the club was well exemplified by this body. Among the members of it were Mr. Grote, the historian, and the most eminent of the academic Radicals, a class of politicians who in more recent times have, with the notable exception of the late Mr. Fawcett, been chiefly remarkable for their rank intolerance and their want of common sense. Next in order on the list was Mr. Joseph Hume, who had been a prominent member of the Westminster; there were also Mr. Charles Shaw Lefevre, now Lord Eversley, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Hussey Vivian, Mr. E. J. Stanley, and other gentlemen who were essentially sound representatives of the Liberal party.

It was very soon found that the house was altogether inadequate for the members, now more than one thousand in number. So in January, 1837, Mr. Ellice proposed that a new house should be built. It was for some time under consideration whether to do more than add to the existing building, but at length it was decided to erect an entirely new house and to invite the leading architects of the day to send in designs for the new club. The result of the competition was the acceptance of the plans of Sir Charles (then Mr.) Barry. In all these troublesome arrangements Mr. Ellice took the leading part; for some time he and Mr. Henry Warburton alone constituted the building committee. In the middle of May, 1838, the members of the club, in order that active operations might commence and to enable all the old site to be used for building purposes, took possession of Gwydyr House, Whitehall. And it is well when alluding to this building to correct two errors into which the late Mr. Timbs in his 'Clubs and Club Life in London' has fallen. He states (p. 227) that the Reform Club 'was established by Liberal 'members of the two Houses of Parliament to aid the carrying 'of the Reform Bill, 1830-32.' The narrative will already have sufficiently shown the inaccuracy of this statement, and that the present Reform Club was founded long after the great Reform Bill became the law of the land. Mr. Timbs continues: 'It was temporarily located in Great George 'Street and Gwydyr House, Whitehall, until towards the 'close of 1837, when designs for a new clubhouse were sub-'mitted by the architects, Blore, Basevi, Cockerell, Smirke, 'and Barry.' It is obvious that Mr. Timbs was under the impression that the Westminster Club and the Reform Club were one and the same society, whereas, though the former

was the predecessor and, if one may say so, the mother of the greater institution, they were institutions quite separate, quite distinct, and different in many essential characteristics. Apart altogether from the fact that the Reform was so noticeable a feature for many years of one of the great political parties, the leading London clubs are societies so prominent in the social history of the time, so tinged with personal reminiscences, that it is well that these incorrect statements in regard to the Reform Club should be set right.

On March 1, 1841, the members of the Reform Club took possession of their new house. We do not propose to discuss this building from an architectural point of view or from that of its merits as a clubhouse. Its massiveness, its simplicity of design, and its admirable fitness internally for the purposes for which it was constructed, clearly mark it as a building of first-rate importance and merit. It has been thrown in Sir C. Barry's teeth that this building finds its prototype in the Farnese Palace. We care not to discuss whether it does or does not: it is pretty clear that the idea which characterises the Reform building was suggested by the older work. But that does, in our opinion, no more than show that Sir C. Barry knew how to adapt the skill of great masters of the past to the requirements of the present age, and how to draw inspiration from a classical work in order to produce a fine modern building, not a servile copy but a work inspired by one which had borne the test of time. His power to do this shows professional skill of the highest order.

On the day when the Reform Club entered its new house, it may be regarded as having attained a fixed and certain position; under Mr. Ellice's guidance it had become firmly established, and it has continued to flourish. As we have already pointed out, its political influence has been indirect, and not as a club. It is true that it has entertained at banquets some illustrious foreigners; men so widely different as the Viceroy of Egypt and General Garibaldi have been its guests; but these complimentary entertainments are of no political significance.

It was apparently because the political influence of the Reform Club had not been as great as its founders hoped that the political committee of the club was established in 1869. Its object was 'to promote the political organisation 'of the Liberal party, and to aid the several constituencies 'in procuring suitable candidates for seats. 2. To arbitrate

'between conflicting Liberal candidates at parliamentary 'elections contesting the same seat or seats, in order to 'prevent the loss of seats by division in the Liberal ranks. '3. To suggest and carry out such changes in the rules and 'regulations of the club as may from time to time be found 'necessary to secure its useful political action.' The good intentions which underlay this scheme have, like many similar ones, borne no practical fruit. It was an academic plan. For its fulfilment it required that the entire Liberal party should recognise the Reform Club as the guiding and controlling power over the party, a view which never had been admitted. Consequently, for all practical political purposes, this committee might never have been called into existence. They expelled a renegade Liberal from the club; they supported the wrong Liberal candidate in a distant constituency, and they have elected some politicians to the membership of the club who have worked hard for the party. They have given outsiders the impression that this body of gentlemen could not be a paper committee, and that somehow or other, in some silent but doubtless powerful manner, the Reform Club performed its political work.

We have already said that the influence of the club has been entirely indirect. Together with the Carlton it has been the model for numerous political clubs in London and in provincial towns, but it has had no weight as a political organisation. Within its walls have been and are collected Liberals of the most divergent views who dwell together in unity; it is 'a place where all shades and grades 'of Liberalism are brought together in friendly intercourse,' says Mr. Fagan with a little natural exaggeration. True it was at a banquet given by the Reform Club in 1854 to Sir Charles Napier that Lord Palmerston incurred Mr. Bright's wrath by the tone and matter of his speech, and so caused the latter to bring it to the notice of the House of Commons. But the exceptional nature of this disagreement rather goes to prove that in general the club is a neutral meeting-place for all sections of the party; certainly this characteristic has been very visible during the Home Rule controversy. It is, probably, fortunate for the social happiness of many Liberals that the Reform Club has done little for the party except minister to the comfort and contentment of scores of sound and unsound Liberals, some of whom are perhaps more proud of the fact that the club had once so artistic a *chef* as Alexis Soyer than that it

counted among its members Reformers like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright.

The characteristics of the Carlton so much resemble those of the Reform, so far as political influence is concerned, that it is unnecessary to refer to it at length. It is in some respects a more aristocratic body than its neighbour, and perhaps in consequence it may be regarded as a more representative club than the Reform. It has the distinction of being older than either the Reform or its predecessor the Westminster, and it may be shrewdly suspected that it was to counterbalance the political action of the Carlton that the two Liberal clubs we have named came into existence. Just as the Reform must always be identified with the memory of Mr. Ellice, the Carlton will remain a kind of monument to the sagacity and tact of the late Mr. Herries, to whose exertions, with the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, it largely owes its being. The 'Charles Street Gang,' as it was irreverently called by its Whig opponents, when it met in a house belonging to Mr. Herries in that street, was assembled with a view to unite all sections of the Conservative party in 1831. And it must be admitted that indirectly it has been a factor in strengthening and solidifying the party of which it was long the political headquarters.

Of the National Liberal Club, established with the utterly impracticable object of uniting a social club, into which admission should not be more difficult than to the neighbouring hotels, with a vague kind of party organisation, it is sufficient to say that it has recently shown the impossibility of this aim very clearly, by the fact that the proposition of the Gladstonian members pledging the club to active work on behalf of the Home Rule party was decisively negatived at a general meeting.

We must now turn to the most important kind of modern clubs, in so far as they affect the political history of the day. During the last five or six years there has sprung into existence throughout England, Scotland, and Wales a large number of clubs, the members of which consist almost entirely of artisans, workmen, or tradesmen. Mingled with them are some of the professional or business men of a locality, but the vast bulk of the members consists of the classes first mentioned. We shall therefore, in order to describe these societies as a class, call them working-men's clubs. Their size varies according to the place in which they are established, just as their local habitation may be

an imposing edifice or a mere cottage. In a large manufacturing town in the north of England, or in one of the electoral divisions of the metropolis, such a club may consist of one thousand members, more or less. In a small town in the south of England from sixty to one hundred members may be the normal number. It follows also that the thousand have a house replete with comfort, large rooms, an ever-increasing library, whilst the hundred must rest satisfied with perhaps a couple of hired rooms in a small house, with a few games, such as chess or backgammon, and three or four newspapers. But the aggregate of these clubs, varying, as we have shown, in size, is so large that they have become a great political power, as well as an important aid to the mental and social welfare of the people of this country.

Most persons who have taken any active share in the political life of the day must be well acquainted with the number of these clubs. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to give instances of it. But one important example may be cited. In Manchester, we believe, there are thirty-six working-men's clubs which profess the Liberal faith, and the same number whose members belong to the Conservative party. Taking the average number of members of each of these clubs at five hundred, we arrive at the fact that no less than eighteen thousand persons belong to Liberal and the same number to Conservative clubs. How infinitesimal and unimportant in their palmiest days was the political influence of the Reform and the Carlton compared with that of the modern provincial and metropolitan political clubs, is at once obvious. This great political developement dates very largely from, and is in many respects the direct consequence of, the Reform Act of 1885. It will be found on enquiry that a great number of these clubs sprang into existence after the passing of that Act. Nor is this surprising, more especially in the north of England. Great numbers of electors, in such places, for example, as the Rossendale division of Lancashire, are townsmen and inhabitants of places of considerable size. It follows that these men have since this last Reform Act become voters and interested in political affairs. Thus at once an impetus was given to the increase of these clubs, which had before the statute became law begun in some places to be established, supplying, as they did, a social and a political want. Inversely, also, after the passing of the Act, the necessity for organising the new electorate caused local party leaders to cultivate

these clubs as part of a system for disciplining and increasing their adherents. In this manner this valuable political and social feature has become more and more marked, while every year sees the numbers of these clubs and their political power become greater. That it is already very considerable, and is certain to become greater, needs no demonstration. That they must also have a wide social influence is also apparent, for they have introduced into communities, often of very small size, the principle of club life, and that among classes most of whom had no idea of clubs other than blanket or goose clubs, for the distribution of certain creature comforts, usually through the intervention of the clergyman or the publican, in the depth of winter.

There is a radical difference between many of these clubs. For some, though Liberal in their political complexion, stand on their own basis without any connexion with the political association or organising body of the locality. On the other hand, some are directly connected with those bodies. For example, the constitution and rules of the A. Association deal directly with the Liberal Club, which is thus in reality a part of the association and is greatly under its influence. Rules 7 and 8 of the association say:—

'(Rule 7) The Executive Council shall be charged with the general management of the Liberal Club, according to the declaration of Trust Deed dated 12th June, 1884, and with all other matters connected with the objects of the Association as above defined, subject only to the decisions of any annual or special meeting of members. (Rule 8) The Executive Council shall, at its first meeting after the annual meeting, appoint a Billiard Committee, News-room and Lecture Committee, Finance Committee, Municipal Registration Committee, and such other committee or committees as the executive may from time to time deem necessary. The committees shall be charged with the supervision of their various departments under the direction of the executive.'

The composition of this Executive Council of the Liberal Association, which, as we have just seen, is the governing body of the club, is thus stated. Rule 5 says:—

'The Executive Council shall consist of the president, treasurer, and secretary, and thirty-five members of the Association elected as follows:—Five by each of the four wards of the borough in public ward meeting assembled; ten by the members of the Association at their annual meeting; and five by the officers and thirty members elected as above set forth at a meeting specially called for that purpose. The six vice-presidents shall also be elected by the executive from among their own number.'

From the point of view of the party organiser there can be no doubt that the more closely the political club is bound up with the political association the more handy it is for purposes of party conflicts, though such close company is not likely to contribute to the general and continuous prosperity of political clubs. It is true that a great deal of unreasonable abuse has been poured on the English caucus. That it has oftentimes been wrongly worked there can be no question; but in principle it is sound. Party organisation is necessary to the existence of political parties; it is as unreasonable to cavil at party organisation as at the existence of party at all. If one exists, so also will the other; and if organisation of any sort is legitimate, it is right that it should be as thorough as possible. Again, the basis of the association is electoral, which is the most proper method on which such a body can stand. The theory of the institution is that it is a representative council, chosen by the Liberal electors of the entire political constituency or of a portion of it. Practically it is such a council elected by important members of the electorate, usually the most thoroughgoing partisans, and who follow the official lead without hesitation and without independence. Sometimes the council is elected by no larger number of voters than can be found in the council itself. To a large extent, therefore, the failure of Liberal associations to be thoroughly representative has arisen from the inertia of the Liberal electors, who, in many constituencies, do not take the trouble to select those who will have the management of the political organisation of a constituency. Members of the councils of Liberal associations have done an immense amount of voluntary hard work in the organisation of, and for the benefit of, the Liberal party, and if such work has been too often conducted without political discernment, and in the narrowest party spirit, it arises chiefly from the fact that the bulk of the electors of a constituency have not taken care to select men of all shades of Liberalism to conduct the necessary organisation of the constituency. In consequence a body elected on a sound principle, and the one which alone can properly select parliamentary candidates, watch over registration, and manage elections, has fallen very much into disrepute. This has also somewhat been caused by the manner in which Liberal associations have over and over again lost sight of the fact that they are associations limited in their scope and intended for organisation alone. They have at their meetings passed resolutions as if they

really represented the entire body of Liberal electors of the constituency, condemning one policy, praising another, approving of this or that measure, urging the adoption of the fads of the most crotchety of members. They have thus brought ridicule on themselves, and, instead of creating confidence in the system among large numbers of Liberal electors, have caused grave doubt to arise in the minds of many in regard to it, and have made prudent politicians hold aloof altogether.

Such being in many constituencies the position and the character of Liberal associations, it is clear that it is not for the welfare of Liberal clubs that they should be, so to speak, affiliated to them, and form in some respects a branch of the associations, and be guided by the extreme partisans who are chiefly in authority over the associations. If the leaders of the Liberal associations in a constituency have authority over the Liberal club, it necessarily follows that it will be managed with the single object of keeping in existence a disciplined body of electors, to vote and work without misgiving for the official candidate, without regard to personal fitness, to political ability, or to political independence. A party club is of course intended in the first place to strengthen the particular party to which it belongs in the locality where it exists. But it ought to do so, not by following the narrowest party dictates, but by creating a sound and intelligent Liberal opinion among the members of the club. The latter should look to measures rather than to men; they should consist of electors of all shades of opinion, from the most advanced Radicals to the most steady-going Whigs. They are in a position to rest their political faith on principles rather than on the changing creeds of political leaders, and while they should be among the foremost and the most energetic in the support of all sound Liberal measures, they should at the same time be intelligent and clearsighted enough in their political views to be able to test the capacity of proposed candidates, to give short shrift to political windbags, and to secure as the representative of a constituency a Liberal whose opinions are the result of mature thought, and not made to order for the particular constituency, or faint reflections of the speeches of some political pope. To some this function of the club may seem of too ideal a character; but it is clear that if properly conducted the club should have this power and use it in this manner. 'Such a number of persons,' wrote Swift more than a century and a half ago to the members of the

October Club, 'meeting at certain times, and mixing 'business and conversation together without the forms and 'constraint necessary to be observed in a public assembly, 'must very much improve each other's understanding, 'correct and fix your judgement, and prepare yourselves 'against any design of the opposite party.'

In nearly every constituency a genuine club, however small, contains the nucleus of the political voting strength of the party. It has a direct political influence, and it has an indirect one also. For it may be taken as certain that lukewarmness or hostility among the 'Old Guard' of the constituency is certain to produce the same feeling among a large number of the more irregular adherents of the party. If the club is a large one, such lukewarmness or hostility to a candidate is enough of itself frequently to render his chance of success hopeless. It is clear also that in most constituencies a thoroughly representative political club may, to all intents and purposes, have great influence on the representation of the constituency. Assuming that there are several of these bodies in political divisions, it follows also that if each of these is thoroughly representative they will act pretty much as if they were a single club. There are some, it is true, more especially in the metropolis, which do not pretend to be in any sense representative Liberal clubs, but consist only of members of one shade of the political party faith, and are sometimes so small as hardly to be worthy of the name of a club. These, though they have some influence, do not possess the same weight as a club of more representative character. But even if one of these be large and energetically managed, it is quite certain that it may have a very considerable effect upon the views and opinions of a candidate. Such a body as this may have a potent influence in the ultimate electoral struggle, and it is almost certain that a candidate, if he is to retain the active goodwill of such a club, must to some extent fall in with some one or more of the favourite opinions of the members.

We have said that a club should have this great weight if it is representative, and also that it should be an intelligent and clear-sighted body. It should be representative because it is not a mere organising body like an association which is formed to attend to registration, to obtain knowledge of electors' views, and to supervise the organisation at parliamentary elections. Some associations, it is true, busy themselves with municipal elections; we believe it was Mr.

Chamberlain who once said that the parliamentary was won at the municipal election. So active an upholder of municipal government should have been the last to promulgate a theory so utterly contrary to the best interest of a sound system of municipal administration. Fitness for a place in municipal affairs has nothing to do with purely party politics. If political party opinions are to govern municipal contests, the management of local affairs may be committed to the most unfit persons; and those who are often most fit and most willing to take a share in their local government will keep themselves aloof from contests which are to be decided not by the suitability of a candidate for undertaking local duties, but because he is a Liberal or a Conservative. When such contests have been conducted on party lines, and when local affairs have been affected by party spirit, there is no doubt that the blame has been in one place with one of the political parties, in another with the other party. We believe that in Liverpool, for example, party spirit has so far prevailed as to exclude from the office of mayor anyone whose political opinions are Liberal. We have ventured on this digression because when the time comes that in the rural districts local affairs are managed by an elected body, nothing could be more adverse to the best interests of the country than that anything like party politics should enter into these contests.

To return, however, to the club. Not being of the character of the association, it should, as we have said, contain men of all shades of Liberalism, and not only of all shades of Liberalism but of various individual temperaments. The member of the association, as a rule, is a person willing to give some little time and energy to political organisation. To be a member of a political club this is not necessary. A man may be an earnest politician, but he may not care for the irksome work which falls to the lot of any member of an association who is worth his salt. The association may be very Radical or very Whig in its character; hence a person differing from the paramount element in it may be unwilling to assist in its work. There is nothing to prevent such a person from belonging to a Liberal club. He is committed to nothing except to the fact that he is in politics a Liberal, neither a strong Radical nor a strong Whig; neither must he necessarily be a local optionist or an opponent of free schools. No doubt it is this wide character of many of the political clubs which have sprung up during the last few years which has been an element of their success. Hundreds who

would have nothing to do with a Liberal association have been willing to belong to a broader and more tolerant body, in which political opinions have freer play, subject to their general groundwork being distinctly liberal. But it would be taking too favourable a view of political clubs as a whole if we were to shut our eyes to the fact that in some there is less elasticity of opinion than is desirable, as well as too great a tendency to echo the opinion of the official leaders whether ill or well founded.

There are obvious reasons why a political club should be a discriminating body of politicians. It is such clubs as these which afford opportunities for the careful discussion of all political questions, for the hearing of lectures delivered by men of all shades of opinion, and for the study of current political literature of every kind. The atmosphere of an ordinary political meeting is not calculated to create temperate and critical political opinion. It is rather a cause of one-sided partisanship. On the other hand, the informal discussions which take place continually at these clubs cannot fail to enable any fairly intelligent man to see both sides of a question. The hearing of lectures delivered by persons of the most opposite views must have a similar effect. These form part of the ordinary winter programme of any reasonably well organised club, of which there are now scores throughout the country. Not only is this direct effect produced, but the consideration of varying views, though often imperceptibly, produces a marked toleration of opinion among the members. Whenever such a characteristic has any force, it necessarily opens a way for the growth of opinion, which at one time may be held only by a small minority of the club. And even when it does not have so considerable an effect, yet such a feeling of toleration enables persons who may not agree on some crucial points of political opinion with the majority to remain and leaven the whole club, and to influence for good the entire party in the locality. The full value of these newly born clubs in this respect can, indeed, yet scarcely be fully perceived, because they are not as numerous as they will ultimately become, and in many places are of quite recent creation.

With the ordinary details of the management of these clubs it is unnecessary here to deal; but there is one point of paramount interest in regard to it which cannot be passed over. That is, whether or not alcoholic drinks should be supplied on the club premises. There is no question upon which members of the new political clubs are more divided,

or upon which stronger opinions are held. There are some who hold that the effect of enabling members to obtain alcoholic drinks is not only harmful to the club itself, but most detrimental to the community in which it exists. There are others who regard the so-called temperance clubs as curtailing the full political and social benefit which may be produced by them. There can be no question that some of the most flourishing political clubs in the country are based on what may be called the temperance principle, and there are some persons who hold that the premature decease of some political clubs has been caused by their not being conducted on temperance principles. It is equally certain, on the other hand, that clubs can be found thoroughly sound and healthy in which the members are supplied with alcoholic drinks. With this conflict of opinion it is unquestionably most difficult for those having the management of newly established clubs to decide on which system they should be carried on. The adoption of either will certainly deter a certain number of persons from becoming members. There are always to be found in every locality some bigoted adherents of the total abstinence principle who will have nothing to do with any institution where persons are allowed to consume any alcoholic drink, though they may have no objection to a man ruining his digestion by overmuch strong tea, or his nerves by too large a consumption of tobacco. Of course, also, a total abstinence club will be avoided by many who may desire from time to time to drink some alcoholic liquid.

There are some who would solve the question on a kind of local option principle—by adopting the system which commends itself most to the opinion of the majority. Whilst in any internal dispute such a method of settlement must be ultimately, and as the last resort, adopted, yet the majority should be guided in their choice by right principles. We have therefore to discover, if possible, the best solution of this very important question. *Prima facie*, it is the teetotallers on whom lies the onus of proving that alcoholic drink should not be sold to members, because a club, whether it be purely social, or political and social, should be to each member, so far as regards his personal wants, as nearly as possible like his own home.

It therefore lies on the advocates of total abstinence to show clearly that the sale of alcoholic drinks will either (*a*) be so injurious to the political fortunes of the club as to make it inexpedient that it should be permitted; or (*b*) so

detrimental to the particular community that, even if desirable in the interests of the party, it should nevertheless be prohibited. It is certain, however, that this burden of proof cannot be displaced. There are many political clubs where alcoholic drinks are sold which are very flourishing, and instances can be found of clubs which have become most prosperous after the total abstinence system has been replaced by one allowing sales of alcoholic drinks under carefully considered rules. So far as the purely working men's clubs are concerned, the sale of alcoholic drinks in them is clearly advantageous. Men who would otherwise frequent a public house—which has hitherto very largely been the working man's club—can go to a club, have a glass of beer, and a game at backgammon, and cheerful, sober company. In the public house they are under no strict rules, they have not to think of the credit of their club, they are not surrounded by companions whose respect they would regret to lose, and they do not incur the penalty of loss of membership if they become intoxicated. Hence it is clear that membership of a club in which alcoholic drinks are sold is distinctly in favour of the increase of temperance. Of course those who regard total abstinence as the only proper system to be followed will not consider moderate drinking, as it may be called, as anything more than a step, and a step only, in the right direction. But reasonable men will think otherwise, and will undoubtedly hold that political clubs at which intoxicating drinks can be obtained, but only under strict rules and under a moral sanction against drunkenness, are invaluable aids to temperance. From this point of view alone, the steady increase of these clubs throughout the country is a most satisfactory characteristic of the times.

Other considerations have to be regarded when we come to a somewhat higher class of club in which clerks and others form a considerable proportion of the members. To such men the public house has never been a club. Therefore a club at which any kind of alcoholic drinks can be obtained enlarges the facilities for drinking among this class of persons. But does that mean that drunkenness is also necessarily increased or that temperance is retarded? The answer must certainly be in the negative. Those who would go to an hotel bar and drink whisky and water hour after hour can do the same at a club, and for these a political club has its attractions. It would be idle to deny that such men can be found in every club, but it is quite certain that the club does not produce them. The sale of alcoholic drinks in such a

club as we have had in view can therefore be only injurious if it causes habits of intemperance among men who would otherwise not fall into them. There is no evidence at all that it does cause such habits. There are, no doubt, plenty of persons who believe that it does so. 'My experience,' writes the secretary of a very successful Liberal club in the North of England, 'is strongly in favour of temperance clubs. By 'that I mean total abstinence throughout. Our club is on 'this basis: I believe our membership is much larger than it 'would be if it were on any other basis. The Tory club has 'a license; you can get there what you can get in an hotel, 'the result being, in my opinion, most damaging to the 'younger members, who may get wine, beer, or anything 'else they want at the club, but who dare not be seen to enter 'an hotel. The effect of this on after life may be bad in the 'extreme. If a club cannot exist without drink, I think it had 'far better fail.' But it is obvious that if the mere possibility of obtaining an alcoholic drink, if a glass of some such liquid in the smoking or game room will produce this effect, then it is only a question of time when it will be caused by such a drink being obtained in a private house. The club ought, on the contrary, to have an opposite effect. It enables men to see that there are plenty of their companions who do not drink such liquids, it breaks down the common idea prevalent among a large number of the lower middle class that a glass of whisky has a kind of sanctifying effect, which binds a bargain firmer, makes a welcome warmer, a departure more felt. It brings constantly to their mind the fact that drunkenness is a vice, because if they indulge in it they will be expelled from the club. Thus, while it enables them to obtain alcoholic drink in reasonable quantities and for reasonable purposes, it helps at the same time to mark temperance as a virtue. A young man who belongs to a political club in a large town and frequents it, when he goes to a music hall with companions is far less likely to indulge freely in a drink at such a place than he who had never been in a position to obtain drink under the direct rules and indirect social code of the club. It may be admitted that there are political clubs flourishing on the total abstinence principle, but this does no more than show that there are a sufficient number of persons in some particular place either total abstainers or who care so little for alcoholic drinks that they are willing to forego their use at the wish of the majority. It is very satisfactory proof that England is becoming more temperate; it is no evidence at all that a

political club flourishes best on total abstinence principles, or that, not conducted on them, it is injurious to the local community in which it exists.

We have dwelt at some little length on this particular point because of its great importance. It is unnecessary to consider the social value of this class of clubs in other respects. It is self-evident. The possibility of reasonable social intercourse, discussions on important political questions, the perusal of the leading journals and periodicals of the day, must necessarily increase the intelligence of members and make their paths of life more pleasant. It says much for the sound good sense of the English working men that they have so largely by their own exertions created these clubs, which in the aggregate are of such great political and social importance, and which, while they solidify party ties, tend at the same time to increase toleration among the members of the party, and to enlarge the political intelligence of the electorate.

It would be impossible, in any review of the system of political clubs which has of late years become so marked, to omit a notice of another new feature in their growth—viz. speaking clubs. We allude more especially to the Eighty Club, and to its counterpart on the side of the Liberal Unionists, the Liberal Union Club. To these must be added on the Conservative side the recently formed Jubilee Club which came into existence last year, and which, at present though of small size and confined to members of Parliament, may perhaps in time grow into an organisation in the Conservative party similar to that occupied by the two above-named clubs. They are all three the products of the changed political circumstances of the age. They would have no *raison d'être* were not political measures now debated *coram populo*, and their broader principles settled in the public hall rather than at Westminster. Both the former clubs show the difficulty of keeping up anything like a high standard of political work in a democratic country. The Eighty Club, as is well known, was formed at the time of the general election of 1880, with the view of bringing together young, energetic, and able Liberals, who would do active work on behalf of the Liberal party. The members were not only to propagate Liberal opinions, but to do so by sound argument, and not by the usual claptrap of the platform orator. From time to time distinguished politicians were to be entertained by the members, and to discourse to them upon some important political subject in a manner befitting a

discriminating and critical audience. The club had a large measure of success. Its usefulness was demonstrated in many parts of England, some important speeches were delivered at its entertainments, its membership became sought after, more especially by young Liberals from the universities. But with its increasing size it became more strictly party in its views, more closely connected with the permanent officials of the party; it was transformed, in fact, into a portion of the official machinery of the party. Its special characteristics have thus to some extent been lost, and it has become little more than an office for the distribution of political speakers. In the summer of last year the club once for all proclaimed to the world that it was then and for the future a mere piece of party machinery by passing a resolution binding itself to work for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. It abdicated its independence, it sanctioned the thoroughly illiberal principle that the personal programme of the leader of the party was the real test of Liberal principles, whether it was in conformity with the views of many eminent members of the party or with the best interests of the country. It thus exemplified the overpowering difficulty in the way of any party association, effective in its working and actively carried on, continuing, except for a limited time, to be independent in tone and yet in immediate touch with the central organisation of the party. But in its present more limited character it has abundant field for its operations. The facilities for public speaking to large and small audiences every year are greater, the demand for fluent and well-informed speakers is continually growing. Hence there can be no question that from the small club once known as 'Mr. 'Albert Grey's Committee' has sprung up an organisation conducive to the wellbeing of the party.

To all intents and purposes the Liberal Union Club fulfils the same purpose in the Liberal Unionist party as the Eighty Club does among the Gladstonians. It is perhaps more necessary to that party than the Eighty Club is to the Gladstonians, who are as yet supplied with more local and central organisations. But the Liberal Union Club did not begin life on the somewhat ideal basis of the Eighty Club. It is, and always has been, a club for the purpose of supplying Unionist speakers, and bringing together the members, and more especially the younger members, of the party at dinners, and for the purpose of the discussion of the questions of the day. Its operations have

hitherto been chiefly, though not entirely, confined to the supplying of speakers on the Irish question, and it has undoubtedly done much in this way to expose the fallacies of which Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was full. But it is advisable for the prosperity of the Liberal Unionist party that the Union should supply speakers when required on any political subject. One of the principles of that party may be said to be that the Irish question does not stop the way; that it is of supreme importance, but that there are various important questions awaiting solution. It is essential that it should be clearly and continually put before the country that the Gladstonians, however loudly they may sing their own praises, are not sounder Liberals than the party of which Lord Hartington is the leader. One of the best ways to do this is to supply speakers from the Liberal Union club on the chief political topics of the day. There are clubs all over the country where, though the majority of members may be Gladstonian, a capable speaker on any important subject will be welcome. If it is understood that he is sent by the Liberal Union Club, it emphasises at once the sound Liberalism of Lord Hartington's party, although it is strongly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. The alliance for unionist purposes between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists will be sounder and stronger, if on those points of non-Irish politics upon which they differ each party fortifies its position. The force of local opinion is not always thoroughly understood by the leaders of a party, and nothing would be so likely to lessen the growing strength of the Liberal Unionists in the country as if it were to be supposed that they are likely permanently to relinquish any Liberal principles for the purpose of keeping up the Conservative alliance. That alliance is necessary for the purpose of saving the nation from a great danger, but it does not necessitate the giving up of principles by either party, though it demands a fair give and take in legislation, as long as the alliance continues.

Of the Conservative Jubilee Club we shall say nothing, because it is obvious that it presents the same characteristics as the two Liberal clubs which we have already noticed. One thing, at any rate, these clubs and those which we have for the sake of description called working men's clubs, as well as the higher social provincial clubs, such as the Liverpool Reform Club and the Glasgow Reform Club, make abundantly clear; and that is, that party ties were never stronger than at the present time. The mere fact, we

may observe in passing, that the Liberal Unionists have found it advisable to form a separate Liberal organisation of their own shows the very strong effect of party; they are but a wing of the entire Liberal party, differing from it only on the question of Ireland, and in insisting on the paramount necessity of upholding law and order, but yet they have had to consolidate their forces. There are some who may regret this party formation, but it is satisfactory in many respects. It prevents the breaking up of the Legislature into those personal groups which are so fatal to good government on the Continent; it entails the enclosure within the great parties of the State of men of all shades of opinion; and it is some guarantee against the formation of a one-sided government, whichever party may be in power.

We have pointed out the great political and social importance of these modern clubs; they are at once supporters of party and creations of it. Nothing but a large and intense belief in the value of party, and an ever-present interest among all classes in public affairs, would have enabled men to co-operate as they have done to establish clubs, build clubhouses, and devote much time and energy to their successful working. It is useless to attempt to peer far into the future; but whilst we must set down these political clubs as an indication at the present time of the immense power of party in this country, and for this purpose for good, a careful consideration of the subject leads to the belief that the power will continue and will produce satisfactory results.

ART. VI.—*Le Prince Nicolai Nicolajewitch Galizyn.* Lettre au 'Figaro' sur les théories de Katkow. St. Pétersbourg: 1887.

If we are to believe the mournful speeches of M. Déroulède at the grave of Katkoff, whose loss the French seemed to bewail more deeply than the Russians, and the fraternal toasts exchanged at Nischni-Nowgorod between that enthusiastic chief of the Patriotic League and the representative of the Emperor, Governor Baranow, the alliance between France and Russia must be a settled matter. Even more significant is the language of the moderate French papers, which blame these noisy demonstrations because it is not wise to give expression to the Russian sympathies, which are 'discrètement dans tous les cœurs. C'est de la vapeur 'dépensée en pure perte hors de la machine,' says a letter in

the 'Journal des Débats.' The Russian papers in their turn try to prove that the alliances of the Empire with its neighbours have turned to its prejudice, and that in particular its interests have been sacrificed in the late league with Germany and Austria. At the same time the two governments seem to act together in touching harmony; the democratic Republic supports every move by which the Russian autocrat tries to stamp out Bulgarian liberty; the ambassador of the Czar actually menaces the Sultan with an invasion of Armenia if he ratifies the Anglo-Turkish convention, not because Russia is interested, but because it is distasteful to France. Is such a community of sentiment and action likely to prove lasting and effective for the future? A glance at previous attempts to realise an alliance between the two countries shows that without exception they have proved either ill-fated or short-lived.

Not less than six Russian sovereigns—namely, Peter the Great, Elizabeth, Paul, Alexander I., Nicolas I., and Alexander II.—pursued the project of an alliance with France, and all without success. It was Peter I.'s ardent desire to found such an alliance on the marriage of his daughter Elizabeth with Louis XV.; but during the minority of the French sovereign the regent Duke of Orleans opposed it, because he wished for a good understanding with England, and after the death of the regent the leading minister, Duke of Bourbon, pursued the same policy. The project of Peter's successors to bring about a match between Elizabeth and a younger prince of the French dynasty, who was to become king of Poland, was not more fortunate, and the Empress Anne decided for an Austrian alliance. With the accession of Elizabeth a reversal of this policy seemed to be imminent; the conspiracy which placed that princess upon the throne was essentially the work of the French ambassador, the Marquis de la Chétardie, who thus became the most powerful man at St. Petersburg, and adroitly fostered the predilection of the empress for his king, to whom she had been so nearly married. The two monarchs entered into close correspondence, interchanged portraits, and vowed eternal friendship; yet the alliance came to nothing. Louis XV. would not sacrifice Poland, Turkey, and Sweden to Russia; Elizabeth's powerful minister, Bestuchew, was in favour of an English alliance; and when La Chétardie tried to upset him, he lost the empress's favour so completely that she sent him away by force.

During the second part of Elizabeth's reign Russia and

France were led into co-operation by their common antipathy to Frederick the Great; both were allied with Austria, whom they supported by auxiliary armies. Nevertheless this community of action led to no alliance. Louis XV. supported the anti-Russian party in Poland, and Bestuchew, aware of the sympathy of Elizabeth's successor, Peter, for Frederick the Great, carried on the war against Prussia in a lukewarm manner. When at last the French influence at St. Petersburg had overthrown that hated minister, Elizabeth died, and Peter III. at once ordered his army to join that of Prussia.

The reign of Peter III. was of short duration. His incapacity soon showed that a change was only a question of time, and France had every chance of renewing the game played at the accession of Elizabeth. Catherine, his wife, in order to obtain the crown for herself, applied to the French ambassador Breteuil for a loan of 60,000 roubles to win over the Imperial Guard, and for this price offered her alliance. But Breteuil, instead of seizing this opportunity, simply wrote to Paris for instructions, and, quitting his post on leave of absence, left the Russian capital shortly before the conspiracy broke out which sealed the fate of Peter. The imperious woman who governed Russia for more than thirty years (1762-92) never forgot that slight; she turned to an alliance first with Prussia, then with Joseph II., in order to pursue her projects against Poland and Turkey. Her predilection for France was limited to its literature. She corresponded with Voltaire, Diderot, Grimm, but her relations with the Court of Versailles remained very cool, for she bitterly resented the conduct of the latter, when, upon her refusal to renew the pledge given in 1721 by her predecessors (that the imperial title claimed by the Czar should have no influence in questions of precedence), the French Cabinet reminded her that titles were nothing except in so far as they were acknowledged by other powers. Later on Count Vergennes, the able minister of Louis XVI., directly thwarted Catherine's policy by his strenuous efforts to oppose her conquest of the Crimea. In a despatch of June 20, 1783, to his minister in London, he said: 'If Russia once got a firm footing in the Crimea, and, 'so to speak, in view of Constantinople, she would keep 'that capital in constant alarm, and prepare the means of 'seizing it on the first favourable opportunity.' It was in vain. Joseph II. was Catherine's ally; Frederick, though

keenly alive to the danger of her conquests, dared not offend the empress; and Fox, who was in office under the coalition with Lord North, declined to take any action that might imperil the close understanding with the northern power which was a principle of his policy. He even boasted in 1791 that he had refused to join Vergennes in any representation on this matter, as the greatness of Russia could never be a subject of fear for England. The Empress answered his friendly feeling by placing a bust of Fox in her apartments; but it may be imagined that her temper against France was not bettered by Vergennes's diplomatic campaign.

During the reign of Catherine the alliance with Prussia and Austria, based upon the partition of Poland, remained unshaken; she manifested the most violent antipathy against the French Revolution, and expelled all Frenchmen unless they took an oath that they detested its principles. Under her unfortunate son Paul I. another attempt to establish close relations with France took place. The emperor had entered upon the war against the Republic with singular fervour, but was dissatisfied with the feeble manner in which Austria pursued the struggle, and still more with the refusal of England to evacuate Malta, which he claimed as elected Grand Master of the Maltese Order. This disposition was turned to account by the First Consul; he bribed Madame Chevalier, a French actress, and the mistress of the imperial favourite Kutaissow, to persuade her lover, who from a Turkish prisoner had risen to the rank of an aide-de-camp, that Bonaparte was the great tamer of the Revolution and a noble chivalrous character, who wanted nothing but the alliance with Russia to restore the old order in Europe. Kutaissow's representations to his sovereign were seconded by Napoleon's adroit flatteries to Paul; he released the Russian prisoners of war, and sent them back in smart new uniforms. Thus Paul was captivated, and in his hatred against England was ready to conclude an alliance with France. The invasion of India was planned, but before the first steps were taken to realise it the emperor was assassinated, and his successor reverted to the ranks of the adversaries of France, shocked and exasperated by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

Nevertheless some years later, under this sovereign, Alexander I., the Russo-French alliance took its most tangible shape. After his defeat at Friedland the famous interview

of the two emperors took place on a raft on the Niemen in 1807, in which the great charmer succeeded in winning over the youthful Russian monarch. He ignominiously betrayed his ally, the King of Prussia, declared war against England, and accepted Napoleon's proposals for a partition of Europe. Practically, however, this alliance came to nothing, or next to nothing. What Alexander hoped from the Treaty of Tilsit was the possession of Constantinople, and that Napoleon was not prepared to yield. In vain did he flatter the heir of Charlemagne's empire and try to persuade him to deliver up to him 'the key of his house;' on that point Napoleon remained firm. Bending over the map, his secretary, Baron Meneval, heard him exclaim, 'Constantinople! 'jamais: c'est l'empire du monde.' All attempts to come to an understanding on this capital point being fruitless, the relations of the two empires soon became cool, and finally ended in the fatal campaign of 1812.

In the following year Metternich, who had clearly discerned the danger of Russia's Eastern policy for Austria, and, as Gentz said, did not wish to exchange the supremacy of France for that of Russia, was for maintaining Napoleon on the throne and giving him the frontier of the Rhine, and Napoleon during the negotiation of the armistice in 1813 declared to the Austrian minister, 'Russia must be 'driven back to Asia.' But Talleyrand's consummate diplomacy after the campaign of 1814 won over Alexander to the cause of the Bourbons, and it was the emperor who resisted Prussia's demand for the restoration of Alsace to Germany. Alexander declared: 'La première garantie de la paix générale c'est que la France soit grande et puissante;' and his minister, Count Capodistrias, frankly told Baron Stein that it was Russia's interest to favour the restored dynasty, as her safest ally in the Eastern question. Yet, strange to say, at the Congress of Vienna, Alexander's pretension to annex the whole of Poland, and to indemnify Prussia by Saxony, led to a secret alliance of France, England, and Austria against Russia and Prussia, which only came to nothing through the return of Napoleon from Elba. A curious fatality seemed thus to frustrate every attempt to effect a Russo-French alliance.

Nor was the project more fortunate after the great earthquake of the French Revolution seemed ended with the peace of 1815. It is true that France and Russia acted in common in the struggle of absolutism against constitutionalism, but Austria and Prussia were her partners, and in their exertions

for the pacification of Greece England joined as the third power, so that there was no question of an alliance. The Emperor Nicolas first renewed the attempt to come to a separate understanding with France. After having vanquished the dangerous military insurrection at his accession, he had thrown himself into the war with Turkey, to the great displeasure of Austria and England. Metternich strenuously opposed his views of conquest, but the Russian ambassador at Paris, Count Pozzo di Borgo, succeeded in winning over Charles X., who declared that if an Austrian army moved against Russia, the French troops should enter Lombardy. The emperor was not fortunate in this war: in the first campaign he obtained nothing; and when, in the second, after long delays and unparalleled sacrifices, Diebitch had crossed the Balkan, the Russian army was hopelessly disorganised. Nicolas sought the mediation of his father-in-law, King Frederic William of Prussia, and Field-Marshal Baron Müffling, sent by the king, succeeded in procuring, by the peace of Adrianople, advantages for Russia to which her military victories would have given her no claim. Nevertheless the emperor was not satisfied, and in the last year of Charles X.'s reign the French minister, Count de Laferronays, came to a secret understanding with Pozzo di Borgo, that, if the war in the East should be renewed, Russia would not oppose France in obtaining the Rhine as her western frontier. Russia likewise refused to join England's opposition to the French conquest of Algeria. At the same time Nicolas carefully warned the king not to embroil himself in internal complications by openly violating the constitution. Charles was blind, and in vain Pozzo adjured him not to sign the fatal July decrees; returning from St. Cloud he met a colleague in the Champs-Elysées, and told him that to his pressing instances the king had replied, 'Fear nothing; 'yesterday again the Holy Virgin appeared to Polignac,' and he added, 'Quand les ministres ont des apparitions, les 'rois sont perdus.' He was right, but it may be imagined with what anger Nicolas viewed the revolution which upset the Bourbon dynasty, and why he urged the King of Prussia, who little dreamt that his son-in-law had repaid his services at Adrianople by conspiring to divest him of his Rhenish dominions, to march an army into France. The sympathy shown by the government of Louis Philippe with the Polish cause finally estranged the two countries. Nicolas returned to the alliance of Prussia and Austria, and, in order to break up the intimate alliance of France and England, he

succeeded in inducing the British Government to join the three northern powers in the treaty of London of 1840, by which Mehemet Ali was compelled to submit, and Thiers's ministry was overthrown.

After his *coup d'état* Louis Napoleon made no secret of his strong leanings towards a Russian alliance to the emperor's minister at Paris, Count Kisseleff. Nicolas on his side was well disposed towards him, and wished him all possible success; but, on legitimist grounds, he strongly opposed the President's assumption of the imperial dignity, and represented to the French ambassador, General de Castelbajac, that the restoration of the Empire would inevitably renew the warlike feelings of the French army, and that Napoleon thus pushed to make war would find all Europe united against him. Such an attitude, coupled with the proposal to assume the crown at least only for ten years, was naturally most distasteful to Louis Napoleon. He requested his ambassador at St. Petersburg to explain that the restoration of the monarchy was necessary as a guarantee to the cause of order, and that it was eminently desirable for the other powers that the French Government should be established upon their own monarchical principles. Count Nesselrode, in a despatch to Kisseleff of November 1852, replied that the new French Empire reposed on an entirely different basis from the sovereignty of the other powers, which were hereditary monarchies, while the new French government was established by universal suffrage. When, nevertheless, Napoleon assumed the imperial title, Nicolas accepted the absurd suggestion of the Prussian minister at St. Petersburg, General von Rochow, which was in no way sanctioned by his own government, to acknowledge the empire but not the cipher III., as Napoleon II. had never governed, and to refuse to the new master of France the address 'Monsieur 'mon frère,' styling him, as the President of the United States, 'Great and good friend.' Thus Russia and France were once more estranged, and the sequel was the Crimean war, which broke the proud heart of Nicolas.

Russian statesmen discerned the fault which their late master had made. They knew that Napoleon had only made war for dynastic reasons, and after the fall of Sebastopol strained every nerve to come to terms with the emperor, now at the summit of power, in order to obtain a tolerable peace. They were successful. The Saxon minister at Paris, Baron Seebach, son-in-law of Nesselrode, negotiated with Count Walewski preliminaries of peace, and strong pres-

sure was put upon England to accept them. At the Congress of Paris the Russian plenipotentiaries flattered the emperor in every way, and he returned their civilities by siding as much as possible with them during the negotiations. Everything tended to an alliance between the two countries. In the last days of September 1856 their sovereigns met at Stuttgart, and ratified the agreement prepared by Walewski and Gortchakow; they engaged not to undertake anything without consulting and diplomatically supporting each other in any eventuality. Russia was indeed very useful to France at the outset of the Italian war, when Prince Gortchakow crossed England's endeavours to maintain peace by the proposal of a general congress. Russia also was the first to acknowledge the cession of Nice and Savoy. Yet this understanding was not to last long. In 1862–3 an insurrection broke out in Poland, and the Emperor Napoleon, who could not forget that in 1832 he had been for a few days king elect of Poland, interfered diplomatically with England and Austria in favour of the Poles. Prince Gortchakow put the Powers off with negotiations till the insurrection was crushed, and then politely told them not to meddle with the internal affairs of Russia. Lord Russell in his speech at Blairgowrie declared that he never had thought of going to war for Poland; Austria retired; and the Emperor of the French was left in the lurch. Both countries were again hopelessly estranged, and Bismarck, who had at once discerned the futility of the interference of the three Powers, and had not only declined to join them but had actually come to the rescue of Russia by signing a convention with her which allowed the vigorous repression of the insurrection on the Prussian frontier, reaped the benefit of this failure.

It is needless to say how valuable the friendship of Russia proved to Prussia in the Danish and Austrian wars; however, her success in the latter campaign was too complete to be pleasing to Prince Gortchakow, who after Sadowa declared through his minister at Berlin, M. d'Oubril, that he considered all the proposed changes in Germany as null and void till they had been ratified by a European congress. Such a congress ought to have been the last resource of the Emperor Napoleon, baffled in all his calculations by the Prussian victories, but he still clung to the hope of obtaining a compensation from Bismarck, and failed to seize the opportunity offered by the Russian proposal. As soon as the Prussian premier was in possession of Benedetti's draft for

the annexation of Belgium, he despatched General Manteuffel with it to St. Petersburg, in order to show what Russia had to expect from France, and at the same time hinted that the probable war of Germany with her western neighbour would offer Russia the opportunity to shake off the hateful neutralisation of the Black Sea. Prince Gortchakow understood, left the German princes to their fate, and when Napoleon III., awaking at last from his illusions, tried to come to a separate understanding with Russia, he found that he had been forestalled. 'On s'est pourvu ailleurs,' wrote Benedetti mournfully; the friendship of Russia and Prussia was sealed anew. Every endeavour to win over the Emperor Alexander failed. When Napoleon invited him to Paris for the Exhibition of 1867, he came in the company of his uncle, the King of Prussia. The insult of M. Floquet, who at the Palais de Justice received him shouting 'Vive 'la Pologne!' and the attempt on his life in the Bois de Boulogne, left an ineffaceably bitter impression of this visit upon his mind, which bore fruit in 1870. It cannot be doubted that in that great war public opinion in Russia sided with France; but the emperor stood firm to Germany. M. Thiers was politely received at Petersburg, but obtained no help. Prince Gortchakow had the satisfaction of cancelling the clause of the Treaty of Paris for the neutralisation of the Black Sea, and at the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace the Emperor William telegraphed to his nephew at St. Petersburg that his gratitude for Russia's support would end only with his life.

Such is the history of the attempts for a Franco-Russian alliance down to 1870. Its results are eloquently expressed in a secret memorandum on Russia's foreign policy, presented to the Emperor Alexander in 1864 in the following terms: *—

'An evil star rules our relations with France. Under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. she affected to ignore and despise us; under the Republic she was directly hostile to us. Although the distance which separates us from that country is immense, although nature seems to have made us allies, and although Napoleon I. was right in saying "If we were to "come to blows, we should find it difficult to meet," yet France has repeatedly made war upon us, and the attempts to establish Russo-French alliances have regularly resulted in a striking failure. Tilsit and Erfurt remained mere episodes, which were drowned by torrents of blood. All the attempts to effect a *rapprochement* under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. remained barren of results. They were based on the Monarchical-Conservative principle, and were cut short by the following

* Von Nicolaus I. bis Alexander III., p. 219. Leipzig, 1881.

reign of Liberal principles of 1830. After the Crimean war circumstances seemed to favour a cordial understanding between the two countries, which had been separated more by faults committed on both sides than by their real interests. And yet the result has been that a conflict has only been adjourned. The consequences of this developement cannot be doubtful. The genuine earnestness of the attempts to come to an understanding proves irrefutably by their consistent failure that the political tendencies of the two countries are absolutely irreconcileable. The affairs of Poland only served to bring into prominence this fundamental divergence. The real reason is that the French nation is possessed by a constant craving for violent changes (*besoin de bouleversement*), whilst the Russian nation, above all, desires tranquillity. *We probably shall only come to an understanding with France, if we should feel the need to turn Europe upside down, but even then that would be at our own expense.*'

The ill-advised interference of Napoleon in the Polish question was the starting point of Prince Bismarck's success; he was only able to move when the danger of a Russo-French alliance was removed, and he had secured Russia's friendship. His policy after the peace of 1871 to maintain by diplomacy what he had won by war was dictated by the same view. It must always be reckoned amongst the greatest achievements of his statesmanship that he not only maintained the Russian friendship, but succeeded in reconciling the deeply estranged sovereigns of Russia and Austria on the basis of the maintenance of the *status quo* in the East; the alliance of the three emperors made every attempt of France to regain what she had lost hopeless. That alliance was not even broken by the Turkish war of 1877. Germany left Russia free play, and Count Andrassy, as we now know, came to a secret understanding with Prince Gortchakow at Reichenbach in January, 1876. It was only after the Congress of Berlin that an estrangement between Germany and Russia took place. Public opinion at Moscow and St. Petersburg was deeply hurt by the results of the treaty of peace, which were considered most unsatisfactory in comparison with the immense sacrifices of the war, and a torrent of abuse broke loose against the false German friend who had deprived Russia of the legitimate fruits of her victory. That reproach was most unjust. Katkow at that epoch himself acknowledged that Bismarck at the Congress had defended Russia's interests better than her own representatives, and ascribed the result exclusively to their shortcomings; but the feeling was general, and Prince Gortchakow, not liking to lose his popularity, sided with it and began to coquet with France, telling the editor of the Orleanist

'Soleil' that he wanted nothing more than to see her strong. The attempt of the Emperor William to restore the old intimacy by an interview with Alexander II. proved fruitless, and then Prince Bismarck made a master stroke by going to Vienna, in September 1879 and signing his alliance with Austria, which was hailed by Lord Salisbury as 'good tidings 'of great joy.' Italy acceded; but the fickleness of English electors, which drove Lord Beaconsfield from power, crossed the chancellor's plans. He at once changed his front and showed Mr. Gladstone that he had more than one string to his bow; he again drew nearer to Russia, and signified to M. de Giers that if he could not sacrifice Austria's interests in the Balkan peninsula, there was yet free play for Russia's activity in Asia. The hint was taken, and Mr. Gladstone's craving for Russian friendship was rewarded by a policy which led to the catastrophe of Penjdeh. In the mean time Alexander II. had met with the fate of so many of his predecessors, and Alexander III. had ascended the throne of his father, assassinated by the Nihilists. As Czarevitch, he was credited with anti-German leanings; but whatever his feelings for France may have been during the war of 1870, they were singularly modified by the horrors of the Commune, when he is said to have exclaimed, 'C'est là que ces idées 'mènent.' Some months after his accession he had an interview with the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck at Danzig (September 9, 1881) which led to an undoubted *rapprochement*. General Skobelew, who in January, 1882, made a violent speech against Austria and Germany, was severely reprimanded. The emperor, in a toast on his grand-uncle's birthday, expressed himself in the warmest terms of friendship for Germany. Immediately afterwards, June 12, M. de Giers, a decided antagonist to Panslavist warlike tendencies, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. General Ignatiew, Minister of Justice, a reputed Panslavist, was dismissed; in February, 1884, Prince Orlow, a special friend of Prince Bismarck, was appointed ambassador at Berlin, and soon afterwards the Russian Government effected a loan of fifteen million pounds with the support of the Berlin Exchange.

Notwithstanding this official policy the Muscovite party began to assume more and more a hostile attitude towards Germany, and to demand an alliance with France. The leader of that party was Michael Katkow. It is a great error to represent that remarkable man as a Panslavist. During all the numerous changes of his ideas he was nothing

of the kind. He had studied philosophy and philology at Berlin; afterwards, as professor at Moscow, he was a champion of Western civilisation, and for this purpose founded, with his friend Leontjew, the still existing review 'Russki Westnik,' which published Turgeniew's first famous novels. As a disciple of Tocqueville and Gneist he was considered by his adversaries as an Anglomaniac, and in Petersburg caricatures of him always appeared in plaid and kilt. His ideas were most distasteful to the government of Nicolas; he was persecuted and resigned his place; even the suppression of his review was intended. Katkow first became famous when he attacked Alexander Herzen, who from his exile in London ruled public opinion in Russia by his 'Kolokol' during the first years of Alexander II.'s reign. He acknowledged Herzen's merits as a powerful adversary of Nicolas's system, but justly accused him of fostering among the Russian youth insane revolutionary ideas. This antagonism came to a crisis when Herzen favoured the Polish aspirations for independence; Katkow replied that this would be suicide for Russia, and strongly urged the Government to suppress relentlessly the insurrection of 1862. His advocacy, combined with Bismarck's diplomatic support, did much to strengthen the hands of the Government. Public opinion turned in his favour. He ridiculed the dreams of a great empire comprising all the Slavs, which had nothing to do with the real interests of the Russian State. From that moment he became popular, and with his friend Leontjew he assumed in 1863 the editorship of the 'Moscow Gazette,' which has since exercised so important an influence. He violently attacked the Panslavists, who, under the leadership of Aksakow, declared war on the civilisation of the West, and he warmly pleaded the maintenance of classical education. At the same time he opposed not only the Petersburg Radicals, but also the Liberals and all reforms which tended to self-government. His leading principle was that the only possible and national government for Russia was the hereditary autocracy of the Czar leaning upon the Orthodox Church, and that the outlying provinces, Poland, the Baltic provinces, and Finland, must be russianised by every means. This policy is the secret of his success; it consisted simply in urging strongly and even rudely the supreme power to exercise that strength which it secretly longed, but often did not dare, to put forth. The somewhat hasty reforms of Alexander II. had not borne the expected fruits. Katkow violently attacked the ministers Walujew, Golownin, and

Suvarow; they in vain asked the protection of their sovereign against the unscrupulous Moscovite journalist, and succumbed one after the other. The papers hostile to him were suppressed by the censorship, and most of the rest from sheer fear sided with him. His influence became paramount under the reign of Alexander III., who, educated by his friend Podobenoszew, now chief of the Holy Synod, had had intimate relations with him already as Czarevitch. It is but natural that a man who constantly tells the Czar, 'You are all-'powerful and infallible, only you do not know your omni-'potence and are badly served,' should be considered as a trustworthy friend, although he understood that omnipotence just as the Jesuits did the infallibility of the Pope, in the sense that the latter was to execute what they thought fit. He sometimes gave distasteful advice, but the authorities in high quarters soon became accustomed to his freedom of speech; they were not over-anxious to stop his tongue, which flattered their secret aspirations, and if he was occasionally mildly rebuked, such rebuffs signified little more than lovers' quarrels, which were shortly made up by signal marks of favour, such as the rank of a privy councillor and the star of the Wladimir, distinctions unheard of for a journalist, and conferred, as the imperial decree said, 'for his unremitting zeal in 'confirming the understanding of the true conception of 'the foundations of Russian political life.' Until the last few years his criticism had been limited to internal affairs. Katkow had not forgotten Bismarck's services in the Polish affair; besides, he knew that Alexander II.'s friendship for his uncle William was not to be trifled with, and as a prudent man he carefully abstained from offending his sovereign on that point. He acknowledged that the German alliance had been most useful to Russia, and, as we have mentioned, he defended the Chancellor against the reproach of having frustrated Russia's legitimate demands at the Congress of Berlin. It was only after the Austro-German alliance of 1879, when the anti-German feeling gathered strength in Russia, and found a voice in the famous speeches of Skobelew, that Katkow gradually turned against Germany and pleaded for a French alliance. As a Conservative he had naturally no predilection for French Radicals. He expressed his own wishes in a significant article after the death of the Count de Chambord: 'The French Republic 'supported by Bismarck undermines the authority of France. 'The re-establishment of the monarchy is unconditionally

'in the interest of Russia; a strong and monarchical France 'will be our natural ally.' For the moment there seemed no prospect of such a change at Paris; the government had even given direct cause of offence to the Czar. As before they did not dare to deliver up the conspirator Hartmann through fear of the Radicals, so now they pardoned the nihilist Prince Kropotkin, and, notwithstanding the urgent representations of the Russian ambassador at Paris, recalled the French minister at St. Petersburg, General Appert, whose Orleanist leanings made him a *persona gratissima* with the Czar, a step which caused the emperor to speak in no measured terms about the 'fichu gouvernement' they had in Paris.

The Bulgarian plot of August 21, 1886, and the war scare in the beginning of 1887 brought matters to a still more acute crisis. After the speech of Count Kalnoky in the Hungarian delegation on the Kaulbars mission, and that of Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House, in which he denounced the 'conspirators debauched by foreign gold,' Katkow asked, in an article of the 'Moscow Gazette,' that Russia should answer by recalling her ambassadors from Vienna and London, and tendering her hand to her natural ally over the heads of Austria and Germany, for the latter was apparently siding with Russia only in order to embroil her in an Eastern war. The Foreign Office did not follow that advice, but made secret overtures at Rome, offering Trieste to Italy if, in a war of Russia with Austria and Germany, she would make common cause with the former; and at about the same time France, in preparation for the same event, offered to guarantee to Italy the acquisition of the Trentino. The late Premier, Signor Depretis, at once decisively declined to entertain such proposals directed against Italy's present allies, and thus a grave danger for the peace of Europe was averted; but the tension continued between Russia and Austria, and relations became strained with Germany when the animosity between France and the latter power seemed to assume an alarming character at the time of the elections for the Reichstag. General Martinow was sent from St. Petersburg to Paris to confer with M. Flourens. Soon afterwards a significant article appeared in the 'Nord,' inspired by the Russian Foreign Office, and written by M. Catacazy, formerly Russian Minister at Washington, where he had made himself impossible. Russia, it was said, wants peace, but also the maintenance of the European equilibrium. It will not allow France to

suffer a second great defeat, which was intimating that in a war of Germany with France Russia would at least take an offensive position, which would compel the former to divide her forces. Katkow was not satisfied with this policy, and began violently to attack M. de Giers. The Czar administered a mild reprimand to him, and designed to confer the Grand Cross of the Vladimir on his minister. Katkow came to Gatchina in order to defend himself. He explained his ideas, and eloquently demonstrated to his master that any binding understanding with Austria and Germany gravely endangered Russian interests, and that it was necessary to come to close relations with France. The Czar, half persuaded, told him to see Giers, who, however, did not receive him. This seriously annoyed the emperor, and when the minister sent in his resignation, saying that under the present circumstances his advice could be scarcely useful, the imperial answer was that the Czar, as he appointed his ministers, likewise dismissed them when he thought fit to do so, and not when the idea of going occurred to them. The decree, already signed, for conferring the Vladimir on M. de Giers was cancelled, and Katkow, elated by his success, was hard at work to replace the minister by Count Ignatiew or Count Schuvalow, ambassador at Berlin. At that moment suddenly arrived the intelligence of another ministerial crisis in Paris, which once more showed how little confidence could be placed on the political quicksands of France. The emperor was much struck; he saw that his more sober-minded minister had been right, and Katkow's influence received a decisive check. Another more serious rebuke, administered shortly before his last illness, in consequence of a second attack on M. de Giers, is said to have hastened his end.

In this position affairs virtually remained till last autumn. France blindly supported every move of the Russian policy. Russia reciprocated, but the Czar and his advisers have no confidence in the stability of French politics, and they knew that the only factor at Paris who had hitherto proved lasting, President Grévy, was decidedly determined to maintain peace against any adventurous policy. Scrupulously constitutional and leaving responsibility to his ministers, he had not hesitated to interfere in serious emergencies, and as he had contrived to wear out Gambetta, so he had effaced Boulanger. But whatever may be the sympathies of France and Russia for each other, it cannot be agreeable to an autocratic government that the leaders of this movement in France should be the Radicals, who at home endeavour to over-

throw every moderate ministry. The 'Nord' has given a decided expression to these feelings on the occasion of MM. Déroulède's and Boulanger's demonstrations at the death of Katkow. 'M. Déroulède,' it was said, 'has been 'lately the hero of an anti-governmental demonstration, 'which might produce serious dangers for the internal as 'well as for the external policy of his country. If it appeared 'that he had flattered Russia as a mere partisan, the Russian 'Government would not allow itself to be compromised by 'such an attitude. Russia will never interfere in French 'affairs. She gratefully acknowledges the sympathy shown 'by the French nation, but if her opinion can be of any weight 'it will only support a moderate French Government, able to 'maintain the rank which it behoves that country to take 'in Europe.' It is the ever-shifting character of French politics which at present principally prevents an alliance on the Russian side; but French statesmen, if not totally blinded by the feeling of revenge, ought to see the dangers for their country of that alliance, which would not be founded upon real common interests, but simply on the common hatred of Germany and England. It would be a reversal of the whole French policy of the past. Old monarchical France was, above all, inspired by the ambition to be the leading Catholic state, and would have abhorred the idea of aiding to plant the Greek cross upon the Hagia Sophia and to establish schismatic influence in Syria. Modern France, as the champion of liberal ideas and friend of Poland, was deeply hostile to the encroachments and conquests of the Russian autocracy. Napoleon III. combined both tendencies when he began to quarrel with Russia for the keys of the Holy Places in Jerusalem, and made war to protect the independence of Turkey, and to break Nicolas's omnipotence in Europe. The new fanatics for a Russian alliance seem to have forgotten all this. Men who have banished all religious influence from their own schools care little for French influence in the East as the protector of Catholicism, which even Gambetta wished to maintain as an article of export when he spoke of the 'grande clientèle catholique' of France; Radicals as they are at home, they admiringly worship the most corrupt despotism in Europe, second with their best wishes its attempts to trample down Bulgaria and to crush the last elements of religious liberty in the Baltic provinces. They celebrate a military coxcomb like General Skobelew as the Russian Bayard, General Ignatiew as a great statesman, and Katkow as the personification of

Russian genius. But really intelligent French politicians ought to see that, in an alliance with Russia, France would run the maximum of risk to win for her ally the maximum chance of profit. Russia does not care a straw whether Alsace is German or French. She would only avail herself of another Franco-German war to pursue her interests in the East, just as Catherine II. pushed the German powers into the insane war against the French Revolution, against which she published violent proclamations, but never moved a man.* France would have to support the enormous sacrifices of a great war, in which, if defeated, she could expect no help from Russia, who would have quite enough to do with Austria and her allies. Even if Russia forced Germany to divide her forces by concentrating an army in Poland, the German army leaning on Strasburg and Metz would be quite strong enough to repel a French attack successfully.

On the other hand, Russian statesmen must see that, apart from the inconsistency of French politics and the doubtful solidity of the French army, which has no first-rate general, a war with Germany and Austria—who would be joined by Roumania, Italy, and possibly by England—is a terrible stake for the Empire. They know better than noisy journalists the rottenness of their army and the hopeless condition of their finances. They know, moreover, that a decisive defeat in a great war might prove fatal to the dynasty. Cool-headed politicians, such as speak in the 'Westnik Jewropny,' one of the best Russian reviews, say that Russia should certainly entertain good relations with France, but that an alliance with that country against Germany would be the height of folly, because even if the war were successful for France there would be no profit to divide between the two allies. 'We do not want any German 'territory, and if we helped France to reconquer Alsace-'Lorraine we should incur the lasting enmity of Germany, 'which would force us to remain armed to the teeth, and 'lead perhaps to a coalition against us. France in a great 'European war can do next to nothing for us, and will 'not send us a single soldier against Austria and England, 'who are our antagonists in the East, just as we cannot

* 'Je me casse la tête pour pousser les cours de Vienne et de Berlin à se mêler des affaires de France. Je veux les engager dans ces affaires pour avoir les coudées franches. J'ai beaucoup d'entreprises qui ne sont pas terminées et je veux que ces deux cours soient occupées afin qu'elles ne me dérangent pas.'—*Journal de Chrapowitzky* (Martens, 'Recueil des Traités avec l'Autriche,' ii. p. 199).

'help them on the Rhine, because Austria's hostility pre-'vents us from doing so. Therefore an understanding with 'France must on no condition have the character of an 'alliance directed against Germany.'

It is this same reasoning on which Prince Bismarck relied when proving to the Russian Government that, by the support of Germany, it would obtain on better terms and without risk what the French offer at a hazardous price. He therefore sided with Russia in Bulgaria, which he declared to be his Hecuba, and thus he has tried to avoid the danger of a French alliance, while at the same time he prevents Russia from making any imprudent move, which might jeopardise the peace of Europe. But this policy has one limit: the Chancellor cannot sacrifice Austria, and whatever may be the personal leanings of Count Kalnoky, the Magyars, who are the determining factors in Austrian foreign policy, will never allow Russia to rule supreme in the Balkan peninsula. M. de Giers, who represents the voice of cool reason in the councils of the Czar, maintains that Russia will obtain all she wants in Bulgaria without resorting to means that might provoke a general conflict; but it cannot be doubted that his position is that of an isolated pillar; any unforeseen event may overturn him, and if a less prudent politician replaces him it is impossible to foretell whether or not he will resist the clamours of men of Katkow's type, with whom the popular aversion to the Germans outweighs all other considerations.

In this state affairs remained during the summer, when events led Prince Bismarck to take a new departure in his policy. The support he had hitherto given to Russia resembled that of a magnate who gives his vote and interest to a candidate whom he wishes not to disoblige after having ascertained that that candidate has no chance of being elected. It was not Germany's business to provoke Russia by openly opposing proposals which other powers more directly interested could make of no effect if they chose to do so. The Chancellor could afford, in odd conjunction with France, even to support such preposterous proposals as General Ernroth's mission to Sophia as military dictator, because he knew that England, Austria, and Italy would resist them. He was not bound to do for others what they could do for themselves and what his action on the other side could not prevent. But this policy of doubtful friendship was too transparent for Russian politicians, and whatever he did for Russia was not found sufficient.

In May, 1887, an imperial ukase was published, which prohibited foreigners from becoming or remaining landed proprietors in Russia. It was severely felt in Germany, where many wealthy nobles also possess large estates in Russia, among others Prince Hohenlohe, the governor of Alsace-Lorraine, whose wife lately inherited from her brother, Prince Wittgenstein, property said to equal in size a middle-class kingdom. These proprietors were now placed in the alternative of selling their estates under the most unfavourable circumstances or of becoming naturalised Russian subjects.

It is said that Prince Bismarck desired an interview between his sovereign and the Czar in order to secure by the personal intervention of the Emperor William a modification of that ukase. However that may be, certain it is that the Czar believed such a request would be made, which he was as loth to grant as to refuse, and therefore he preferred not to come to Stettin to the manœuvres, where he was expected. He believed, moreover, that this visit would be construed by public opinion in Russia as a humiliation, and declared that he too would not be made to go to Canossa. Prince Bismarck lost no time in forwarding his reply to this declaration. He confirmed his alliance with Austria at a visit which Count Kalnoky had paid to him, and he now invited the Italian Premier, Signor Crispi, to come and see him. What was most remarkable in this visit was that it was kept secret to the last moment, and that after it had taken place a studious publicity was given to its results. Signor Crispi has spoken about it with a frank resolution which Italian statesmen have scarcely shown since the death of Cavour. He treated France with the greatest courtesy, but in deprecating a war with her, in which victory would be as fatal as defeat, he claimed equality with France. He desires peace but warns France on her side against desiring war.

The effect of this alliance was immediately felt. It produced a sobering influence at Paris, where M. Flourens thought fit to settle the long-vexed questions of the Suez Canal and the New Hebrides, and recognised that if he wishes to entertain good relations with England he cannot think of a war of revenge against Germany. Still greater was the impression produced at St. Petersburg. Crispi, speaking for the autonomy of the Balkan states fresh from his conferences with Bismarck, and directly defying Russia's plans, spoke in fact for the three Powers. The Porte, feeling that the Czar is no longer backed by Germany, refuses

to comply with Russia's demands, and the Bulgarians take fresh courage. The Czar, indeed, being retained at Copenhagen by the illness of his children, could not pass through Germany without paying a visit to his grand-uncle, and he was, of course, received with the distinction due to his rank. Prince Bismarck, after what had passed, did not think fit to receive His Majesty at the railway station, but he went afterwards to the Russian Embassy and entered his name, whereupon the Czar immediately sent his aide-de-camp to him, to invite the Chancellor to come and see him. Of that interview, although it had no witnesses, some authentic particulars have transpired. The Czar complained of Bismarck's late policy in the Bulgarian question, hinting particularly at a letter of Prince Reuss, German ambassador at Vienna, to Prince Ferdinand, by which the latter was assured that he would have Germany's silent support if he acted in concert with Austria. The Chancellor replied, that, if that letter had been written, His Majesty would indeed have good reason for dissatisfaction, but that it did not exist, that Prince Reuss never had had the slightest communication with Prince Ferdinand, still less had given him such counsel, and that in consequence 'la religion de Votre Majesté a été surprise par un document forgé.' With his usual power he tore asunder the mesh of lies in which the enemies of Germany had tried to entangle her relations with Russia, and showed that the fabrication was probably due to Orleanistic intrigues. 'Vous avez, Sire, les Nihilistes; moi j'ai les Orléans et Windthorst,' he is reported to have said. If this be true, if Prince Bismarck really conceives that the princes of the House of Orleans are engaged in a cabal against him, and are capable of underhand practices, we can only say that he labours under a delusion most unworthy of his clear and practical mind. The probability is that the forged documents (if any) are merely the result of a trick to make money. However this may be, the Czar could not but acknowledge that he had been deceived; and the conversation, which in the beginning had been somewhat strained, took so cordial a turn that, when the Chancellor came out and was asked by Count Schouvalow, Ambassador at Berlin, how the interview had gone off, he was able to reply, 'Very well indeed'; and, at the subsequent banquet at the palace, the Czar deigned to take wine with him.

How long these impressions will last after the Czar's return to his capital remains to be seen. The Russian papers have been officially warned to publish no more hostile articles

against Germany; but the director of the press, Mr. Feoktistow, who administered this warning, is himself a leader in the chorus of Germany's enemies. He must verbally execute his master's orders, but the significance of such a message entirely depends on the mode of its delivery; and, in fact, the anti-German papers, after having kept the peace for a few days, have resumed their hostile tone. The autocrat at Gatchina is not so omnipotent as he seems to be, and it remains to be seen whether the Slavophils will not obtain their own way. Besides, it may be feared that the Government, although willing to improve relations with Germany, will assume a more hostile attitude towards Austria, and from this point of view the massing of large cavalry forces on the Galician frontier is regarded at Vienna as an ominous sign. In any case the triple alliance of Central Europe remains unshaken. Prince Bismarck is not the man to abandon a position which he has deliberately adopted, nor to repudiate engagements which were carefully weighed before he entered upon them. The isolation of Russia remains the same, and this fact, in connexion with the domestic misfortunes of France, is perhaps the best guarantee of peace in Europe.

We have collected these facts, which may be relied on, with reference to the supposed probability of an alliance between Russia and France, and our readers will perceive that we have no belief in a close understanding and united action between States which have no common principles of government and no common objects. But ere we conclude we must again protest against the attempts made by some military and other writers in the magazines to persuade the British public that Europe is on the brink of a general war and that it is the duty of British statesmen to prepare for the emergency by entering into prospective alliances, and even by assuming an aggressive attitude. The effect of these misplaced arguments is to convert the measures taken for the maintenance of peace into a mischievous conspiracy of aggression and offence. The French are but too ready to imagine that any combination of other Powers is to be regarded as a coalition against themselves. The alliance of Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Italy has in no sense that character or object. It is a purely defensive alliance for the maintenance of peace.

ART. VII.—*The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. VII. and VIII. London: 1887.

IT is more than twenty-five years since the appearance of the first two volumes of Mr. Kinglake's ambitiously conceived work, and more than thirty-two years have elapsed since the last act of the drama which he undertook to depict took place. In the interval the interest of the public in the Crimean war has greatly faded, but on the other hand an immense flood of light has been let in upon its events. Thus the author is saved from many mistakes akin to those which he committed in his earlier instalments, and the cause of truth is thereby promoted. Also most of the chief actors in the campaign are dead, and Mr. Kinglake is able to write of persons with a freer pen than that which he wielded at first, though there is still a sufficiency of survivors to check any grave misappreciation of facts. We note two characteristics of the concluding volumes which are no doubt due to the circumstances mentioned. One is a greater sense of responsibility on the part of the author and a more charitable view of the conduct and motives of those whose actions seem to him worthy of blame. Another is a more complete grasp of his subject, leading to diminished prolixity. At first he wrote like a newspaper war correspondent, dealing with the exploits or mistakes of each company, nay in some cases of each soldier. Now he deals with the matter before him in a manner more befitting the historian, rather, we must admit, to the diminution of interest to those who treated his work as a military romance, but with a gain to those who would fain regard it as a judicial narrative and criticism of affairs of deep moment. He has lost somewhat in descriptive power, but he has gained in weight and trustworthiness. This change in style and method is due, we cannot help thinking, partly to the weariness of the writer and partly to a conviction that, considering his age, it was necessary to hurry on his book to completion for fear of its being left a mere fragment of a too ambitious whole.

The concluding volumes carry on the history of the war from the morrow of Inkerman down to the death of Lord Raglan. The victory of November 5, 1854, was, as concerned tangible results, barren. Yielding to the pressure of General Canrobert, Lord Raglan consented, on November 6, that till

reinforcements arrived no attack on Sebastopol should be made. That the crushing defeat of a sortie in force should not have been followed by a resumption of offensive siege operations may appear monstrous to some; but it must be remembered that in reality there never was a siege of Sebastopol. What occurred during the eleven months which elapsed between our first arrival before that place and its evacuation by the Russians was simply this—the allies took up a position on the heights and continued slow, often interrupted, approaches, with fitful bombardments of a Russian army established in strongly fortified lines. Moreover, not only had the Russian troops in those lines abundant materials and stores, but they were supported by a field army, constantly threatening the communications of the allies and able to reinforce the troops in the lines wherever necessary. As Mr. Kinglake justly observes, the so-called besiegers had been

'not only led by degrees into what was an ugly predicament, but also into open rebellion against the first precepts of science. Instead of approaching their object with that huge preponderance of numbers—before Vauban's time ten to one—which science had declared to be needed for the reduction of a fortress, they were themselves, on the contrary, outnumbered by tens of thousands; and, far from having the power to fold their coils round the place after the manner of normal besiegers, they had confessed themselves unable to invest it at all on the north, whilst even, too, on the south—their own chosen side of the Roadstead—they were leaving the enemy free to come in and go out as he chose. And whilst thus altogether unable to beleaguer Sebastopol, the allies were in some sort beleaguered. Confronting them, and this at close quarters, with the garrison part of his forces now strongly entrenched, the Russian commander there leant upon the resources of a vast naval arsenal, and a fleet broken up for land service, whilst—left free as he was to communicate with Simpheropol, Odessa, St. Petersburg—he could always be drawing more strength from the Muscovite empire at large, and, moreover, could wield at his pleasure the army he always kept imminent in the open field.'

Contrast the position of the allies with that of the Russians. The former adopted some of the forms of a siege and had constructed parallels, approaches, and batteries, but, though they had the air of assailants, they were not prepared to act offensively. On the contrary, they were practically on the defensive, and that under very perilous circumstances, for while on their front and their right flank they were closely confronted by superior forces, at their back, close at their heels, was the sea-shore, lined for most of the way with steep cliffs. Defeat under such circumstances meant de-

struction; yet they might any day be compelled to accept battle. Under these conditions a vigorous offensive would have been judicious, especially as the French advanced trenches were within 180 yards of the Flagstaff Bastion. Todleben believed that this work could not be defended against a resolute attack, and that its capture would ensure the fall of Sebastopol. Fortunately for Todleben the allies gave him that precious time which alone he needed, for he had an abundance of men, materials, and appliances. Not content with strengthening the Flagstaff Bastion to the utmost of his ability, he sought to avert an attack on that important point by creating a diversion elsewhere. He constructed and armed fresh batteries, he formed rifle-pits all along the line; he made constant small sorties; and finally he met and worsted the French in subterranean war in front of the Flagstaff Bastion. Even before this last event there had been some thought, on the part of the allies, of aiding the attack on the Flagstaff Bastion by one on the Malakhoff battery. Sir John Burgoyne had urged constantly this step, and eventually succeeded in converting General Bizot, the Commanding French Engineer. Canrobert, however, did not share his chief engineer's opinion, till on January 1, 1855, General Airey, deputed by Lord Raglan, rode over to the French headquarters and succeeded in gaining the adhesion of the French Commander-in-Chief to the scheme. Great delay took place in its execution, for which the severity of the winter and the sufferings of the troops must be held at least partly responsible; no doubt also the arrival of General Niel, as a sort of Imperial Commissioner, on January 27, rendered Canrobert averse to any energetic action for the moment. On February 1, a scheme was laid before, and approved by, a Council of French Generals. It ostensibly aimed at carrying out Sir John Burgoyne's suggestions, but in a somewhat slower manner than was at first intended. Mr. Kinglake, who always detects weakness and incapacity in anything which he can connect with Louis Napoleon, says:—'We now know that though out-'wardly wearing an honest appearance, this "plan" marked 'a settled design on the part of Niel and his Emperor to 'take a course irreconcileable with the engagements of 'January 1.'

It was part of the original scheme that the attack on the Malakhoff was by no means to cause the abandonment of the design against the Flagstaff Bastion, and at first the French seemed to adhere to this plan. They were soon,

however, induced to diminish their attention to the latter point by the ill success of their mining operations against it. They strove to drive a gallery under the bastion in question. Todleben, observing that no progress was made above ground, inferred that it was taking place under ground, and constructed countermines. On January 30, from the end of one of his listening galleries, the Russians heard the French miners at work. Todleben could at once by a powerful explosion have broken into the enemy's gallery, but by so doing he would have made a crater which would have proved useful as a lodgement to the besiegers. He therefore waited patiently till the French miners were quite close to him, and then exploded a *camouflet*, which blew in the French gallery and killed two men, without disturbing the surface of the ground. This counter-stroke took place on February 3, and the besiegers thereupon abandoned the idea of underground approaches. In order, however, that their work might not be altogether wasted, they resolved, by forming a series of craters, to constitute a commencement of a fourth parallel. With this view they, as a commencement, exploded on February 7 one mine, which produced a crater of moderate size. Before, however, the French could turn it to account, it was seized and held by the Russians. This disappointment caused the French henceforth to abandon the idea of making the Flagstaff Bastion their principal point of attack.

A part of the scheme of February 1 was that two new batteries—the Artilleur and the King batteries—were to be constructed in advanced positions, the French furnishing the working parties, the English supplying the armament and ammunition. The King battery, on the spur leading down towards the Malakhoff, and the Artilleur battery, on the spur of Mount Inkerman, were both destined to bear on the Mamelon and the ground between the latter and the Malakhoff. Promptly Todleben prepared to meet this new attempt not merely with counter-approaches, but with substantial works pushed out in advance of the main line of defences on Mount Inkerman. On the night of February 21, having already traced a work, Todleben sent out seven battalions to the north-western part of Mount Inkerman. Four battalions drew up in front as a covering party, while three battalions of the Selinghinsk regiment constituted the working party. Labouring undisturbed all night, the Selinghinsk men had by morning already made such considerable progress that the work,

named after its constructors the Selinghinsk redoubt, was already proof against musketry. The Russians toiled at this redoubt unceasingly, not being molested, save by a distant and comparatively harmless musketry fire, till the early morning of the 24th. Then at length the French, recovering from their surprise at the affront, attacked with three battalions in first line and two in support. The three battalions of Frenchmen found themselves opposed by seven battalions of Russians, and after a sharp fight managed to establish themselves with a small portion of their force on the very parapet of the work, but the two battalions in support failing to advance to their assistance a retreat became necessary. Thus the attempt was a failure, though it was first announced by Canrobert as a success. The struggle, which lasted only an hour, cost the French a loss of 270, and the Russians one of over 400. Had the work been cannonaded during the previous twenty-four hours, had a larger force been employed, or even had the two supporting battalions been brought up, it is reasonable to infer that the enterprise would have succeeded. The French after this repulse made no further attempt to hinder Todleben from completing and arming the redoubt. Encouraged by this achievement, Todleben proceeded still further to carry out his offensive operations, and on February 28 commenced the Volhynia redoubt, to the left front of the Selinghinsk redoubt, the French looking passively on.

On March 4 a council of the chief allied generals took place at English headquarters. The French contended against the proposal of assailing the new works on the ground that, even if captured, they could not be held under the converging fire to which they would be exposed. Sir John Burgoyne controverted this opinion, and so far succeeded that it was resolved that the question should be investigated on the following day by the principal engineers of both armies. The council then proceeded to consider the general state of affairs. This was admitted to be far from satisfactory, owing to the offensive operations of the Russians on their left front. The importance of cutting off all communication between Sebastopol and the Russian aggressive action, was dwelt on, and Canrobert expressed an opinion that if Omar Pasha found himself unable to act on the flank or rear of the enemy from Eupatoria, it would be desirable to request him to come to the Chersonese with two-thirds of his army. Lord Raglan objected to this suggestion, and clearly with good reason. Omar Pasha by this time had

about thirty thousand men at Eupatoria, and only needed, according to his own statement, the assistance of some French cavalry to enable him to take the field. This he would have done with the greater effect that on February 17 he had inflicted a bloody repulse on General Khrouleff, who with about twenty thousand men strove to capture Eupatoria by assault. He might not be, probably he was not, in a condition to give battle to the main Russian field army, but a mere advance towards any portion of the long line of connexion between Sebastopol and the Isthmus of Perekop would have almost neutralised that army, and have greatly impeded the transport of supplies to Sebastopol. Indeed, a glance at the map will show that, so far from withdrawing Omar Pasha from Eupatoria, all the reinforcements which could be spared from the Chersonese ought to have been sent to Eupatoria, in order to apply the first principle of strategy with full vigour. Lord Raglan was evidently of this opinion, but unfortunately he was only one of a board swaying the destinies of the allied troops; a board, moreover, that was sometimes on the point of dissolution.

The French and English engineers not having come to an agreement in the meantime, the council reassembled again on March 6. On that occasion Sir John Burgoyne again urged in a memorandum the importance of capturing the two new Russian works, and pointed out that 'the French note of 'February 1 (in which all had concurred) could never be 'carried into effect without first obliging the Russians to 'loose their new hold on Mount Inkerman,' *i.e.* they could not hope successfully to carry on their approaches against the Malakhoff. The French officers at the council were resolute in their refusal to attack again the new Russian position. In plain English, they refused to do that which was an indispensable preliminary to carrying out their design on the Malakhoff. Three months later the works alluded to were attacked and captured by the French. An assault beginning in March would have been not only less costly, but would have advanced the progress of the siege by thirteen precious weeks. Again, on March 10, there was another indication of Canrobert's hesitating, irresolute disposition. On the morning of that day his chief engineer, General Bizot, urged him to seize on the following night the Mamelon, then untouched by pick or shovel, and only occupied by a weak Russian picket. Canrobert refused, because he feared to bring on a sortie which might develope into a general attack on the positions of the allies under conditions

unfavourable to them. A more feeble argument could scarcely be conceived. A general attack by the Russians was always possible, and in the event of the defeat of the allies the results would have been fatal to them. To allege this possibility, however, as a reason for assuming a vigorous offensive against that which was rather an intrenched position than a fortress, was equivalent to declaring that the allies ought to withdraw from the Crimea with the least possible delay. The object was to force the Russians to evacuate the town, and, it having become evident from previous experience that they would not give way before a mere distant bombardment, it was clear that only two means of carrying out the design existed. These were: starvation by a close investment, which—at best a tedious operation—was not feasible without great delay and enormous reinforcements; or pushing on the approaches, and capturing first the counter-approaches, and afterwards a point in the *enceinte*, by assault. Canrobert, whatever his true reason was, must have regretted his inaction when, on the morning of March 11, he saw that the Russians had begun to construct a lunette on the Mamelon. The only step taken by the French was to open on it a powerful artillery fire, and to capture some of the covering 'rifle-pits,' as the English called them, but which Todleben more accurately termed lodgements. Our commanding engineer drew up a memorandum on the expediency of occupying the Mamelon, and this memorandum Lord Raglan imparted to Canrobert, who, however, could not be induced to attack the work. On March 21 it was completed and armed.

In a secret despatch to the Secretary of War, dated March 13, 1855, Lord Raglan gives an insight into General Canrobert's state of mind:—

'General Canrobert, taking rather a gloomy view of what might possibly arise, represented that it was probable that when the allies should open their fire upon Sebastopol the enemy would attempt a general attack upon us, making a sortie with 20,000 men on the extreme left of the French, with a view to reach their shipping and establishments at Kamiesch, and assailing at the same time the right of our position on the ridge with 40,000 men, and the ground in front of Balaklava with an equal force by a simultaneous movement. He expressed also some apprehension that if this great operation should be undertaken the allies, occupied as they would be by the siege, might be overpowered. . . . I ventured to express my opinion that the tone of his observations was somewhat serious.'

Evidently the English commander-in-chief did not share

the apprehensions of his French colleague, which we will venture to say had little foundation. Considering that the Russians had at that time in Sebastopol and with the field army not above 110,000 fighting men, and the allies about 60,000, without reckoning some 10,000 Turks, it was not possible that the Russians could use for the offensive 100,000, while there was little risk of the three attacks spoken of being made simultaneously, or with due concert. Again, it must be borne in mind that the allies possessed the following advantages, compensating in great measure for inferiority in numbers. They occupied a central position, with easy means of intercommunication; their position was fortified on every side; finally, the Russians were depressed by the defeat and the losses they had sustained at Inkerman.

Meanwhile General Bizot had been urging on his approaches on the allied right with so much vigour that Todleben thought it necessary to check them by a strong effort. On the night of March 22 a sortie in strong force was made against the French on the Victoria or Malakhoff ridge. Ten Russian battalions, with a strength of 5,500 men, came into action, while smaller forces in several detachments were thrown on the English right attack. The attack on the French, after some sharp fighting, drove in a few score of Zouaves, and 500 men, constituting a working party on the lodgements, pressed them along the approaches, and at last reached the most advanced parallel. There, however, they were brought to a check by three battalions of the guards of the trenches, and after a time driven off. Meanwhile four moderate-sized columns moved against the English trenches—three of these fell upon our right, and only one on our left attack. These were all repulsed, owing to the skilful dispositions of the senior officers and the undaunted courage of all ranks, with comparatively little loss to the English and but slight damage to their works. General Niel also states that the injury to the French works was insignificant, but it is nevertheless certain that they suffered a moral if not material check. The loss of the Russians was 1,000, that of the French 600, while the casualties among our people only amounted to 70. Mr. Kinglake finds it difficult to understand that

'for any purpose so small as that of merely upsetting gabions, or doing other like mischief, the enemy would really have brought himself to plunge into outer darkness with the thousands of men he thus hazards; and perhaps one may fairly surmise that in secret he harboured some greater, some more ambitious, design than the one he

avowed, some design of which, since that was frustrated, he did not feel bound to speak.'

This conjecture was that the Russians wished to establish themselves in the advanced parallels, and await the arrival of reinforcements with which to attack the allies at daybreak. There is, however, no ground whatever for this surmise. In connexion with the attack on the English trenches it is to be noted that, owing to want of vigilance, 'the usual 'defect of our people,' two of the four Russian columns succeeded in surprising the guards of the trenches.

After this unsuccessful attempt to drive back the allies by means of a sortie, Colonel Todleben returned to a more scientific method of checking them. He connected his advanced lodgements with his three new works, and armed his approaches with artillery.

'Thus, on the newest front for attack, of which the allies had made choice when devising the great change of plan, the terrible colonel of sappers was already forestalling and baffling their studied designs; nay, was even so employing the spell of his art that not the garrison merely, but rather the fortress itself might almost be said to advance against the Frenchmen besieging it.'

This ornate language is indeed almost justified by the achievements of Todleben. Never, indeed, in the history of sieges has there been a commanding engineer who carried on the defence in such an offensive fashion, displayed such fertility of resource, exhibited such a perfect combination of tenacity with pliability of mind. At the same time, it must be admitted that the Russians in Sebastopol fought under specially favourable conditions, and that they had to deal with adversaries by no means strongly gifted with the spirit of enterprise.

Before quitting this period of the siege, we may mention that, notwithstanding Lord Raglan's well-founded objections and strong opposition, Canrobert at length succeeded in inducing Omar Pasha to come up from Eupatoria with from 15,000 to 18,000 men to the already cramped and crowded position on the Chersonese.

We now come to one of the most important episodes of the war, disclosing the real nature of General Niel's secret mission, which was unsuspected at the time, and which was only fully disclosed by the publication by M. Rousset of the secret papers of the Emperor after his downfall. The well-known personal animosity of Mr. Kinglake to Louis Napoleon must have been gratified by this disclosure, and for that

reason the author of the book before us calls for careful watching when dealing with anything damaging to his pet aversion. We are bound to say, however, that Mr. Kinglake proves his case—and a very bad case it is—against the tortuous policy of our imperial ally. In plain English Louis Napoleon, with objects of personal aggrandisement and vanity, plotted not only against his allies, but also against his own commander-in-chief. His idea was that he had inherited some of the military genius of his uncle, and, possessed by that delusion, he coveted not only the supreme direction of the campaign but even the chief command in the field. He dared not suddenly burst upon the world with an avowal of his purpose, so he, by underhand means, led gradually up to it. To use Mr. Kinglake's own words—

'The engagements of the 1st of January were still only new when the Emperor Louis Napoleon began to counterplot them, and, concealing his design from our people, to frame an ill-omened scheme, which tended to put in abeyance the enterprise of Canrobert's army, and kept it for nearly three months in what might well seem to observers a faltering, half-hearted state, though its real condition, as now we are able to see, was one of another kind. It was an army, not stricken with palsy from any defect in itself, but persistently held back by its sovereign in furtherance of a secret design.'

The Emperor's confidant was General Niel, an officer of engineers of high military reputation. Niel, though he had not originally formed part of the expeditionary force, had, we are told, strong convictions on the campaign. He conceived —and we share his opinion—that the flank march was a mistake, though we can hardly agree with Mr. Kinglake in his assumption that Niel viewed the abandonment of the Mackenzie heights as a blunder. The facts are simply these: The only chance of success, considering the strength and composition of the army and the season of the year, was to seize Sebastopol by a *coup de main.* This *coup de main* could most easily be accomplished by storming the north forts. It being decided, however, to attack the place from the south, and the rash flank march having by good fortune been safely effected, the south side should have been assaulted as soon as we established ourselves on the ridge. With our comparatively weak force, the Mackenzie heights could not have been held, and a siege in form without an investment was contrary to all the rules of engineering science and the dictates of common sense. Niel therefore very reasonably conceived that an investment of Sebastopol preceded by a defeat of the Russian field army was essential to success. Here

Louis Napoleon and Niel were in accord, for, as we have remarked above, the Emperor coveted the reputation to be gained by commanding in a new campaign. Hence Niel was despatched to the Crimea with the ostensible mission of examining into and reporting on the state of affairs, but really 'to mature on the spot an already sketched plan of 'campaign.' Also, we may infer, the Emperor's emissary received secret instructions to prevent Canrobert from doing anything which should clash with the imperial designs. As aide-de-camp to the Emperor, on special mission, and also as an engineer general of reputation, he overshadowed General Bizot, the commanding engineer, and even diminished the authority of Canrobert, not endowed by nature with any great faculty for bearing responsibility. Niel gradually, and under the form of scientific advice, impressed Canrobert with the justice of his views, and by the middle of February had won over the French commander-in-chief to what he described as a tacit general acceptance of them. These views may be best summed up in Niel's own words: 'To go on prudently with the siege, and so cut off as soon as 'possible the communications of the garrison with the in-'terior of the Crimea.' Canrobert seems to have been brought to this condition of assent about February 23, and henceforth he regulated his conduct accordingly.

'A part of the plan, which, because not imparted to Canrobert, may be called its "Separate Article," had laid it down from the first that the task of thus completing the investment should be undertaken by the Emperor in person, with the aid of fresh troops in large numbers sent out from France or Algeria; and so early as February 3 Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of War, was already giving his orders for assembling on ground near Constantinople the forces meant to take part in Louis Napoleon's enterprise. There of course came a time when the process of collecting this force on the Bosphorus disclosed itself to the world; but the object for which it was destined could still be concealed—and concealed it was—concealed from our Government, and concealed from Lord Raglan, but also, strange to say, from General Canrobert, himself the Emperor's half-trusted commander!'

Mr. Kinglake supports this charge of concealment by quoting a private letter from Lord Raglan to Lord Panmure, dated April 3, in which the former says: 'What a body of 'French troops is collecting for at Constantinople I cannot 'divine.' While as to Canrobert he quotes the following passage from Rousset: 'Le secret sur ce grand envoi de 'troupes devait être absolument gardé. Le général Canro-'bert lui-même n'en devait rien apprendre.'

Between the plan concerted with Lord Raglan on January 1, and afterwards again adopted with some modification on February 1, there was a substantial divergence. The old plan did not contain any allusion to seizing the Mackenzie heights and completing the investment, which operations virtually summed up the new plan. According to the latter more than three months must elapse before the preparations for carrying it out could be completed. Yet as far as Lord Raglan knew the French were still decided to capture the Mamelon as soon as the two new batteries were ready. Niel's counsels, however, were to the effect that serious encounters were to be avoided and that the efforts of the besiegers were to be limited to a steady cannonade and slow approaches. General Niel had a right to his own views, but there is no excuse for the bad faith with which he sought to impress Lord Raglan with the idea that he regarded the approach on the Malakhoff as unduly deferring the attack of the place.

Mr. Kinglake expresses himself in no uncertain terms on the disloyalty of the Emperor to the English. He says that this concealment 'shows the stain of revolting disloyalty,' and that 'after having caused General Canrobert to know—nay 'to share—their conviction, and prove ready to give it effect, 'they of course could no longer, with honour, go on main- 'taining concealment against the English commander.' The allied generals planned to commence a bombardment on April 9, and Canrobert stated that he would carry out this arrangement, though Niel strongly advised him not to do so. Evidently from what we now know the French Commander-in-Chief had no intention of following up the bombardment by an assault; yet unless followed by an assault it could prove little better than a *brutum fulmen.*

At daybreak on April 9 the bombardment commenced and went on day by day till April 18. Each night the Russians, though exposed to a continuous vertical fire, repaired the damages done to their batteries, but on the whole the fire of the allied artillery had duly prepared the way for an assault. The Russians had, it must be in fairness mentioned, been straitened by a dearth of ammunition. On April 9 the central bastion with its auxiliary batteries was silenced, while in the crenelated wall near it there was a breach seven yards wide. The Flagstaff Bastion also suffered terribly. On the 10th of April there remained at last only two guns capable of replying to the enemy's fire, and Todleben was of opinion that this bastion,

which he considered the key of Sebastopol, as well as the White batteries, were ripe for assault. In spite of repairs by night, the allied artillery continued to retain supremacy over the works mentioned and to add to their number, but on the 19th the general bombardment ceased without any assault having been attempted. The loss of the allies was indeed not great numerically, but still the death of one man, General Bizot, the Commanding French Engineer, mortally wounded in the trenches, counted for much morally, and specially as he was soon succeeded by General Niel. The real explanation of the abstention from an attack was that Canrobert was withheld from offensive action by the instructions of the Emperor more or less fully imparted to him by Niel.

At this period of the siege there stepped into the foremost rank of those who were swaying the destinies of the allied armies a man remarkable rather for clearness of vision, fearlessness of responsibility, and tenacity of purpose than for any transcendent ability as a commander. This man, Pélissier, unconsciously baffled the Emperor's plôt, but at the same time by his action rendered, till M. Rousset's disclosures, the conduct of Canrobert still more inexplicable than it had been. Pélissier, a true *homme de guerre*,

'it is true, at this time commanded only a corps; but his, as it chanced, were the troops affronted, challenged, defied by this last growth of new Russian works thrown out in advance of Sebastopol; and, though of course lawfully he was even on this his own ground a subordinate owing obedience to the acknowledged Commander-in-Chief, he still by nature was so constituted as to be in hot rage at the notion of quietly, tamely enduring the enemy's audacious encroachments. And rage with him was a power. Having great strength of will, whilst able at pleasure to arm himself, almost dramatically, with an overpowering vehemence of manner and speech, and besides exerting his pressure on one who well knew him to be indicated by a dormant commission for the exercise (under certain contingencies) of even the highest command, he—after some effort apparently—got his way over Canrobert, and was either empowered or suffered to make that war against "lodgements" of which we are going to speak. Thence sprang the anomaly of Frenchmen yielding tamely to pressure in that chosen part of the field where they meant the attack to be real, and asserting their strength with decisiveness on ground far away towards the west where their chief regarded the task as one of inferior moment. What thus turned the scale against seemingly fair presumptions was—a well-known disturbant of inference—the strong fierce will of one man.'

It is impossible to think without disgust of a terrible loss of life for the attainment of an object which the Commander-

in-Chief did not consider important, and difficult to censure too strongly those who by their disloyal underhand proceedings caused men to be slain by hundreds merely that a veil might be cast over their underhand machinations, and that appearances might be kept up.

On the 10th, 11th, and 12th of April there was a taking and retaking of the lodgements, but on the 13th Pélissier continued to hold them long enough to permit of their destruction. Further to the east the lodgements which Todleben had established to the left front of the central position were the next to feel the weight of Pélissier's arm. On the night of April 13 he seized them, but after sharp fighting on the nights of the 23rd and 24th the Russians retook and remained in possession of them. Todleben promptly converted them into a substantial work which he christened the Souzdal counterguard. This counterguard, fourteen yards in advance of the enceinte and 116 yards from the French siege works, was armed with nine 6-pounder mortars which aided by riflemen greatly annoyed the French troops in the approaches. Pélissier, by dint of vehement pressure, brought his chief to consent to an attempt at capturing this intrusive work. On the night of May 1 the assault was made with the bayonet and proved successful, the Russians being taken off their guard. By morning the French were firmly established in their new acquisition, and had connected it by flying sap with their nearest approaches. The enterprise cost, however, the victors dear, nearly 600 men, while the loss of the Russians was 425.

The remaining events in the month of April were the brilliant capture of some lodgements in front of Gordon's left approach on April 19 by Colonel Egerton, who was killed on the occasion, the total English casualties being 68, and the completion of the submarine cable between the Crimea and Varna.

On May 8, 15,000 Sardinian troops began to land in the Crimea, and were placed at the disposal of Lord Raglan. He needed something as a set-off to the then inexplicable conduct of the French. The conduct of Canrobert must have become disheartening. The French Commander-in-Chief even on the second day of the April bombardment, though the allied artillery had produced visibly considerable damage alike on the White Redoubts and the Flagstaff Bastion, intimated to Lord Raglan that he 'did not much 'expect the bombardment to produce a successful result.' On the same day he wrote to the Emperor as follows:—

'If the superiority of our fire is not completely established (which we shall know to-morrow), we shall diminish it, and, if necessary, stop it altogether, keeping ourselves in readiness against any attack by the relieving army. If this attack (desired with so much reason) does not take place, we, though harassing the enemy meanwhile to the best of our power, shall await the arrival of your Majesty's army of reserve, convinced in such case that upon the action of that reserve army will depend the fate of Sebastopol.'

We would call attention to the cool manner in which Lord Raglan and the plans concerted with him were disregarded.

On April 14 a long conference had taken place. At it were present the Commanders-in-Chief of the French, English, and Turkish armies, the principal French and English engineer and artillery officers, General Pélissier and Sir George Brown, and Sir Edmund Lyons. All the French, excepting Pélissier, were at first 'for arresting the bombardment, if not 'indeed even for stopping all other aggressive proceedings 'until the place should be invested.' Ultimately Lord Raglan prevailed on General Canrobert to consent to a continuance of the bombardment, though with slackened fire in order to economise ammunition. Canrobert's military spirit rebelled, Mr. Kinglake conjectures, against the humiliating position in which he had been placed and the tutelage of Niel. He was, indeed, in a pitiable condition, for he had received instructions announcing that 40,000 French troops would be gathered at Constantinople before the end of the month, but ordering him not to move any portion of that force unless absolutely necessary for the safety of the army, and the despatch wound up by saying: 'Do what you can, but do not 'compromise yourself.' The portion of the letter relating to the French army of reserve was read out to Lord Raglan on the 14th, but the passage given in inverted commas was not made known to him till the 16th. On that day Niel wrote to the Minister of War:—

'I am going to turn the minds of the commanders from an attempt no less dangerous than useless, which I hope will be abandoned. . . . I did not advise engaging in this artillery conflict; for I had, and still hold, the conviction that, even if it had proved more successful than it has, there still would not have been an assault driven into the town.'

Thus we see Lord Raglan striving to push on the siege, and the Emperor, through his agent Niel and his plastic instrument Canrobert, throwing every obstacle in the way, pretending to share Lord Raglan's views, yet baffling them in order that another scheme entailing a delay of several months

should be tried. We see the English Commander-in-Chief kept in ignorance of the Emperor's intention of holding back the assault, though without being told what the entire scheme was. He had reason indeed to believe that the wheels of the French machine of war were, as it were, subjected to the drag, but he could not suspect that it was contemplated to stop its progress altogether. On that very 16th of April the three commanders again met in conference, and came to the following decision. The contemplated assault was to be delayed for some days in order to admit of the construction of certain additional works. The question as to what should done with regard to the Mamelon, as well as against the place generally, was deferred. It was resolved, however, that a joint attack by troops of the French, English, and Turkish armies should be made on the White Redoubts. Three days later on Lord Raglan, reminding General Canrobert of this agreement, found that his colleague appeared to think that after all the capture of those works 'would 'not be attended with any important advantage.' The project was therefore abandoned, as Lord Raglan, in his dread of straining the alliance too strongly, generally did allow plans to be dropped if he met with any opposition.

On April 21 it seemed that the assault could not much longer be delayed. The Flagstaff Bastion had been silenced and ruined by an overwhelming fire, and a fourth parallel at less than one hundred yards' distance had been opened against it. The public opinion of the armies was that everything was ripe for an assault. Canrobert, influenced by that public opinion or himself being in accord with it, seemed to be on the point of adopting a regular course. Even Niel, though we know he had not changed his mind as to the inadvisability of trying to carry the place by storm, ceased for some hours to oppose it. He felt confident that the English, who would have to traverse some 650 yards of open ground, would, when the decisive moment arrived, shrink from the undertaking. He even went so far as to assent to an opinion drawn up in writing by himself, that unless the investment of Sebastopol should be effected within ten days the place should be assaulted. This document was presented to a meeting of the allied generals on the morning of April 23, and that evening Canrobert came to Lord Raglan's quarters apparently charged with warlike resolves. He himself proposed that the bombardment should be made more brisk, and that after two and half days' firing the place should be attacked. Lord Raglan was surprised at the unwonted vigour of his

colleague, but before many hours had passed he thought that he discovered symptoms of uneasiness in him. How accurate was his insight is shown by the fact that on the morrow of that very day, the 23rd, Canrobert wrote to the Emperor, speaking of the assault as a hazardous venture and shadowing forth a half-formed intention of backing out of his agreement. On the 25th Canrobert did not shrink from avowing his intention to postpone the operation. He sent Niel to Lord Raglan, bringing with him a letter, which he read, from the Minister of Marine in Paris to Admiral Bruat, the French naval Commander-in-Chief. This letter, dated Paris, April 7, had probably been in Niel's or Canrobert's possession for some days, and therefore looked like a pretext for delay, determined on independently of its contents. In it was the intelligence that the French reserve troops would be ready to embark from Constantinople on May 10, and Niel announced that Canrobert and the French generals assembled in council were of opinion that under such circumstances 'it 'was desirable to postpone the offensive operations against 'Sebastopol.' Lord Raglan, of course, was obliged to submit; but not only was a general assault indefinitely postponed, but even minor, or, as they may be called, preparatory, offensive operations were deferred, and when on April 30 'Lord Raglan proposed to Canrobert an assault on the 'counter approaches, he encountered a decisive refusal.'

The real explanation of Louis Napoleon's underhand manœuvres in the Crimea was made evident on the occasion of his visit to England. At a sort of council of war held at Windsor on April 21, there were present the Emperor, Prince Albert, Lords Clarendon, Cowley, Palmerston, and Panmure, Sir John Burgoyne, Marshal Vaillant, and Count Walewski. The Emperor, pressed to abandon his intention of going in person to the Crimea, declined to change his intention,* and then, with almost comic self-sufficiency, gave his views on the prospects of the siege, and proposed a grandiose but utterly faulty plan of campaign. It was

* The Emperor adhered with great tenacity to his project of going in person to the Crimea and taking the command of the French army there, although it was strenuously opposed by the British Government and disapproved by his own ministers. His intention was to leave King Jerome Bonaparte in Paris as chief of the Council of Ministers, but Jerome refused to take this office unless he was invested with the same despotic power as the Emperor himself. This his Majesty would not consent to, and this was the reason why the expedition was given up. ('Greville Memoirs,' Third Part, vol. i. p. 263.)

plain to the English portion of the council that the siege was making little progress—Louis Napoleon could best have told why—and it was not difficult, therefore, to gain assent to the idea that a necessary preliminary to success was a defeat of the Russian field army and a complete investment of the fortress. These general principles were sound, but when the details of their application came to be disclosed, Sir John Burgoyne must have inwardly smiled. This plan was that the allied forces were to be divided into three armies, or rather four, seeing that it was proposed that Omar Pasha with 30,000 Turks was to be left at Eupatoria. The first army under Canrobert, with 30,000 French and a like number of Turks, was to hold the trenches and guard Balaklava and Kamiesch; the second army under Lord Raglan, with 25,000 British infantry and a due proportion of British cavalry and artillery, 5,000 French, 15,000 Sardinians, and 10,000 Turks, was to capture Mackenzie Heights, and eventually to join hands with the third army; the third army under the Emperor or such person as he might appoint, with 45,000 French troops withdrawn from before Sebastopol and 25,000 French troops from Constantinople, was to assemble at Aloushta. The 45,000 men withdrawn from before Sebastopol were to march direct to Aloushta, a distance of seventy miles, while the 25,000 from Constantinople were to be conveyed by sea to the same point.

At a second council held at Buckingham Palace, the Queen herself being present, a general agreement was signed by Lord Panmure and Marshal Vaillant on behalf of their respective sovereigns. This general agreement was regarded by Lord Panmure with joy, as it enabled Lord Raglan and the English army to play a less subordinate part than that which had hitherto fallen to them. Till, however, Lord Raglan's views on the precise nature of the operations had been obtained, Lord Panmure sent out no positive orders for taking the field. As to the special nature of the operations of the army to be commanded by the Emperor, he wrote of it confidentially as 'perfectly visionary,' as 'a wild and impracticable scheme,' and as one 'which would lead to the inevitable ruin of his (the Emperor's) army.'. Lord Panmure does not say, and plainly it is not the fact, that he imparted his adverse opinion to Louis Napoleon. 'He seems to have calculated that, in the closer presence of realities, our imperial ally would abandon the more flighty part of the plan prepared for his army of diversion and bring its left into contact with the right of Lord Raglan's field army, so that

'thus (after fighting and happily gaining a battle) the two 'forces acting together would effectually conquer their way to 'the object of investing Sebastopol.'

The Emperor's plan for the army commanded by himself was, indeed, as vicious as it well could be, and Mr. Kinglake subjects it to severe but well-merited criticism.

'His army of 70,000 men was to be gathered at and near the distant port of Aloushta, on the south-eastern coast of the Crimea, was thence to reconnoitre the ground, was (if then the advance should seem feasible) to ascend from the shore to the mountains, to move up and over the shoulder of the lofty Tchatir Dagh by way of the Ayen Pass, was thence to march on Simferopol, and at length, in co-operation with Lord Raglan (already victorious on its left), was to overthrow all Russian forces collected on the north of Sebastopol, and so complete the investment.

'If, following this plan of campaign, Lord Raglan should be storming the Mackenzie heights, and the Emperor at the same time filing through the Ayen Pass with his army of diversion, the two commanders would be separated from one another by a mountainous and trackless region, extending, even as crows fly, to a distance of some thirty-four miles, and substantially so prohibitive of transit that the readiest mode of communicating would be to send horsemen circuitously by a trebly long route. The idea of the field telegraph was unripe, and not brought to bear on the project.'

It is unnecessary to enlarge on this plan, which stands self-condemned, and the objections to it were only partially lessened by a subsequent modification which proposed that Lord Raglan was to confine himself to mere preparatory operations till after the capture of Simferopol. Indeed, considering the strength of the Mackenzie heights and the nature of the country, it seems to us that any advance from the valley of Balaklava would have been injudicious. Far better would have been operations conducted from Eupatoria —a scheme to which Lord Raglan was always inclined, but which the French persistently opposed. The Emperor's army landing at Eupatoria and reinforced by, say, 10,000 Turks might have marched on Simferopol and brought the Russian field army to battle, while its rear and communications could have been covered by Omar Pasha with the garrison of Eupatoria 30,000 strong. At the same time Lord Raglan with the British and Sardinian armies might have made demonstrations against the Mackenzie heights, being able in case of necessity to hasten back to the support of Canrobert on the plateau. With these operations might have been combined with advantage a feint or even real attack, if found advisable, on the Kertch peninsula by the

allied fleets carrying a division of Turks, to whom consistence might have been given by the addition of a naval brigade. It would be waste of time to descant on the Emperor's foolish plan were it not that it had exercised a most powerful influence on the progress of the siege, and was destined still to prove mischievous in the future.

To return to the course of events. On April 21st the Emperor returned to Paris from England, and on the 27th he announced the abandonment of his intention to proceed to the Crimea. He nevertheless persisted in his plan of campaign, and wrote impressively to the French commander on the subject.

Meanwhile Lord Raglan and General Canrobert were somewhat absorbed by the preparations for a joint expedition to Kertch. Chiefly as a concession to Lord Raglan, Canrobert agreed at last to the scheme, which was to be carried out by the allied fleets having on board from 10,000 to 12,000 troops in the proportion of three fourths French to one fourth English. On returning to his quarters after giving his consent, Canrobert found awaiting him a spy who, either from treachery or ignorance, stated that the Russian troops in the Kertch peninsula were 27,000 instead of less than 9,000 men, of whom 3,000 were cavalry and about as many local troops of inferior quality. Canrobert did not attach full credence to the spy's statement, but he nevertheless became depressed at the thought of the risk of failure. He consequently wrote anxiously to Lord Raglan, and later on in the same day, becoming still more depressed, he again wrote, saying that it appeared to him 'that the chances 'against succeeding in the enterprise were much greater 'than those in its favour.'

Lord Raglan in a soothing letter pointed out that the operation must be immediately executed, or the enemy would have time to complete the obstructions in the straits, and 'we should have to abandon all hope of occupying the Sea 'of Azoff—an object to which our governments attach great 'importance.' He urged that in rapidity lay the best chance of success, that 10,000 men would suffice for the purpose of a mere *coup de main* to destroy the defences of the straits. He added that, though the enemy's troops might be superior in number, they could not be concentrated before the enterprise had been accomplished. To these representations Canrobert yielded, and on May 3 the expeditionary force embarked, and sailed the same day. That evening the electric telegraph began its baneful work, bringing a telegram

from the Emperor which Canrobert communicated in person to his colleague between ten and eleven at night.

This telegram ordered Canrobert to send down all the ships available at once to bring up the army of reserve from Constantinople. On the arrival of these troops a division was to be landed at Aloushta and moved thence to the head of a defile leading to Simferopol. A large body was to be marched by Baidar towards Bagtchi Serai, and a third column was to attack the Mackenzie heights from Tractir; while, to enable these operations to be carried out, half of Omar Pasha's army was to be brought up from Eupatoria.

'This was ordering the subservient yet painfully anxious Canrobert to go at once into a fit of strategic hysterics. . . . In the frenzy thus enjoined upon Canrobert he was to become, amongst other things, a generalissimo—was to "march" Lord Raglan with the English army against the enemy in the field, and to bring Omar Pasha's army from Eupatoria. . . . Lord Raglan told Canrobert that the plan "appeared "very complicated." After discussing it for some time General Canrobert announced "that these orders of the Emperor would compel "him to recall the troops which had left Kamiesch for Kertch." Lord Raglan observed that "such a proceeding would be a great misfortune, "and would create a bad impression," both in the army and elsewhere, and at last he wrote: "I persuaded General Canrobert not to recall "the troops, upon the understanding that he relinquished his intention "of doing so at my instance."'

Canrobert did not leave the English headquarters till nearly one in the morning, but at a quarter past two Lord Raglan was awakened by an aide-de-camp from Canrobert bringing a letter from the latter and a newly arrived telegram from the Emperor. This telegram was more peremptory than its predecessor as to the commencement without a day's delay of an offensive campaign. Canrobert announced that he now had no option but to send a despatch boat to recall the French part of the Kertch expedition, and asked Lord Raglan to recall the English portion. Lord Raglan on this wrote to Admiral Lyons giving an account of what had occurred. He added that he supposed that without the French troops the risk would be greater than circumstances would justify. Should, however, the Admiral and Sir George Brown elect to proceed with a view to taking advantage of any opening which would offer, they were empowered to do so, and he (Lord Raglan) 'would be re- 'sponsible for the undertaking.' Admiral Lyons and Sir George Brown decided to return, and consequently the entire expedition retraced its steps just as the destination was in sight. Mr. Kinglake discusses the conduct of Canrobert on

this occasion, and implies blame for his literal execution of his sovereign's orders. This blame seems to us hardly to be merited, though a stronger man would have taken advantage of the fact that the expedition had already started and would have contented himself with hurrying the operations at Kertch. As to Admiral Lyons and Sir George Brown we can well imagine that the somewhat redtape General was in all probability the one who declined to accept the option so generously offered and so handsomely covered.

The object of the recall of the expedition was the immediate commencement of the offensive campaign devised by the Emperor. On May 4, therefore, Niel came to the English headquarters, and, after expounding the plan, asked Lord Raglan to discuss it with Canrobert. The latter, on the ground that he was expecting instructions from his own government, avoided for a time the proposed discussion, but he had quite made up his own mind as to the badness of the Emperor's scheme. What he himself desired was that as a first step the counter approaches of the Russians should be captured, while, as regards an investment, he wished Omar Pasha to advance from Eupatoria against the enemy's rear. The word 'rear' is used on the authority of Mr. Kinglake, but we imagine there must be here some mistake, for it is evident that, unless he first beat the Russian field army, Omar Pasha could not have attempted to complete the investment. At all events Lord Raglan considered that an advance from Eupatoria of the Turks, with some little aid from the French and English, was what might be deemed desirable, and Omar Pasha deemed it feasible, only asking for some French cavalry. Fortunately, as regarded the actual siege operations, Pélissier again came to the front and, by mingled adroitness and strength of will, caused views substantially similar to those of Lord Raglan to be accepted. He pointed out that, as an essential preliminary to field operations, the besieged must be reduced to a passive defence, and as a first step his counter approaches must be wrested from him.

On the same day, Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and Omar Pasha met in conference. After discussing the Emperor's plan and modifying it, at Lord Raglan's instance, so far as to agree that the French army was to advance not from Aloushta on Simferopol, but from Baidar on Bagtchi Serai, the question arose who was to hold the English position in front of Sebastopol during their absence in the field. According to the Buckingham Palace agreement these positions were to be occupied by the French and Turks; but

both Omar Pasha and Canrobert flatly refused to undertake that duty. Further, it was found that not 60,000 but 90,000 troops were required to hold the siege works, and that Omar Pasha could contribute to the carrying out of the scheme less than the estimate by 15,000 men. Thus the Emperor's plan of campaign suddenly collapsed like a house of cards. Canrobert felt that he could no longer consistently with a sense of duty retain the command of the army, and some day about May 14 he presented the dormant commission to Pélissier, who however refused to accept it, as he was only destined for the command in the event of Canrobert's death or serious illness. On the 16th Canrobert telegraphed to the Emperor asking to be relieved of the command of the army and granted that of a division, alleging that his health and mind, fatigued by constant tension, were no longer equal to 'the burden of our immense responsi-'bility.' The Emperor accepted his resignation, filling his place with Pélissier, and assigning Canrobert to the command of Pélissier's corps. Canrobert, however, persisted in taking command of nothing larger than a division, and he was accordingly appointed to his old division, the 1st.

In order to give his book the character of a history instead of a purely military narrative and criticism, Mr. Kinglake devotes a chapter to the diplomatic efforts made by Lord John Russell to bring about a speedy peace. This chapter, however, though interesting, contains nothing of importance that is new. We therefore pass it by in order to return to the siege. On May 19 Pélissier formally assumed the command of the French army, and soon showed that he was of different metal from his predecessor. He at once wrote to the Minister of War a letter in which occurs the following manly passage: 'You must ask the Emperor to give me the 'latitude and freedom of action that are indispensable under 'the conditions presented by this present war, and especially 'necessary for preserving the close alliance between the two 'countries.'

As regarded personal relations nothing could have been better than those which had existed between Canrobert and Lord Raglan. As regarded their views there had been a great divergence, caused partly by Canrobert's shrinking from responsibility, but chiefly owing to the Emperor's disloyal proceedings. Pélissier, rough in manner and somewhat uncouth in appearance, was a strong contrast to the high-bred English Commander-in-Chief, endowed with so singular a charm of manner that, as military secretary to the

Duke of Wellington, his refusals were so courteously and kindly couched that the disappointed applicant quitted his presence with almost an affection for him. Yet these two men, so different in every respect, worked together on the whole with the utmost harmony.

'Whilst Pélissier and Lord Raglan agreed on the questions then needing solution, there was also a well-founded hope that such differences of opinion as might afterwards spring up between them would be easily prevented from marring their power to act in due concert. To begin with, the new French commander, when acceding to power, seemed to hang on the words of his English colleague with an eagerness and a kind of devotion that he rarely, if ever, vouchsafed to any one other man. . . . Lord Raglan, we know, on the other hand, was richly endowed with the faculty—the noble, the generous faculty—which enables one man to appreciate the rights, the fair claims, the natural feelings of others. From the first he had well understood that, supposing the French army to be ably and honestly led, its chief, from the nature of things, might fairly claim more sway in council than one who only commanded a much less numerous force.'

The force at the disposal of the allied commanders was, deducting what the French call 'indisponibles,' 100,000 French, 28,000 English, 15,000 Sardinians, and 45,000 Turks, while the Russians had only 86,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry, and 214 field guns. The superiority in numbers of the allies was therefore very great, so great, indeed, that had they not been, as it were, chained to the south side of Sebastopol, it would have been easy to re-invade and speedily subdue the whole of the Crimea. But after duly guarding the plateau on the south of Sebastopol with the 90,000 men estimated as requisite, there still remained 98,000 men available for field operations, the bulk of whom, if kept before Sebastopol, could not be employed to any good purpose. The Emperor urged, as we have seen, an advance from Aloushta and Traktir Bridge into the interior. Lord Raglan and Omar Pasha were in favour of striking a blow from Eupatoria. Pélissier, who bore in his strategy and tactics some resemblance to General U. S. Grant, being greatly given to 'slogging away,' advocated a more simple but more bloody course.

'He determined to go on waging war against the south side of Sebastopol by the simple though bloody expedient of resolutely pressing the siege; and, finally, he meant or desired that till after the end of this siege the bulk of the four allied armies should remain together like one. It is true that, in concert with Lord Raglan, Pélissier determined to resume the Kertch expedition, and, for many good reasons, agreed that, employing for this purpose their cavalry and other bodies of

troops not engaged in the work of the siege, the allies should take ground to their right in the valley of the Tchernaya; but the first of these operations was to be one of only brief duration, and the other one harmonised perfectly with that part of Pélissier's design which required, however anomalously, that, although so placed and confronted as to be unable to bring the enemy to the ordeal of a general action, the bulk of the vast allied army should still, for the time, remain concentrated. Having laid it down peremptorily in his letter of the 5th of May that the field operations imagined against the enemy's rear must all be put off till the fortress should be reduced to a strict defensive, the new French commander now carried his principle further, and declared that the allies must adventure on no such enterprise until after effecting the conquest of the whole south side of Sebastopol.'

The Emperor continued vehemently to urge immediate recourse to his plan of field operations, but Pélissier was not to be moved. He even treated Louis Napoleon's scheme with scorn, spoke of them as 'widely eccentric,' as 'mere 'adventures.' His own designs as regarded the first step to be taken in connexion with the siege was to capture the counter-approaches from the Karabelnaia suburb. In a letter addressed to General Bosquet, he expressed himself in most peremptory terms: 'I am firmly resolved not to 'launch into the unknown, to avoid adventures, and not to 'act without knowledge of what I am doing, or without the 'documents and the information necessary for the rational 'leadership of an army.' Speaking of the counter-approaches in the Faubourg still held by the Russians, he said, in four words, 'We must have them;' and then, after giving his reasons for this decision, he said: 'All this may be pain- 'fully difficult, but it is possible, and to undertake it I am 'irrevocably determined. Such also is the opinion of the 'other commanders-in-chief.' Henceforth it was a trial of strength of will between the Emperor and his general. We may wonder why the latter was not dismissed, but we must remember that he feared above all things to displease the army.

The first exploit which marked Pélissier's accession to the chief command was the capture of the lodgements near the head of Quarantine Bay, and of still more important lodgements on Cemetery Ridge. The attempt was begun on the night of May 22. After about two hours' sharp fighting the Quarantine lodgements were definitively occupied by the French, but the fight for the Cemetery lodgements lasted till close on dawn. They were captured and recaptured repeatedly, the struggle being largely carried on with the bayonet, but at length the French remained masters

of the ridge. As, however, there was not sufficient time to reverse the cover before daylight appeared, the victors, after doing all the damage they could, returned to their trenches. The following night they again attacked the Cemetery Ridge, and, after some heavy fighting, captured and intrenched themselves on it. These two night combats cost the French 2,303, and the Russians 3,061 men. It may seem strange that Pélissier, having resolved to make his main attack on the Karabelnaia suburb, should have expended so many men in establishing himself closer to the town front. Mr. Kinglake's explanation is that Pélissier felt it necessary to establish the ascendency of the besiegers—so frequently challenged with success under Canrobert—along the whole front. Moreover, we may conjecture that the fiery Frenchman was galled by the audacity of the Russians in this part of the theatre of operations, and that temper had something to do with his resolve.

Simultaneously with this attack of the Cemetery Ridge, Pélissier and Lord Raglan fitted out an expedition to Kertch. Niel opposed the design, but his counsel was unheeded. On this he sent in a formal remonstrance in writing against not only the expedition to Kertch, but also against the refusal to sanction field operations. This remonstrance only made Pélissier more resolute, and he at once telegraphed to the Minister of War, saying that the march of two columns—one from Baidar on Bagtchi Serai, and the other from Aloushta on Simferopol—was full of risks and difficulties. The direct attack on the Mackenzie heights would, he asserted, be as costly as the assault of Sebastopol, and the result uncertain. He added that he had concerted with Lord Raglan for capturing the Russian counter-approaches, for the occupation of the valley of Balaklava down to the Tchernaya, and for an expedition to Kertch, winding up by saying that the movements were already in progress. On May 23 the Emperor sent to Pélissier a telegram, in which occurred the following passage: 'I have confidence in you, and do not 'pretend to command the army from hence. Still, I must 'tell you my opinion, and you must respect it. It is abso'lutely necessary to make a great effort and beat the Russian 'army, in order to invest the place.' He then went on to give strategic advice, and condemned the expedition to Kertch as a violation of sound principles. On the 24th the Emperor wrote to Pélissier, laying down the course to be adopted: 1st, defeat of Russian army and investment of Sebastopol; 2nd, capture of Sebastopol; 3rd, evacuation of Crimea, after

destroying the fortifications of Sebastopol, or the leaving a garrison of Turks. The choice of means he leaves to Pélissier, 'but as for the general course of action, you must 'follow the precise orders that I give you.' With extravagant arrogance he calls upon his general to 'force Lord Raglan 'to help you!' Pélissier replied by a telegram to the Minister of War, saying that a strategic discussion by telegraph was impossible, and that if he had not carried out the Emperor's plan it was because it was not 'possible to do so immediately 'without danger.' The Emperor thereupon sent off the following furious telegram:—

'It is no question of discussion between us, but of orders to give or to receive. I did not say to you, "Execute my plan." I said, "Your "plan does not seem to me to be adequate. It is an absolute necessity "to invest the place without loss of time. Tell me what means you "will employ to obtain the object."'

Fierce-tempered as Pélissier was, he could when necessary write calmly, and in his reply, addressed as usual to the Minister of War, to the imperious message above given, he referred to the arguments he had used in his letter to Canrobert, and added: 'My first duty was to restore that 'understanding [with the English] which had been greatly 'compromised. I have completely restored it. I can't specify 'future operations without exposing myself to the risk of 'having my words falsified by the course of events. Be 'trustful. Let His Majesty also deign to be the same.'

Pélissier had not only to evade compliance with the mischievous orders of his sovereign, but he had also to relegate that sovereign's secret emissary, Niel, to his proper position of commanding engineer. This he did without loss of time or any delicacy. Niel writes piteously on the subject, complaining that at a conference at which English officers were present Pélissier had ordered him with extreme harshness to be silent because he had spoken 'of the dangers attendant 'upon vigorous actions attempted by great masses at great 'distances.' This observation evidently referred to the Kertch expedition. He likewise mentioned that another general had at another meeting been 'grossly ill-treated' for 'making a perfectly innocent observation.' 'Here is now a 'man who is going to become a raging madman. . . . The 'English have drawn him, Pélissier, to them, and he has 'adopted their system of war . . . which consists in pushing 'straight forward from the old positions.' Niel also mentions that Pélissier was angry with him for writing to the Emperor; and it is evident that he had completely lost all

weight. Mr. Kinglake, however, is of opinion that the mischief which he had caused was not due to servility to his sovereign, but to his own honest conviction that the investment of Sebastopol was indispensable. His conviction may have been honest, but it is impossible to call his conduct honest, for he sought to carry his point by becoming an accomplice with the Emperor in proceedings disloyal alike to the English, to Canrobert, and to the whole French army.

Marshal Vaillant, the then Minister of War, who had firm confidence in Pélissier, did his best to soothe the Emperor and to establish a good understanding between him and Pélissier. He, however, could do little. 'Each, Emperor and general alike, 'asserted his strongly fixed will with so great a precision 'that the antagonism between the two men became, and 'remained, clear as day.'

Pélissier did not confine himself to opposing the Emperor with his pen. On May 25 a combined force of all the armies, including two French divisions under Canrobert and the newly arrived Sardinians, took up a position on the left bank of the Tchernaya, extending from the right rear of the Inkerman battle-field to beyond Tractir Bridge. The Kertch expedition was also allowed to proceed. This episode in the war was brilliant, though it did not cost the allies a single life, and was thoroughly successful. The results are thus summed up by Mr. Kinglake:—

'The easy, untroubled invasion of the Kertchine Peninsula, the seizure of all the ground needed for the object in hand, the coercion that forced the enemy to destroy his whole chain of coast batteries, and burn down vessel by vessel, his war squadron formed and assembled to guard those precious waters of Kertch, the opening of the famous straits of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, the armed occupation of the Sea of Azof, excluding all other flags, the hand of authority laid on the shores of every province of Russia that bordered on what until then had been a closed Russian lake, the enforced withdrawal of Russia from Soudjak-Kalé, from Anapa (the last of the strongholds she owned on the south of the Kouban), her immediate abandonment of the whole of the Circassian coast, the infliction besides on the Czar of such minor forfeitures as that of some 340 pieces of ordnance, of nearly 500 vessels engaged in the great commissariat tasks, and of supplies in enormous quantities, all amassed for his army engaged in the Sebastopol theatre of war—these, indeed, one may say, were results which, if purchased by battles and victories, might well have seemed more than sufficient to compensate serious losses; and yet the whole string of conquests scarce cost the allies any sacrifice, did not cost them even one single life.'

Notwithstanding the unvarying success of the expedition,

the Emperor was not appeased, and to show his anger sent out an order in regard to one detail to which Pélissier practically paid no attention whatever.

Returning to Sebastopol we find Pélissier and Lord Raglan preparing for an attempt to capture the White redoubts, the Mamelon, and the Quarries—the latter falling to the English. Pélissier telegraphed his intention to Paris. It had scarcely left on June 5 when there arrived from the Emperor a telegram, which among other sentences contained this one: 'I give you the positive order to abstain from 'throwing your strength into the business of the siege before 'having invested the place.' Pélissier nevertheless went on with his arrangements as if he had not received this clear and unmistakeable command.

The plan was to commence with a bombardment. This commenced at 3 P.M. on June 6, fire being opened against most of the works which defended the Karabelnaia. The third bombardment was carried on with vigour that afternoon, throughout the night only vertical fire was employed, and soon with greater and greater power the artillery of the attack asserted its superiority over that of the defence. At 6.30 P.M. the stormers advanced against the White redoubts and the Mamelon, both sets of works being carried, as was also the Mamelon. The French were by a vigorous counter-attack driven out of the latter; but, again advancing, recaptured it at 7.30 P.M., and retained it. The loss of the French in these achievements was about 5,500 men.

The English were to carry the Quarries as soon as the French had gained possession of the Mamelon. When, therefore, General Bosquet's troops entered the Mamelon the first time, our troops sprang forward under Colonel Shirley, the actual stormers being commanded by Colonel Robert Campbell, of the 90th Regiment. The onset was made without firing a shot, and soon the Russians were driven from every part of the works. Several resolute efforts were made at recapture, but they were all valiantly baffled by our troops, and by morning the prize had been put into a fair state of defence. Our loss was 671, that of the French was, as we have seen, about 5,500, while the Russian casualties numbered 5,000.

The Queen expressed with customary grace, feeling, and promptness her thanks to the British army; but Pélissier had to wait for thanks from the Emperor, who said in his communication: 'I admire the courage of the troops, but 'observe that a pitched battle disposing of the fate of the

'Crimea would not have cost more men. I insist, then, on 'the order I have caused to be given you by the Minister of 'War, to lend all your efforts to the object of resolutely 'taking the field.' According to Mr. Kinglake, Pélissier in his letters to the Minister of War had, though sometimes savage, been at other times adroit and evasive. Now, however, his temper could stand his treatment no longer. In answering, on June 16, the Emperor's letter of June 14—

'He stood fiercely at bay. He told the Emperor plainly that the execution of his orders was "impossible;" declared that those orders subjected him to the alternative of either resisting authority or dishonouring himself by obeying it, and prayed that by his Majesty's orders he might be either set free from the narrow limits assigned him or allowed to resign the command—a command he described as one "impossible to exercise in concert with our loyal allies, at the some-"times paralysing extremity of an electric wire."'

Not till June 18 did Pélissier receive a reply to this letter, a reply couched, as Mr. Kinglake expresses it, 'in dubious, 'weak, clashing words.' Louis Napoleon said: 'Certainly I 'have confidence in you. . . . If the instructions of June 14 'are too absolute, modify them,' and then went on to harp on his old design. When this telegram arrived 'the bom-'bardment of June 17 had been raging for several hours.' The result of this conflict with the Emperor's will, according to Mr. Kinglake's conjecture, must have warped his judgement.

'It was during this interposed period of no more at the most than eight days that Pélissier's mind underwent three ill-omened changes of purpose, and impelled him besides, in one instance, to tear himself loose from the bands of concerted action with a recklessness and haste not excused by any sound warlike reason, or even any reason at all.'

On June 10 a plan was formed for the assault, which was to include the town front, but Pélissier afterwards determined to omit the assault on the Flagstaff Bastion, though the besiegers had sapped up to within a few yards of it. This work was the key of the defence, and the enemy dreaded an attack on it above all, but Pélissier feared that the victorious troops after capturing it would enter the town and run riot. He resolved, therefore, despite the opinions not only of Lord Raglan, but of several French generals, including General Niel, to confine the assault to the Karabelnaia. This decision was the less justified because the Karabelnaia defences were several hundreds of yards from the allied trenches, and the capture of the Malakhoff would not bring about such an immediate result as the fall of the Flagstaff Bastion.

Moreover, if it were only as a diversion, the Flagstaff Bastion ought to have been assaulted. Pélissier's next mistake was to quarrel with Bosquet, commanding the troops opposed to the Karabelnaia, because he did not agree with the Commander-in-Chief as to the advisability of attacking the suburb before sapping close up to it. The result was Bosquet's transfer to the command of the troops on the Tchernaya.

The bombardment, we have seen, was commenced on June 17, and before sunset the Flagstaff Bastion and the works to the west of it had been sorely damaged, while the works defending the Karabelnaia 'were reduced to a nearly help- 'less state.' On the morning of the 17th Pélissier had come to Lord Raglan's quarters and informed him that at daylight the next morning his batteries would open again in order to destroy any repairs made by the enemy during the night. At the end of two hours' firing the assault was to be delivered. Lord Raglan agreed that his batteries should also reopen at daylight, but reserved for himself the decision as to the time at which the English attack should be made. On the evening of the 17th Pélissier, whether deceived by some spy or returned prisoner as to the helpless state of the Russian defences, or carried away by the exultant confidence of the troops, decided that he would deliver the assault at daybreak without a preliminary artillery fire. He formed this resolve without consulting with Lord Raglan, and merely announced it to him as a definite decision founded on incontestable reasons. Lord Raglan, with rare magnanimity, ignored the slight to himself, and, feeling that at such a late hour representations and arguments would be alike useless and dangerous, determined to act in conformity with his French colleague's designs.

The Russians meanwhile, conjecturing from the bombardment that an assault was imminent, and seeing also in the clear midsummer night the movement of large bodies of troops to the trenches, toiled unceasingly at the task of repairing their defences. Among other measures Todleben planted some field guns *en barbette* on the ramparts of the Malakhoff, guns which played no small part in the coming contest. We all know how the anniversary of Waterloo ended. The fatal error of Pélissier in assaulting without a preliminary two hours' fire had the consequences which might have been expected. General Mayran, commanding one of the three storming divisions, mistaking a shell from the Mamelon for the signal rocket, began his attack prematurely.

Pélissier, having mounted late and ridden slowly, did not reach his station till some time after Mayran's advance. He then ordered the rocket to be sent up which set in motion the other troops. A battalion of Chasseurs managed to carry the curtain near the foot of the dockyard ravine and pushed on into the town, while a detachment of eighty Engineers entered the Gervais battery and driving out a battalion held possession. For want of supports, however, which Pélissier ought to have sent on, both these gallant bodies, after a prolonged and obstinate resistance, were driven out again with some loss, and between 7 and 8 A.M. the struggle, as far as the French were concerned, came to an end.

Meanwhile the English had been doing their best. Lord Raglan, in a private letter to Lord Panmure, said:—

> 'I always guarded myself from being tied down to attack at the same moment as the French, and I felt that I ought to have some hope of their success before I committed our troops; but when I saw how stoutly they were opposed, I considered it was my duty to assist them by attacking myself. . . . Of this I am quite certain, that if the troops had remained in our trenches the French would have attributed their non-success to our refusal to participate in the operation.'

There can be no doubt that had he not given way to this chivalrous feeling and diplomatic reason and had opened fire for even an hour before storming the Redan, he would, as Mr. Kinglake points out, have really best helped the French. It is equally certain that he was wise in declining to undertake to attack before the French had gained some success, for a glance at the map, and, better still, a glance at the ground, will convince anyone that the fall of the Malakhoff must have carried with it the evacuation by the Russians of the Redan. The British force attempting the storm of the Redan had to pass over a zone of almost level ground between 400 and 600 yards broad. Naturally our men were swept away by the fearful fire of musketry and shot, shell and grape, to which they were exposed. A few, indeed, survived to reach the abattis on the glacis, which abattis had hardly been injured by our fire, but they could do nothing but lie down and fire at the Russians standing on the parapet and wait for reinforcements. The latter never came; indeed they would only have added to the slaughter without increasing the prospect of success, and soon the gallant handful were ordered by the officer commanding them to retire to the trenches. On the ground skirting the town of Sebastopol itself was obtained the only success of the day. With a

brigade of 2,000 men General Eyre attacked and carried the cemetery where he established himself. Some detachments even made their way into houses, which they occupied—some on the right, some in front, some under the Garden battery. The gain did not, however, compensate for the loss, which amounted to more than a fourth of the force engaged. The total losses on this day were—Russian, 1,500; French, 3,500; English, 1,505.

Todleben's comment on Pélissier's failure is 'that he 'attempted what (after the repairs effected at night) was 'virtually impossible, and omitted to do what was perfectly 'feasible, that is, to attack the town front.' With regard to our own people the eminent Russian engineer officer asserts that 'they attempted the enterprise with troops too 'scanty in number.' But, as Mr. Kinglake justly remarks, more troops meant more slaughter without greater chances of success.

'Standing with me years afterwards on the site of the Malakhoff, he pointed out to me the lines of the Redan, and showed that, so long as the Malakhoff batteries were exerting their power, troops assailing the Redan could not live.'

This coincides, in effect, with our own opinion—an opinion formed immediately after the fall of Sebastopol—that it was useless to attack the Redan till after the fall of the Malakhoff, seeing that the capture of the latter involved the abandonment of the former.

Pélissier, who had doubtless committed grave mistakes both before and on June 18, seemed, after the failure on that day, to have recovered his judgement. He reinstated Bosquet in his former command, and further frankly adopted his able lieutenant's counsel to sap close up to the enceinte before making another attempt at carrying the works by storm. The Emperor was only too glad to take advantage of Pélissier's errors to avenge on his insubordinate lieutenant the latter's scorn and disregard of the amateur plans sent from the Tuileries. He first 'harshly demanded, with 'a dry, grave reserve, explanations and full plain accounts 'from the baffled yet still proud commander.' He even went so far as to order Marshal Vaillant to dismiss Pélissier and replace him by Niel.

'Marshal Vaillant did so far obey as to despatch a letter to Pélissier in the terms commanded by the Emperor; but instead of sending it by telegraph, as he had been ordered to do, he committed it to the railway, thus gaining a good deal of time for the object on which he was bent. Then, supported by General Fleury, he persuaded the

Emperor to revoke his decision, and did this so quickly as to be able to stop at Marseilles the further flight of the letter he had sent off by mail to Pélissier.'

Lord Raglan was naturally much depressed by the failure of June 18, and the heavy losses to little purpose which the English army had suffered. He was also much affected by the death of General Estcourt on June 23. The mental worry which he had undergone from the very outset of the campaign had likewise told on him. So greatly indeed had it affected his bodily health that an officer of the Guards who visited him on business shortly after the failure of the assault on the Redan said to an officer of the headquarters staff: 'Do you not see the change in Lord Raglan? Good 'God! he is a dying man.' Though feeling unwell, he bore up, however, to the last, and on the 23rd he wrote to Lord Panmure four despatches besides a long private letter, and in addition visited the troops in the front, inspected the hospitals, and did much of the dying Adjutant-General's work. On the 24th he wrote to Pélissier twice, and arranged for a meeting with him on that day. On the 25th he corresponded at length with the Secretary of War. His actual illness, therefore, seemed for the moment to have passed away.

A few sentences will describe Lord Raglan's last connexion with the siege. Under the form of a memorandum prepared for his own use by our Chief Engineer, but forwarded to Niel on the 21st, he suggested several changes in the plan of operations. The memorandum proposed that the scheme for the taking of Sebastopol should be examined anew, and urged that the French should resume their old design of thrusting hard at the town front of Sebastopol. The memorandum went on to say: 'As an attack upon the Redan must be 'considered as abandoned, it remains to be decided what 'shall be the active part that the British troops shall take in 'the forthcoming operations.' Mr. Kinglake is of opinion that 'what Lord Raglan desired and meant to press home on 'Pélissier was only an engagement providing that if the 'English chief should consent to go on as before with his 'measures against the Redan, the French on their part would 'assault the town front, and in particular the Flagstaff Bas-'tion.' We do not ourselves see why a hidden meaning should be sought for in a very plain passage. Lord Raglan was particularly averse to anything but plain dealing, and we feel convinced that through his Chief Engineer he said just what he meant, neither more nor less. He had moreover sound engineering reasons for wishing to abandon an attack on the

Redan. The soil between that work and our trenches was for the most part rock covered with but a thin coating of soil. Consequently it was almost hopeless to try and sap up, or even near, to the counterscarp. Pélissier, for good reasons and taught by experience, had resolved that he should not assault till their approaches were close to the enceinte; why, therefore, should the English incur a greater risk than their ally? But why linger on a question with which Lord Raglan was destined to have no personal concern? He had apparently recovered from the slight indisposition mentioned above. On the 26th, however, before completing his correspondence for the day, he felt unwell. His medical attendant, Dr. Prendergast, advised him to lie down. That evening he did not appear at dinner. The next day he was no better. A slight improvement was thought to have taken place on the morning of the 28th. At 3.30 P.M. that day his servant hastily summoned Dr. Prendergast, who found his patient worse, and an hour later it became evident that he was sinking. About sunset his spirit fled.

A few concluding words respecting his character and conduct as commander-in-chief may fittingly close this article. Mr. Kinglake was entrusted by Lord Raglan's family with his correspondence with a view to writing that which under the title of a history was intended to be really a justification of Lord Raglan. To know Lord Raglan, to be brought into contact with him even posthumously and through his papers, was to love him. And he deserved love, for he was fearless, honest, unselfish, thoughtful of others, thorough-bred, and with a marvellous fascination of manner. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Kinglake has in great measure wandered from the path of the historian into that of the eulogist. Eulogy, however, is not a disproof of accusations, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Kinglake should have too often met charges with a general denial and a sort of haughty appeal to character. Again, it is a little wearisome to find Lord Raglan, in the part of the spirit of good, being continually contrasted with Louis Napoleon in the character of evil. All that was wise and judicious in the conduct of the campaign did not invariably proceed from Lord Raglan, neither was every mistake to be traced more or less directly to the Emperor of the French. Lord Raglan, like his former glorious chief, the great Duke of Wellington, was the victim of much scurrilous abuse in the press, and of much shameful slander in the House of Commons, and the public were at one time in a very ill humour with him. The

Chelsea Board of General Officers, however, acquitted him, and public opinion has since done him justice. It has in fact put him in his proper place. He was a noble character, he was a brave experienced soldier, he was well skilled in his profession; above all he possessed great tact, temper, and diplomatic ability. He has been reproached for being too much of a desk man, but he was ever ready to exchange the desk for the saddle whenever action was called for. Besides, as his functions were as much those of a diplomatist as of a soldier, he necessarily had to deal daily with a vast mass of correspondence, which was of too delicate and difficult a kind to be handed over to any subordinate. Activity indeed! his activity contrasted very favourably with that of Pélissier, who ever preferred a carriage to a horse. That he did not advertise, by a showy costume and a brilliant escort, his almost daily visits to the troops and the hospitals, is perhaps the cause that he was accused of neglecting this essential duty of a commander in the field. Lord Raglan erred in this absence of show, but he had been brought up in a school of almost Spartan simplicity, and ostentation has always been considered vulgar by well-bred English gentlemen. He was not wanting in enterprise; witness his anxiety to follow up the enemy after the Alma, his eagerness to attack the north fort, his venturesome, not to say rash, flank march, his desire to assault Sebastopol immediately on reaching the plateau, and his eagerness to push on the siege subsequently. Strangely enough in every case of inaction it was the phlegmatic Briton who wished to act and the fiery Gaul who would not allow him to do so. As a whole it was a most unsatisfactory campaign, and Lord Raglan was placed throughout in a false position. He had to command an aggregate of battalions, batteries, and squadrons without previous organisation in large bodies, and without the thousand and one concomitant materials required for making an army. The military system, especially that part of it which related to the obtaining supplies, was cumbrous, obsolete, and inefficient. The expedition was despatched to the Crimea too late, and insufficiently provided. It was under the circumstances only fitted for a *coup de main*, yet it proceeded to a formal siege with all the deliberation of an Austrian army of the last century. The English army was called upon, in pursuance of this plan, to undertake work beyond its powers. To commence a siege without first investing the place was to sin against both common sense and experience. Lord Raglan had for his colleague first St. Arnaud the tricky;

then Canrobert, personally honest, but under pressure of the Emperor compelled to be an accomplice in his sovereign's disloyalty; and finally with Pélissier, who, firm and loyal to Lord Raglan as possible, suffered under the harassing treatment to which he was subjected by Louis Napoleon, and became therefore at times impracticable. Under any circumstances the French army so largely outnumbered ours, that the course of events was necessarily swayed by them. Indeed, they would have been more swayed had it not been that the personal character of Lord Raglan to a certain extent corrected the inequality. An inequality, however, remained, and it was owing to this fact that Lord Raglan was so frequently obliged either to surrender his own better judgement or to endanger the alliance, and those only who have served in the Crimea know how hollow a thing the *entente cordiale* between the two armies was, and how the merest trifle would have caused even the semblance of it to disappear. That Lord Raglan under so many disappointments, such numerous difficulties, kept the alliance intact is in itself no small claim to the gratitude and respect of his countrymen. The great charge against him is that he did not from the very first devote every effort to the construction of a road from Balaklava to the front. The Chelsea Board of General Officers gave it as their opinion that the men for that purpose were absolutely wanting. Besides, the idea of a winter campaign had never been entertained, and but for the unwillingness of the French to assault Sebastopol on our first arrival, no winter campaign would have been necessary. Possibly a Napoleon, a Hannibal, or a Cæsar would have foreseen the possibility that a road might be wanted, and would have insisted that the French should set free a sufficient number of our troops to construct it. But then the alliance would have been endangered. On the whole we think that Mr. Kinglake has been fairly successful in his justification, but he has by no means succeeded in proving that Lord Raglan was what is generally understood to be a great man.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Works of John Ruskin, LL.D.* (New Edition.) London: 1871–1887.

2. *The Stones of Venice.* By JOHN RUSKIN; with Illustrations drawn by the Author. (Fourth Edition.) Orpington: 1885.

3. *Arrows of the Chace.* A Collection of Letters by JOHN RUSKIN. Orpington: 1880.

4. *Præterita.* By JOHN RUSKIN. Orpington: 1885.

5. *Hortus Inclusus.* Letters to Two Ladies. By JOHN RUSKIN. Orpington: 1887.

IT is now rather more than thirty years since we expressed, in no indecisive language, our judgement on the nature and value of the artistic gospel according to Ruskin.* The third volume of 'Modern Painters' had then just made its appearance, and set everyone by the ears; and the mission of the new critic had been further illustrated by the work on 'The Stones of Venice' which appeared in 1851–3 (and which was also considered in our pages under the heading 'Sources of Expression in Architecture')†; by the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' the short essay in defence of 'Præ-Raphaelitism' (really little more than an extra sermon on Turner), the 'Lectures on Architecture and 'Painting,' and the minor demonstrations on 'Sheepfolds' and on the sins and shortcomings of Academical painters, as detailed in that singular medley of acuteness and paradox, vanity and puerile petulance, called 'Notes on the Royal 'Academy.'

Much has been written since then; of the making of many books by and upon Mr. Ruskin there has been indeed no end; and we have lived to see the 'Oxford Graduate' run after by crowds of worshippers, emulating each other in adulation of their oracle, and ready to revile in good set terms whosoever should question his right and capacity to stand as an unimpeachable authority on most things human and divine. We may wonder, considering the variety of subjects on which he has found it necessary to publish his opinion, that 'Signor Benedick will still be talking;' but we cannot echo Beatrice's tart conclusion, 'No one marks you.' The learned world, indeed, says nothing to Mr. Ruskin's paradoxes; but

* See Edinburgh Review for April, 1856: 'Ruskinism.'
† Edinburgh Review, October, 1851.

the learned world is, to all appearance, in a hopeless and unfashionable minority. We say advisedly, to all appearance, for we know not that the Ruskinian following is in reality quite as numerous as the elect would have us believe. The disciples of this master are not of those who are content merely to wonder with a foolish face of praise; they cry out in the streets with a clamour possibly disproportionate to their actual numbers. They have assembled themselves in the very seats of learning (or what should be so esteemed), flanked by delegates from evening papers, to hear their prophet discourse in tropes marshalled under some paradoxical and half-intelligible heading—'so we seem 'to understand each other, 'tis well enough;' and they have collected all his letters to the daily papers (that 'last infirmity') in volumes with unnecessarily wide margins. In short, Mr. Ruskin has become the centre of a sect, and a name to conjure with in newspapers; feminine adorers (of both sexes) flutter gently round him, and coo to him in cadences of sweetest sympathy. Our judgement was that of a majority in 1856; it is possibly that of a minority now; but, so far from finding occasion to modify it (save in regard to some minor details), we can only regard the wider prevalence of the Ruskinian cult, and the greater extent of subjects with which it has intermeddled, as a call for a renewed demonstration of the inherently superficial nature of much, at least, of its artistic and social philosophy.

In the volume of recollections of his early life, recently published (or at least printed) under the title of 'Præterita,' Mr. Ruskin complacently remarks on the early development in him of the intellectual characteristics which led Mazzini, he tells us, to remark in later years that he 'had the most 'analytic mind in Europe.' Mazzini himself was hardly the man to whom one would look for a judicious critical analysis of character; at all events, we must reject the diagnosis in this case. It is rhetoric, and not analysis, that has been the matter with Mr. Ruskin all his life; and this view of the disease in itself goes far to explain the acceptance which he has met with from so many of the present generation. Rhetoric implies a continual effort at a *curiosa felicitas*; or in plain Saxon it may be defined as 'a way of putting things;' and the present is a generation of exceedingly rhetorical tastes. A great deal of the effectiveness of Mr. Browning's writing consists in a picturesque or startling way of putting things, and it constitutes the main interest in the curiously elaborated literary mosaic of Mr. George Meredith's novels. But of

Mr. Ruskin it may be said, in one sense at least, that he is nothing if not rhetorical. He has ideas, indeed, which would be worth something without their veil of rhetoric, if he could only bring himself to exhibit them in unadorned simplicity; but he is so enamoured of rhetorical flourish, that while on the one hand he cannot present a real truth without tricking it out in spangles, on the other hand he is led away, and unfortunately leads others away, into regarding the mere spangles and sparkles of the rhetorical veil as in themselves sufficient evidence of a body of truth within. Time and experience have given him no insight into this fatal fallacy; it is as rife in his latest as in his earliest utterances. No more flagrant example of it, though in reference to a comparatively trifling matter, could be cited than one with which he presented his audience amid the grotesque intellectual antics of his Oxford lectures in 1884. Looking at a cast of a Greek female head, in the schools before the lecture, with the fringe of hair cut into conventional sculpturesque zigzags on the edge over the forehead, a friend who was with him had remarked, 'Why, there is the chopped 'Norman arch,' meaning the well-known zigzag Norman ornament. 'And so it was,' said the lecturer, gravely presenting this piece of artistic history to his hearers; 'and I 'had never noticed it before.' It is scarcely possible that he should have been so ignorant of the history and developement of artificial forms of zigzag ornament as seriously to suppose that there could be any connexion between the one artistic incident and the other; if he was, he was perfectly incompetent to speak on the history of ornament at all: he might as well have traced a connexion between a curl of hair and the scroll of the Ionic capital. But it served as a 'point' to draw the applause of an audience who were prepared to swallow anything he gave them: and whether true or false made no matter. This is only a typical example of the fallacious ingenuity of wordplaying which more or less vitiates the whole body of Mr. Ruskin's voluminous prophesying, and which is so rampant in his artistic criticism that there is scarcely any important thesis or axiom on art laid down in any portion of his works which could not be plausibly, or even positively, contradicted from some other passage in them.

This vice it is which entirely saps the value and destroys the future chances of the work which is his most remarkable and in some sense most coherent production, the five volumes known under the rather misleading title

of 'Modern Painters.' This, it may perhaps be said, is ancient history now; but it is worth while even at this time of day to endeavour to define its true value, seeing that it is still regarded as a book to conjure with, and to be studied with reverence by the younger generation; and though in the preface to the new edition of his works the author professed to regard much of this book and of the 'Stones of Venice' as *passé* and not worth republishing, since then he has apparently changed his mind, for the 'Stones of Venice' has after all been projected from Orpington in its entirety, in larger and ampler volumes, and with all its old unscientific paradoxes and rhetorical fireworks in as full flare as ever; and we have had hints that a similar resurrection of 'Modern Painters' may be impending: parts of it have already been reprinted in more or less fragmentary forms. In view of which threatened infliction, let us take time by the forelock, and consider what is the value of this work as a whole, whether as an existing classic (for so many persons seem to regard it), or as possibly hanging over us in the form of a new edition.

The worst charge that in a literary sense can be brought against any book can at all events not be made against this one. No one can say that it is not interesting, and perhaps no prose writer in our language could lay better claim than Mr. Ruskin to the eulogy once passed on Carlyle, that he 'never wrote a dull line.' The matter of the book should be as interesting as the manner, professing as it does to elucidate the philosophy and practice, the meaning and the methods of so glorious an art as landscape painting, and combining with this a long and eloquent dissertation on the works of one modern painter who was, without any kind of question, the greatest landscape painter that ever lived; and all this interspersed with descriptions of nature and natural phenomena which are often magical in their vivid and picturesque realism. No wonder that such a book should have found many thousands of delighted readers, and that its votaries should be ready to resent as sacrilege any suggestion that it is as fallacious in much of its teaching as, with all its beauty of diction, it is dogmatic and egotistical in its pretensions.

Of the latter charge against the author it is hardly necessary to say anything, for he has left no one anything to say. The spectacle of abnormal vanity and self-complacency presented to us throughout the whole course of his writings, whether in the shape of treatises, lectures, or letters to

newspapers; his assumption that he only has any perception of the truth about artistic and social questions, and that the rest of the world lieth in wickedness, which is as offensively prominent in his latest as in his earliest writings, is a curious phenomenon in itself; and still more curious is the extent to which this claim to dictate and dogmatise to the world, which is really a kind of public impertinence, has been accepted and admitted by that large section of the public who are ready to save themselves the trouble of forming any opinion of their own, by taking a man at his own estimate of himself; who will accept any one as a teacher who imposes himself upon them with a sufficient show of authority; gives them, in default of any ideas of their own, the word of a master to swear by; dins into their ears that they are in a deplorable condition, and that they can enjoy the luxury of being delivered from it if they will listen to him. As Selden said of another class of pulpiteers, 'To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to become 'popular. We love a man who damns us, and we run after 'him again to save us.' Our own feeling on this aspect of Mr. Ruskin's intellectual personality may be summed up in the words of Mrs. Quickly: we 'can't abide swaggerers.' But to come to the question of the value of the book in itself, apart from its manner. 'Modern Painters' is professedly an analysis of the objects and ends of landscape art, of the structure and appearances of nature, and the spirit in which she should be observed and reproduced by the artist. It is a corpus of critical analysis of a great subject by 'the 'most analytic mind in Europe' (let us not forget that); and if it is not that, it is nothing whatever but tall talk. In such a work, eloquent passages of declamation, however pleasant to read as bits of prose-poetry, are all moonshine unless they are the mere decoration of truths and conclusions based on sound logical analysis. Beautiful writing, picturesque word-painting, is a pleasure in its way; but, like 'Paradise Lost,' it proves nothing. Mr. Ruskin seems to have had some confused perception of this himself, since in the preface to his third volume he took the trouble to assure his readers that he was infallible, and to support the statement in a manner rather more characteristic than he was aware of. There were laws of truth and right in painting 'just as fixed as those of harmony in music, or of affinity in 'chemistry,' and which were ascertainable by labour.

'It is as ridiculous for any one to speak positively about painting who has not given a great part of his life to its study as it would be

for a person who had never studied chemistry to give a lecture on affinities of elements.'

So far, and in a certain sense, that is true enough; and it is to be wished that many people who think that opinion about painting is a mere matter of fancy or fashion, apart from serious study, had an inkling of the worthlessness of their likings and dislikings in art. But we proceed:—

'But it is also as ridiculous for a person to speak hesitatingly about laws of painting who has conscientiously given his time to their ascertainment as it would be for Mr. Faraday to announce in a dubious manner that iron had an affinity for oxygen, and to put the question to the vote of his audience whether it had or not.'

This latter sentence, coupled with the first one quoted above, constitutes one of the most audacious fallacies that was ever thrown out for the mystification of fools. As it stands in all its crudeness in the later as well as in the earlier editions of the book, we must presume that its author still adopts it. Of a writer who could deliberately put forth such a statement almost as the basis of his claim to speak, only one of two opinions can be formed. If he was aware of its fallacy, he was juggling with words and telling the public a falsehood; if he was not aware, and really believed what he said, he showed himself utterly incompetent to reason from premisses, or to distinguish between one class of mental operations and another. For those who have any capacity of logical thought at all, such nonsense would be beneath refutation; but as these remarks may be read by some of the spirits in prison, it is as well to endeavour to explain to them the real significance of this deliverance of their oracle. As far as the method of stating the argument goes, the fallacy consists in the use of an 'ambiguous middle term,' the use of the same word in two different senses, as if it had only one meaning. The passages just quoted involve a false syllogism, arising out of the ambiguous use of the expression 'fixed law.' There are laws of truth and right in painting which may in a sense be said to be as 'fixed' as those of affinity in chemistry, but they are not 'fixed' in the same sense or by a similar process of reasoning. The confusion is between a law fixed by general consensus and agreement as to what is best, and a law determined by unalterable physical conditions. Thus it is a very fixed law among all civilised and right-minded people, that you should not commit theft. It is also a fixed law that the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right

angles. No clear-headed and right-minded man would question the one conclusion more than the other; but would the most simple-minded reader regard them as laws that are 'fixed' in anything like the same sense? The one rests on a consensus of moral judgement; the other is a geometrical fact. You can commit theft if you choose; you cannot alter the relations of the angles of a triangle. Yet the confusion of these two classes of facts would not be more absurd than the one which Mr. Ruskin has for thirty years been imposing on the readers of his principal work. What he chooses to call fixed laws of painting, so far as they are fixed, are so only by a general consent as to æsthetic propriety, just as the condemnation of adultery is fixed by a general consent as to moral propriety. The laws of harmonic proportion in music and of affinity in chemistry are, like the relation of the triangle to the right angle, physical facts, which no one can alter. The only laws in painting which are 'fixed' in the same sense are those relating to perspective, the treatment of which can be mathematically demonstrated to be correct or incorrect.* Mr. Ruskin's syllogism would stand thus: 'Subjects governed by laws are capable of dogmatic treat-'ment: painting is governed by laws; *ergo*, painting is a 'subject capable of dogmatic treatment.' In the first term of the syllogism the word 'law' stands for 'ascertainable 'physical facts'; in the second term it stands for 'habits or 'rules dictated by a sense of æsthetic propriety,' so that the third term is merely an assertion in the air, having no basis whatever. This is bad enough in itself; for be it remembered that this so-called argument is advanced as a statement of the author's right to lecture his readers: art is governed by laws which can be ascertained by labour; Mr. Ruskin has so ascertained them: *ergo*, Mr. Ruskin's word is law. But turn to some other pages of the same work. Look, for instance, at page 90 of volume iii.

'I have seen much of different kinds of artists, and I have always found the knowledge of and attention to rules so *accurately* in the inverse ratio to the power of the painter that I have myself no doubt that the law is constant, and that men's smallness may be trigonometrically estimated by the attention which in their work they pay to principles, especially principles of composition. The general way in

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* The ratios of colour-vibrations of course theoretically come under the same head of scientific fact, but the study of this branch of science can hardly be said to have practically affected painting as yet, nor does Mr. Ruskin take it into account in his critique of painting.

which the great men speak is of "*trying* to do" this or that, just as a child would tell of something he had seen and could not utter. Thus, in speaking of the drawing of which I have given an etching further on (a scene on the St. Gothard), Turner asked if I had been to see "that litter of stones which I *endeavoured* to represent"; and William Hunt, when I asked him one day as he was painting, why he put on such and such a colour, answered, "I do not know; I am just *aiming* "at it." And Turner, and he, and all the other men I have known who could paint, always spoke, and speak, in the same way, not in any selfish restraint of their knowledge, but in pure simplicity. While all the men whom I know, who *cannot* paint, are ready with admirable reasons for everything they have done, and can show in the most conclusive way that Turner is wrong, and how he might be improved.'

All this is very well put, and we have no doubt it is quite true, just as one of the greatest living painters welcomed a friend the other day to his studio, with a quiet smile—'Well, here you find me still, trying to paint a little!' But what becomes of the grandiloquent statement about the 'fixed laws' of painting in the preface? or what are we to think of our infallible teacher, who tells us in 'Modern 'Painters' that one rule in art, at all events, 'has no exception'—'all great art is delicate art, and all coarse art 'is bad art;' and in the essay on 'Præ-Raphaelitism,' that 'there is a great truth lurking in that common desire of 'men to see things done in what they call a "masterly," or '"bold," or "broad" manner. . . . I only wish people understood this much of sculpture, as well as of painting, and 'could see that the finely finished statue is, in ninety-nine 'cases out of a hundred, a far more vulgar work than that 'which shows rough signs of the right hand laid to the 'workman's hammer'? What can we say to this, except that in each case there was the temptation to make a point, to catch the reader's attention, with no regard to truth or principle of any kind? And what are we to say to the incomprehensible effrontery of the same writer's assertion *—

'Of one thing the reader may be satisfied, that any error I may fall into will not be on an illogical deduction. I may mistake the meaning of a symbol, or the angle of a rock-cleavage, but not draw an inconsequent inconclusion. I state this because it has often been said that I am not logical, by persons who do not know what logic means.'

This assumption that *he* is to be the judge whether he is logical or not, and not those who read his works, is worthy of the puerile arrogance and impertinence of the remark in an

* Preface to the third volume of 'Modern Painters.'

earlier portion of the same work, that when he is under the necessity of finding fault with any contemporary artists, 'it 'gives him far more pain than it can possibly give them.' *

These demonstrations of self-conceit have been commented upon long ago, of course, in various quarters; but inasmuch as there is no sign of repentance or amendment of life on the part of their author, and as the bulky book whereby they are disfigured is persistently referred to as a central authority and guide in matters of art, it is as well to point out to readers of the younger generation the tone and temper of the man whom they are still idolising, and to ask them to consider fairly whether such unblushing and rampant vanity, naked and not ashamed, ever has been, or can be, the concomitant of real greatness of heart or intellect; whether it is worth while to bow down to and make an idol of a man's opinions because he declares, like Peter in the 'Tale of a 'Tub,' 'By God, I say it is so.' Apart from this offensiveness of manner, what is the permanent value of 'Modern 'Painters' as a contribution to the critical philosophy of art? For a large number of readers we strongly suspect that the attraction of the book consists not in its exposition of principles of painting, about which they understand and care little, but in the number of picturesque passages of word-painting and description of scenery which occur in it. Many of these are unquestionably very striking, some of them are full of meaning, and show a keen observation of the operations of nature, of the way things happen, which so many people miss. We must confess, however, that, on a summarising view of the book as a whole, it does not seem to us that these bursts of eloquence have at all the ring of genuine feeling; they have rather the appearance of having been put in at intervals, like Wagner's 'grand *crescendo* trick,' to work up the spectators to a fit of excitement; † some of them too are sad fustian, out-Heroding Herod; we gave one or two examples of this in our former article, and need not dwell on the subject now. The more sober and really picturesque passages

* Modern Painters, vol. i. Preface to second edition.

† Since the above remark was written we have come upon the most curiously naïve confirmation of it in the author's own words, in a note appended to the revised reprint of the chapters on mountain scenery from 'Modern Painters,' issued from Orpington in 1885, under the title 'In Montibus Sanctis.' The author has cut one chapter in half, and says, apologetically, 'the reader will, perhaps, forego, once in a way, without any painful sense of loss, *my usual burst of terminal eloquence.*'

of description are dear to the popular reader, we imagine, because they open his eyes to something which he has never thought of or looked for before. Dull blockheads are astonished that there should be. that in natural scenery to arouse such eloquence and enthusiasm; it is a new sensation to them, an exciting discovery, and they rush to look at the clouds and the play of light on the distant hills, and imagine themselves, forsooth, a superior order of beings, as the followers of one to whom the beauties of nature have been revealed, and who has graciously opened their. eyes; and they will point out the scenery of the clouds to you, and prate of 'what they owe to Ruskin.' Poor souls! if they never knew the spirit of nature before they read Ruskin, they know little of it now: they have learned to tattle about it, that is all: the sure sign of shallowness and artificiality of feeling. Little do such chatterboxes know that to those to whom it has been granted to hear the inner voice of nature, silence is the perfectest herald of joy; that the Ruskinian rhapsodies are to their ears but as feeble echoes of what they have felt from childhood in their inmost souls; that they may truly say, in the pregnant words of Jacques, 'I think of as many matters as he, but I give God thanks, 'and make no boast of them.'

But as to the philosophy of art, which is a matter somewhat more within the range of things teachable, the main burden of 'Modern Painters' is that landscape painting has for its only and proper object the true and faithful interpretation of the physical facts of nature; that this has been (or had been when the book was produced) entirely neglected to the detriment of all truth and power in the art; that one modern painter only, Turner, understood what nature meant, and painted her with truth and insight. And to these general views, expounded at great length, are added essays on the physical facts and truths of nature, as seen in trees, in water, in mountains, &c., as a guide to the study of nature by the artist—an inducement to him to look for and to study facts of nature as they are, not as he has imagined them to be. This is a great design, no doubt; its ambition alone is striking, and cannot but excite the imagination of the reader; and the latter portion of the work, the analysis of the construction of natural forms, if carried out with insight and in a conscientious and scientific spirit, would be a work of permanent value to landscape painters and students of nature. We have first, however, to come to some distinct agreement in regard to the major premiss of the argument,

the object of landscape painting. What do we paint landscape for? Is it with the object of reproducing faithfully the features and details of special scenes in real nature? or is it with the view of creating to ourselves a new pictorial poem, so to speak, out of the materials and suggestions of nature? This is the most important question that could be asked about landscape painting; the answer to it concerns the whole scope and basis of the art. But our prophet of landscape philosophy gives no certain sound on this subject. He, no doubt, thinks he does, and his convictions are stated roundly enough in some passages, but only to be contradicted by his conclusions in another. The fact is, Mr. Ruskin has never known which view to take about landscape painting, the realist or the idealist, because he rashly undertook to espouse the cause both of realism and Turnerism, and in his struggles to show that they are both the same thing he is continually getting entangled in the meshes of a rhetorical web of his own spinning. Turner is represented as 'the 'acknowledged head' of what was once called the 'Præ-'Raphaelite' school; and the object of that school, indeed, the object of landscape painting itself, was said to be * 'to 'convey knowledge of such things as cannot be taught 'oracularly.' The true ends of painting would have been attained † if all painters had separated into two great armies of historians and naturalists; if the first

'had painted with absolute faithfulness every edifice, every city, every battlefield, every scene of the slightest historical interest, precisely and completely rendering their aspect at the time, and if their companions, according to their several powers, had painted with like fidelity the plants and animals, the natural scenery, and the atmospheric phenomena of every country on the earth.'

In the preface to the same book the author observes that in the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' eight years before, he had ventured to give the following advice to the young artists of England:—'They should go to nature in all single-'ness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, 'having no other thought but how best to penetrate her 'meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorn-'ing nothing.' And he adds that the Præ-Raphaelite movement arose from, or consisted in, the literal carrying out of this precept. So again in the preface to the second edition of 'Modern Painters' (about sixteen years later than the sentence just quoted):—

* Præ-Raphaelitism, p. 16. † Ibid. p. 17.

'Every alteration of the features of nature has its origin either in powerless indolence or blind audacity; in the folly which forgets, or the insolence which desecrates works which it is the pride of angels to know, and their privilege to love.'

Passing over for the moment this latter piece of pious fustian (we shall have something to say on that head presently), let us turn to another passage and see how the *modus operandi* of the great artist, the author's special idol as a landscape painter (and ours), the 'true head of Præ-'Raphaelitism' * is described, in regard to his painting of a little valley on the descent of the St. Gothard, and let us compare it with the passage just quoted from 'Præ-'Raphaelitism.'

'Any topographical delineation of the facts, therefore' [because the scale of the scene is small], 'must be wholly incapable of arousing in the mind of the beholder those sensations which would be caused by the facts themselves, seen in their natural relation to others, and the aim of the great inventive landscape painter must be to give the far higher and deeper truth of mental vision, rather than that of the physical facts, and to reach a representation which, though it may be *totally useless to engineers or geographers*, and when tried by rule and measure, *totally unlike the place*,† shall yet be capable of producing on the far-away beholder's mind precisely the impression which the reality would have produced, and putting his heart into the same state in which it would have been had he verily descended into the valley from the gorges of Airolo.

. . . .

'Primarily, observe that the whole place is altered in scale, and brought up to the general majesty of the higher forms of the Alps. It will be seen that in my topographical sketch there are a few trees rooted in the rock on the side of the gallery, showing, by comparison, that it is not above four or five hundred feet high. These trees Turner cuts away, and gives the rock a height of about a thousand feet, so as to imply more power and danger in the avalanche coming down the couloir.

'Next he raises, in a still greater degree, all the mountains beyond, *putting three or four ranges instead of one*, but uniting them into a single mossy bank at their base, which he makes overhang the valley, and thus reduces it nearly to such a chasm as that which he had just passed through above, so as to unite the expression of this ravine with that of the stony valley. The few trees in the hollow of the glen *he feels to be contrary in spirit to the stones*, and fells them, as he did the others; so also he feels the bridge in the foreground, by its slenderness, to contradict the aspect of violence in the torrent. He thinks the torrent and avalanches should have it all their own way hereabouts, so

* Modern Painters, vol. iv. p. 61.
† The italics are ours.

he strikes down the nearer bridge, and restores the one farther off, where the force of the stream may be supposed less. Next, the bit of road on the right, above the bank, is not built on a wall, nor on arches high enough to give the idea of an Alpine road in general, so he makes the arches taller, and the bank steeper, introducing, as we shall presently see, a reminiscence from the upper part of the pass.' *

The reader should observe that the advice to 'the young 'artists of England' which we have first quoted was written in 1846; the second passage quoted was written in 1856; and the passage from the preface to the second edition of 'Modern 'Painters,' 'every alteration in the features of nature has its 'origin either in powerless indolence or blind audacity,' in 1867. So there can be no pretext of progressive change of opinion or enlightenment of mind. The author deliberately and elaborately lays down, in the same work, principles as to the objects and method of landscape painting which are the precise opposite of one another. The only possible explanation of such a fact is the one which we have been insisting upon already, viz., that Mr. Ruskin, with all his power of picturesque language, his enthusiasm, real or assumed, and his solemn assumption of minute accuracy and analysis in the study of nature and of art, in reality has no convictions at all that are worth calling such: that his whole study is to say brilliant and effective things upon the subject immediately in hand, and to carry away his hearers for the moment, without regard to truth of statement or consistency of argument. There is, indeed, a passage in an earlier page of vol. iv., which may possibly have been intended as a preparatory wriggle for the mental contortions which were to follow :—

'It is always wrong to draw what you don't see. This law is inviolable. But then some people see only things that exist, and others see things that do not exist, or do not exist apparently. And if they really see these non-apparent things they are quite right to draw them.'

That is an ingenious bit of casuistry, but it will not do away with the absolute contradictions of landscape theory which we have just illustrated out of the writer's own mouth; and, considering that a large portion of 'Modern Painters' consists of a detailing of what appear to the author's eye to be the main physical facts of landscape, one may not unreasonably ask whether a teacher who can swallow all his own opinions and theories wholesale for the sake of a

* Modern Painters, vol. iv.

brilliant passage can be trusted any more in his statements of observed facts, and whether it is not likely that the facts will be manipulated for his purpose whenever such manipulation will give him a chance of scoring a point with his audience.

This description which we have just quoted of Turner's method of building up a striking and, so to speak, poetic landscape out of ordinary materials is, however, significant as a suggestion of the true philosophy, the true objects and method, of landscape art; and it will be recognised that the practice of the master is in opposition to the preaching of the disciple, by the very confession of the latter. What is the real theory and object of landscape painting, what it is even that gives us pleasure in a fine landscape painting, is a very curious and subtle question. We once 'assisted' at an argument on this head between a very eminent art critic and a very eminent man of science, with much edification. Each of them knew very well what he wanted himself in landscape art, but neither had the slightest perception what the other wanted. The one wished to have his fancy and imagination excited; the other, who was innocent of such weaknesses, wanted a correct scientific representation of the stratification of rocks; and so they argued, still wide of each other's perceptions—

'And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

Each had got hold of a part of the truth, but failed to grasp its relation to the other half. That landscape painting should be a mere effort to represent a scene in nature with perfect accuracy is a view of the matter which can only suggest the question which the woodcutter asked of Theodore Rousseau when he was painting in the forest—'Why are 'you making the oak, when it is made already?'—and gives no answer to it. Turner's art suggests the answer. The great aim of landscape painting is to create ideal poems out of the materials and suggestions of nature. This is what Turner's greatest works, both in oil and water-colour, really consist in. They are not scientific representations of natural fact; they are possible (or sometimes not quite possible) creations out of nature's materials, transmuted by the painter's intellect. One or two very accurate observers and painstaking painters have practically adopted the theory that it is possible to paint nature with such realism as to produce on the mind the very effect of nature herself. The name of one eminent sea-painter of the present day will at

once occur to the reader; but one result of this effort has certainly been to show how limited must be the range of effects and subjects which can be thus grasped by any single artist. Neither eye nor brush can cope with the infinite detail of nature. The painter must select and idealise; he cannot paint with verisimilitude all the details of a scene, but he can get at the heart of its mystery; he can catch the broad essential features of its beauty, so as to make the painting speak to our fancy and imagination as the natural scene might have spoken; or he can use its suggestions for the building up of an ideal scene of his own. The 'Téméraire,' for instance, can hardly be taken to represent any observed effect in nature; it is rather a vision of the painter's mental eyesight, amplified and intensified from a hint, probably, in an actual scene which he witnessed, and which took hold of his imagination; and such works as the 'Building of Carthage' and others by Turner are pure creations of the imagination. On the other side, however, comes the correlative doctrine that nature must be known and studied not only with the spirit, but with the understanding also, before the painter can venture thus to use her as a suggestion for his own imaginative creation. Just as a painter of ideal personages must nevertheless draw them in accordance with the scientific facts of anatomy, so the painter of imaginary scenes must draw them in accordance with the obvious physical facts of nature. And here, at least, Mr. Ruskin has been quite right in much of what he has urged as to the necessity of learning the meaning, and thereby getting at the actual character, of the forms of nature. It is, as he says, no true generalisation which is based upon ignorance of, or indifference to, the distinctive forms and character of objects.

> 'Every class of rock, earth and cloud must be known by the painter with geologic and meteorologic accuracy. Nor is this merely for the sake of obtaining the character of those minor features themselves, but more especially for the sake of reaching that simple, earnest and consistent character which is visible in the *whole* effect of every natural landscape.'

And in so far the criticism of 'Modern Painters,' disfigured as it is even here by conceits and *ad captandum* verbiage of all kinds, is correct in principle, and, moreover, was certainly called for. It *is* true that Salvator painted mere stagey scenes, more or less effective, with stage rocks and stage trees; it *is* true that Gaspar Poussin, though he has

qualities of breadth and grandeur of composition which Mr. Ruskin does not sufficiently allow, painted mere formal trees, unlike in colour and growth to those of nature; and it is most certainly true that no great school of landscape painting can be formed on such lines. As the painter of figures must know the anatomy of the figure, so must the painter of landscape know the anatomy of landscape, if he wishes to paint landscapes which shall appear as consistent and living wholes. And it is true again that Turner, not from any conscious scientific study, of which he was probably perfectly innocent, but from that intense perception and assimilating power which is the characteristic of real genius, did take in the facts and character of nature in a way that no landscape painter before him had done; and that his intense and varied observation, so far from hampering his imagination, actually fed and stimulated it. His paintings have the variety and poetic suggestiveness of nature herself, because he did study the real facts of nature intently, and hence came to his ideal work with a mind which was a storehouse of natural imagery subordinated to natural law. Poussin, on the contrary, who aimed at ideal subjects and ideal landscape, is prosaic and monotonous precisely because he obviously did not study nature sufficiently, but drew upon his own Poussinesque ideal. Both Poussin and Turner evolved imaginary scenes, but Poussin evolved them from his inner consciousness, Turner evolved them from the infinite suggestings of nature.

Recognising the truth that the observation of nature in a scientific spirit is a necessary basis of the highest landscape painting, it was no doubt a great idea of the author of 'Modern Painters' to embody in his work an examination into the apparent forms of nature in mountains, trees, water &c., and the reasons for them; and this portion of the work is undoubtedly full of instruction as to the way to look at things; valuable, however, rather to those who have not than to those who have eyes of their own. The diagrams of the perspective of the clouds may convey to many readers their first distinct idea of the true meaning and construction, so to speak, of the cloud scenery which they see in constantly foreshortened perspective. So, again, in his remarks about tree anatomy and growth, and the falsity of much of the commonly accepted drawing of trees, there are remarks and suggestions that are of permanent value, if only one could separate them from the exaggeration and verbosity with which they are inextricably entangled.

For it is here as elsewhere: Mr. Ruskin cannot speak plain truths in plain words, even when he has got hold of some of them. It is true that there is a certain law in the method of growth of one branch from its parent; that a branch does not jump out at right angles from another as if grafted into a hole in it, and then set about an independent curve on its own account, as in the specimens which are given as Claude's.* But it is *not* true that branches part from the stem 'under as stern an anatomical law' as the arms from the body; to say so is to negative the whole process of organic structure in nature, which is consistently more precise and more specialised as we rise higher in the scale of being; and it is (as usual) in direct contradiction to the author's own observation on an adjoining page, that branches 'never grow as you expect them to grow;' that the unexpected element is one of the most striking in trees—which is true enough, but which obviously would not be true if they were under 'as stern an anatomical law' as the human body. And, indeed, as we look out of the window before us at the trees just revealing their anatomy after a gale which has made a sad stripping of their summer covering, we can see not a few junctions of boughs which are all wrong according to Ruskin, and which, if we were to draw them just as they are, we should probably be told were miserable travesties of nature, exhibiting no knowledge whatever of the anatomy of tree growth. As to the portion of the work on clouds, outside of the practical remarks on their perspective already referred to (which is no such great mystery after all, only it is true that ordinary observers overlook it), we are lost in rhodomontade about 'cloud flocks,' 'cloud chariots,' 'the 'angel of the sea,' 'the Graiæ,' and such skimble-skamble stuff as certainly puts us from our faith in any serious purpose in the writer of it, except to captivate the fancy of schoolgirls.

This same tendency to irrelevant rhapsodising runs through all the long section on the construction and painting of mountains in volume iv., where it seems more absurd by comparison with the pretence of scientific knowledge which the author assumes, but which is little more than a pretence. His geology is not, of course, up to date now; but it is not up to the date of publication. His guide and

* The statement that Claude in particular drew trees in this way habitually must be taken *cum grano*; but there are no doubt many tree-drawings of this type in the world.

authority seems to be De Saussure, and he was apparently not acquainted with Lyell's 'Principles of Geology' when these chapters were written, or had read it to no purpose; and the consequence is that he frequently makes imaginary difficulties about the way this or that appearance was brought about, and speaks of our being 'within the cloud' about it, when a study of the real geological knowledge available at the time would have gone far to solve the problem for him. He invents a new nomenclature of his own, and a very bad one, which is not in accordance with facts, and then is obliged to depart from it, and says (chapter xv.) 'for convenience' sake I shall in the 'rest of this chapter call the slaty rock gneiss, and the com- 'pact rock protogine, its usual French name.' What geologist would ever define gneiss as a 'slaty rock'? (he is speaking here of what he calls 'slaty crystallines'). In the remarks in reference to plate 34, and the explanatory schedule on it, he classifies as cleavages various joints and lines of weakness which are not cleavages at all in the proper sense, and is therefore only misleading his readers, whom he is professing to teach to draw rocks correctly by a study of their processes of formation. The paragraph at the closing portion of chapter xii. on the reasons for the stepped summits formed by the successive cropping out of the different beds of certain formations found in the Alps, shows entire ignorance of the laws and action of denudation, which is inexcusable, as those referring to this class of phenomena were known and had been explained before his book was written. These and other facts connected with this part of his subject Mr. Ruskin might, we imagine, have known very well if his abnormal egotism and vanity would have allowed him to imagine that anyone could teach him anything. But this, of course, is out of the question; the large number of geologists who have studied the phenomena of geological action systematically are all wrong, and are only referred to with a sneer, as in the impertinent suggestion that 'with a little clay, salt, 'sand or sugar we may find out more of the methods of geo- 'logical phenomena than ever were known to Sir Charles 'Lyell:' and in another passage he treats as inexplicable phenomena which Lyell had explained long before; but because Mr. Ruskin cannot understand them by his own native insight, they are 'inexplicable,' and he conjures up difficulties which need never have troubled him had he kept himself properly informed as to the scientific researches even of that time. It might be imagined, too, that the Alps were the only mountains in existence, and the geological types of all other

mountains, from the almost universal allusion to them in illustrating his points; and here again he is completely misleading his readers. The Alps, for instance, have received their final great elevation in recent geological times, and although it is quite true that the materials of which the more craggy portions are made are highly crystalline, yet in other mountain ranges the rocks may be just as crystalline and exist in just as massive a condition, but by reason of their greater geological antiquity or geographical position, the action of denudation upon them has been much greater or much less, as the case may be, and rocks of the same actual composition may thus present a perfectly different appearance and outline from that characteristic of the Alps. It may be observed also that little attention is paid to the character of clay and chalk and other hills of different origin; yet these ought to be specially studied by landscape painters, as they are more frequently painted, and their differences of character, though very subtle, are distinctly marked, so that a good field geologist can tell by the contour and aspect of a hill what is its general construction and substance. We do not deny that the general tendency of some parts of this long essay on mountain painting is in a right direction, as recommending a study of hills based on a consideration of their structure, and that here and there we meet with suggestions which are well worth attention; but the author has assumed the attitude of a scientific teacher on a subject of which he really knows very little, and all that is of value in this portion of his book might have been compressed into less than a quarter of the space which is occupied to a great extent by solemn assumptions of scientific knowledge which the author does not possess, interspersed with rhapsodical flights, some of them very beautiful as bits of prose-poetry; some of them miserable twaddle, such as the puerile nonsense (chap. viii.) as to how the 'natural ordinances' of the conglomeration of certain rocks, are, 'it is hardly necessary 'to point out, ... intended to teach us the great truths 'which are the basis of all political science'—a sort of writing which, in its absolute fatuity, is little less than nauseous.*

The misleading rhetoric of Mr. Ruskin is nowhere more palpably manifested than in his characterisation of Turner's work; and it is perhaps one of the proofs of Turner's real greatness that even Mr. Ruskin's rhapsodies have not been

* This rubbish has been deliberately reprinted, in 1885, in 'In Montibus Sanctis.'

able to damage his reputation, though they are enough in themselves to damage very seriously that of their author. The movements of Turner's brush 'dealt with minutiæ expressed by the thousandth part of an inch;' and when there was a chorus of laughter at this, Mr. Ruskin's scientific ally, 'my friend Kingsley,' was at hand to declare, in the detailed epistle reprinted in 'Arrows of the Chace,' that Turner's handiwork was more minute than could be measured by a microscopically divided scale of millionths of an inch; and that 'he stood in awe before it,' as indeed he well might. After this it is nothing, of course, to read that every separate quarter of an inch of Turner's drawings will bear magnifying. Will his figures and their faces 'bear magnifying'? such as the children and dogs in 'The New Moon Sunset,' for instance, or the figures in the foreground of the 'Hesperides,' and other works of the same class. Even Mr. Ruskin has scarcely the hardihood to defend Turner's figures as figures; but he has a theory for them: they are intentionally bad. 'I do not mean to assert,' he says, 'that there is any reason whatsoever for bad drawing (though in landscape it matters very little)'; *i.e.* trees must be drawn with proper correctness, but human figures in a landscape need not be, because—well, because it suits the argument to say so, and it is the only way to get Turner and Mr. Ruskin out of a hobble; and he goes on to argue that it is impossible that the eye, looking at the distant landscape, should be able to perceive more of the faces and figures of the nearer objects than Turner gives. This is far-fetched enough, but it might pass did we not find in another passage that a tree in the foreground of one of Turner's drawings is so minutely finished that it must be magnified to show all its detail; that the mussel-shells on the beach in one of his smaller drawings of Scarborough are painted carefully, some open, some shut, 'though none are as large as one of the letters of this type;' that Mr. Ruskin cannot conceive how people can talk about foregrounds as 'vigorous,' 'forcible,' and so on, when the foreground bank of a landscape really contains the most delicate detail of all, being close to the eye.* So that everything is to be finished as highly as possible *except* the human figure, because our idol cannot draw the figure, and we must cast about for the most plausible excuse for him. But the fact is that Turner, with all his greatness, is full of inaccuracies, some of them very bad ones. As

* Modern Painters, vol. iii., 'Of Finish.'

a flagrant instance we may take one of his greatest works, the 'Téméraire'; here the steamer towing the old ship is so hopelessly out of perspective that the relative positions of the chimney, the stem, the port bow, and the starboard paddle-box can only be accounted for on the supposition that the fore part of the steamer was built at a horizontal angle of about twenty degrees with the stern portion! A short turn through the National Gallery would furnish a good many more instances of the great man's inaccuracy and lapses about perspective and shadows, which we do not care to dwell on. But the argument about Turner's figure-painting is worthy, as a piece of logic, of a writer who labours under such delightful confusion as to cause and effect as to tell us that had granite been white and marble speckled,* the huge figures of the Egyptians would have been as oppressive to the mind as cliffs of snow, and the Venus de Medici would have looked like a very graceful species of frog; and in the next chapter that

'were it not for the merciful ordinance that the slaty crystallines should break into thin and flattish fragments, the frequent falls of stone from the hillsides would render many spots among the greater mountain chains uninhabitable, which are now comparatively secure.'

The only fitting cap to this is the famous remark about the goodness of the Creator in providing rivers in the neighbourhood of great cities.

The 'Stones of Venice,' which, as we observed, has reappeared recently in a sumptuous edition, is the most important demonstration which Mr. Ruskin has made in reference to the art of architecture, upon which he has undoubtedly some striking and rational ideas, more perhaps than in regard to any other form of art. His other deliverances on this subject are to be found in the 'Seven Lamps,' in 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting,' and in the lecture to the Architectural Association included in the volume entitled 'Two Paths.' The 'Seven Lamps,' crammed as it is with elaborate nonsense and disfigured by detestable illustrations which any man with a feeling for architecture ought to have been ashamed of, may be regarded as pretty well *passé* now. Few are likely at present to be carried away by such phrases as 'the foul torrent of 'the Renaissance,' or to take a series of picturesquely ex-

* Modern Painters, vol. iv., 'Compact Crystallines.' He adds, 'And why should this not have been, save by the Divine appointment 'for the good of man?' (!)

pressed musings upon a certain arbitrarily adopted view of architectural truth as a series of infallible dogmas. No less than this, however, was the intent and claim of the author, who says that he 'had long felt convinced of the necessity, 'in order to its progress, of some decisive effort to extricate 'from the confused masses of partial traditions and dogmata, 'with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or 'restricted practice, those large principles of right which are 'applicable to every stage or style of it.' That such an effort was required is very true; but Mr. Ruskin's method was too narrow in its sympathy and too vague in its dogmatising to render any decisive service to the art, and his pretended analysis only amounts to a complicated rhapsody in favour of certain foregone conclusions, accompanied, as in his treatise on mountains, by a false pretence of scientific knowledge in order to give a factitious air of authority to his statements. The entire absence of the logical faculty does not promise much for an author's power of dealing with so essentially logical an act as architecture; and we find that while recognising architecture as an art 'uniting technical 'and imaginative efforts as humanity unites soul and body,' he nevertheless can bring himself to say that 'while we can-'not call those laws architectural which determine the 'height of a breastwork or the position of a bastion,' yet 'if 'to the stone facing of the bastion be added any unneces-'sary feature such as a cable moulding, that is architecture.' A more shallow and trumpery definition of this great intellectual form of art was never uttered; it is so inherently false and superficial as in itself to vitiate all claim of its author to be a critical teacher on architecture. All the interest and effectiveness of plan and construction is at one stroke reduced to nothingness, and architecture made to depend merely on some ornamental adjuncts. It is impossible that Mr. Ruskin can really believe this, though he repeats it more than once in the 'Stones of Venice' in different words, because he indulges in other reflections on architecture which are completely at variance with it. The 'Stones of Venice,' however, is in its general scope a somewhat more reasonable and logical work; and it contrasts favourably with the 'Seven Lamps' in one respect at any rate, that it is furnished with a number of superb illustrations—many of which are genuine illustrations of architectural detail shown in a technical and workmanlike manner, not mere picturesque scrawls to catch the eye of schoolgirls. But a little closer inspection will show

that the serpent of rhetorical exaggeration has drawn as noxious a trail over this as over most of the author's other works. The main object of the book is defined to be an attack on Renaissance architecture: 'it is in Venice only 'that effectual blows can be struck at this pestilent art of 'the Renaissance; destroy its claims to admiration there, 'and it can assert them nowhere else'; and the reader is invited to a consideration of the glories and truth of Venetian Gothic, and the vileness of Venetian Renaissance. Now the intended argument fails in its very initial position. The reason given for attacking Renaissance architecture in Venice is that this was its birthplace, which is certainly no more true of Venice than of Florence or Rome, at all events. Then the selection of Venetian Gothic as an opposition to Renaissance is a lapse, since the Gothic of Venice is deficient in many of the most characteristic qualities of the great Gothic style. The author describes the characteristics of northern Gothic in a passage of most picturesque eloquence, some phrases in which have become almost proverbial. But it is exactly this rough 'wolfish' character, the true antithesis of the highly polished and finished Renaissance, which is not present in Venetian work. Venetian Gothic is a remarkably charming, piquant, poetical phase of the style, tinctured by Oriental fancy, but it is a decidedly weak and faulty form of Gothic architecture: it is destitute of the great qualities, of the logical artistic and constructional consistency, of the true Gothic style. The fact seems to be that Mr. Ruskin was much taken with Venice; that it was in his young days a rather unworked vein; and just as one of the knights in Malory's 'King 'Arthur' turns into some courtyard where he had no business, because 'him seemed it were a good place to 'fight,' so Mr. Ruskin turns on Venice to batten on its remains (as Balzac said of Byron), because it was a good place to orate about. The weapons of rhetoric are duly furbished up for the fray, and we soon find him at his old tricks again. The illustration supposed to represent the Venetian and English 'types' of towers, in which a very large campanile, effectively shaded and with a mass of cloud behind it, is shown on the same page with a very bad illustration of one of the smallest and meanest examples of an English tower that could be picked out, is repeated in its old form in the new edition of 'The Stones.'

The unscientific construction of the arch in much Vene-

tian work, with only two or three long pieces jointed together, instead of genuine voussoirs, is shown and illustrated as if it were a special feature for admiration, instead of being, as it really is, a clumsy method of construction, neither arch nor anything else. It is probably because Mr. Ruskin is dimly conscious that this objection of bad arch construction may be brought against his beloved Venetians that he sets up the extraordinary theory that the pointed arch is in reality and essentially 'a gable construction,' a lean-to of two lintels, the arched form being merely a minor device to strengthen the back of the gable against the weight of the superstructure. A writer who could say such a thing would appear to be totally blind to the whole constructive and architectural characteristics of arcuated architecture, unless we are to accept the alternative supposition that Mr. Ruskin is merely making out a case for Venetian architecture, and is under the necessity of inventing a theory to defend their weak and unscientific form of building.

In the same spirit he lays hold of the peculiarly Venetian method of treating the extrados of the arch, making the voussoirs deeper towards the apex of the arch, and calls upon his hearers to admire that as the only true method of building an arch to resist weight at the apex. This is simply ignorant nonsense, as any real knowledge of the statics of the arch would have told him. Except in a pointed arch of very narrow proportions, or unless the thickening of the voussoirs towards the top were carried to a very abnormal extreme (which is practically the same thing), an arch weighted at the apex would fail by the rising of the haunches, and the thickening of the voussoirs towards the crown would avail nothing to save it; and when the arch is built up solid above the extrados, the principal load is after all over the haunches, and *not* over the crown, in Venice as well as everywhere else.*

* We can hardly convey a better idea of the childishness of the author's pretended analysis of arch construction than by quoting this passage word for word :—'Let Plate III. be the shell of a pointed arch with loose loading above; and suppose you find your shell not quite thick enough, and that the weight bears too heavily on the top of the arch, and is likely to break it in, you proceed to thicken your shell; but need you thicken it all equally? Not so; you would only waste your good voussoirs. If you have any common sense you will thicken it at the top, where a mylodon's skull is thickened for the same purpose (and some human skulls, I fancy). The pebbles and granite above

But after all this special pleading and inversion of scientific fact in order to make a case for Venetian Gothic *versus* Renaissance, we find that, when we come to deal with the Renaissance, the pith of the argument against it is entirely lost sight of, and the author cannot even lay hold of and use the weapons which are ready to his hand. For the real architectural weakness of the Renaissance or Palladian architecture, compared with Greek and Gothic architecture (both of which latter are equally true in their æsthetic and constructive expression), is that the architectural features are only a piece of scenery planted on irrespective of the real construction of the building; that it constitutes a false application of the materials of Classic architecture. Mr. Ruskin might have made a case against Renaissance architecture on the most plain and logical system of reasoning; but he prefers rhetoric to reasoning; and accordingly merely goes off into rhapsodical declamation about the 'pride' of Renaissance architecture, its 'want of concession to the simplicities of humanity,' &c.; all which to a certain extent is true; but as a moral charge against a special form of art, it is a kind of charge which might with equal force be brought against the works of Titian, his favourite painter, who certainly never painted for the 'masses.' It is true that there is something of the exclusiveness of aristocracy about Renaissance architecture; it is true that it is an architecture which very much recommended itself to persons who could afford to build palaces, and that it is not an architecture for the poor man's home; being derived as it is directly from the remains of the largest and most sumptuous Roman buildings, the temples, it has a kind of hereditary character of sumptuousness in all its details. It is, no doubt, essentially a palatial form of architecture; it is the architecture of aristocratic refinement; but 'whether it be damned for that 'we know not.' What is called aristocratic refinement is after all one phase or form of human social developement, and we are quite unable to see that it is the worst one. Let us for a moment suppose the whole of Renaissance architecture and its productions struck out of existence, and imagine what a monstrous cantle would be cut out of our province of architectural enjoyment. The weakness of Renaissance architecture lay partly no doubt in its system of

will now shoot off it right and left, as the bullets do off a cuirassier's breastplate, and will have no chance of beating it in.' ('Stones of Venice,' vol. i. p. 128. Fourth edition.)

scholastic rules, which fettered the originality and fancy of the Renaissance architects, and rendered them translators and adapters rather than authors. So far true: it was cold and emotionless—qualities which it has in common, however, with the perfect architecture of Greece; but its main and true defect, as architecture, was in its application of external features irrespective of internal design and construction: the application of 'the order' irrespective of storeys. But the logical author has nothing to say to this essentially illogical character of the Renaissance type of architecture: he inveighs against it only in an endless string of rambling rhapsody, into which all kinds of apparently irrelevant subjects are dragged in, from the painting of Millais's 'Huguenots' to the beautiful old story of the illustration of human life by the idea of a bird flying through the house, in at one door and out at another; which, says the writer,

> 'could not have happened in a Renaissance building. The bird could not have dashed in from the cold into the heat, and from the heat back again into the storm. It would have had to come up a flight of marble stairs, and through seven or eight ante-chambers; and so, if it ever made its way into the presence-chamber, out again through loggias and corridors innumerable.'

In other words, civilisation has led, among other improvements, to the building of mansions comfortable as well as stately. Does Mr. Ruskin live in a single bare hall, with doors wide open in winter? It would be waste of words to criticise such puerile nonsense at the outset; that any man should deliberately reprint it at the end of a lifetime is too pitiable.

The popular disquisition on the meaning and essence of architectural design, which occupies a considerable portion of the first volume of the re-issue of the 'Stones of Venice,' has undoubted merits as a 'way of putting things,' a manner of placing the truth of the matter in the simplest words, without any reference to mere technical phraseology. Some parts of this are so well done that it is vexatious to find them mixed up with misleading and contradictory views arising from faulty scientific knowledge (one might say, from the writer's essentially unscientific frame of mind), and from the eternal desire for making points that has more than anything else vitiated the whole body of Mr. Ruskin's literary work. The suggestion that there are really only two 'orders': those in which the bell of the capital is concave in section and the decoration in relief, and those in which the bell is convex and the decoration cut into it, is a really

brilliant generalisation, though, of course, it has nothing on earth to do with the real meaning of the word 'order' as used in architecture. Like most of the author's generalisations, however, it is not the whole truth; the definition can hardly cover the type of capital of which the Ionic is the leading form; and that type is not going to be pushed aside: it has shown evident signs of the contrary. About the pointed arch Mr. Ruskin is hopelessly at fault in every way. He attaches a constructive value to the Venetian form of it which exists only in his own imagination; while on the other hand he entirely ignores the constructive origin of the pointed arch in the great styles of Gothic. 'The Greeks 'gave the shaft, Rome the arch; the Arabs pointed and 'foliated the arch.' That is a neat sentence, and has the advantage of connecting the pointed arch with the Venetians, who, no doubt, got their unscientifically constructed arches from Oriental sources. But does not Mr. Ruskin know that the large arches of Furness and Fountains and Kirkstall were pointed, for constructive reasons (while the smaller ones still remained round), by builders who had never heard of the Arabs, and to whom the East was an unattainable Ultima Thule? Every architect knows that now; but, of course, Mr. Ruskin cannot learn from people so ignorant of architecture as architects.

His Venetian proclivities have led him astray again about keystones: in the true Gothic arch the keystone is not; the arch has a vertical joint at the apex. But the whole of the author's so-called reasoning on architecture—as on everything else—is a jumble of sensational and contradictory rhetoric, more especially so in what relates to architectural ornament, and the relation of nature to architecture. Some of the most shallow talk on this subject is to be found in the Edinburgh 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting,' in the course of which the pointed form of the leaves of a tree was adduced as having a beauty 'altogether owing to their terminating 'in the Gothic form, the pointed arch.' It would have been difficult to compress into one short sentence a more hopeless confusion of illogical thought and illogical illustration, the fatuity of which is heightened by the production of the illustration of a branch with square leaves 'designed on 'Greek principles.' The lecturer knew well enough that the Greeks did not design decorative foliage in any such manner; but anything for a bit of claptrap effect.* In the

* These Lectures have not yet been republished, but the well-handled

same lecture is the mischievous statement that 'the prin-'cipal nobility of a building does not consist in its being 'well built, but in its being nobly sculptured and painted.' In the 'Stones of Venice' 'the two virtues of architecture 'are strength or good construction, and beauty or good 'decoration.' So after all strength of construction is to come in for some share in the matter. Beauty of decoration, according to the passage above, is 'noble sculpture 'and painting;' and true enough we have a rhapsody in 'Two Paths' to that effect:—

'Nobody ever used conventional art to decorate with when he could do anything better. . . . Correggio gets a commission to paint a room in the ground floor of a palace at Parma. Any of our people, bred on our fine modern principles, would have covered it with a diaper, or with stripes, or flourishes, or mosaic patterns. Not so Correggio: he paints a thick trellis of vine leaves, with oval openings, and lovely children leaping through them into the room.'

Yes, and the man who decorated 'Burleigh House by Stamford 'town' painted a side of a room as a colonnade with a landscape seen beyond, and figures flying into the room between the columns. He did not do it as well as Correggio would have done, but the vulgarity of the idea is about the same in each case. But in the 'Stones of Venice' (vol. i. p. 231) we read, under the head 'Treatment of Ornament,' that 'no perfect 'piece of either painting or sculpture is *architectural orna-'ment at all.*' Then what becomes of the architecture which is to be great 'only in so far as it is nobly painted and 'sculptured'? Elsewhere we read that 'our first constituents 'of ornament will be abstract lines; as soon as it is a re-'semblance it is bad,' which is perfectly true; and in another passage of the 'Stones of Venice' he interdicts (quite rightly) the floral ornaments in St. Paul's as not 'ornament,' but only like 'so many Van Huysums hung above each window.' But in 'Two Paths' we are told that 'mere lines and 'mouldings can do nothing for our artistic salvation, and 'that what we have to do is to copy nature in our ornament, 'the flight of the eagle, the swiftness of the hare;' and when we are tired of them, 'if we wander down to the beach, 'there is not a piece of torn cable that will not twine into 'a perfect moulding, nor a fragment of cast-away matting 'or shattered basketwork that will not work into a chequer 'or capital.' But in chapter xx. of the 'Stones of Venice'

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state of the copy in the British Museum shows that this nonsense still finds a number of readers.

we find that ignoble ornament is that composed of 'the 'imitation of things made by man' (including, we presume, 'cables' and 'old baskets'). Then in another mood we are offered branches and other natural objects (plate vii. in same volume) as suggestions of curves for ornament—quite illogical, in the first place, as abstract curves have no reference to physical nature, but only to geometrical proportion; and, again, this is conventionalising nature, and we are told in 'Two Paths' that no man would ever use conventional ornament when he could get natural forms. But in spite of this our admiration is invited for a conventional treatment of the peacock on a Venetian palace (plate viii.), with an indication of eyes in the tail done by the clumsiest device of raised rings carved in relief on the stone—a more coarse and commonplace piece of conventionalism could hardly be found; yet when the Greek does the very same thing in a masterly way with the so-called honeysuckle ornament, it being Mr. Ruskin's cue at the time to run down the Greeks, this is 'a starched and dull suggestion of vegetable form, 'and yet no real resemblance or life, for the conditions of 'them result from his (the Greek's) own conceit of himself 'and ignorance of physical laws.' In short, on this most interesting and important subject, the relation of ornament to nature, Mr. Ruskin has absolutely no opinions whatever, and asserts one thing at one time and its direct contrary at another, in sheer intellectual dishonesty, indifferent to everything except making a smart hit at the moment.

We have devoted our principal space to the fallacies of Mr. Ruskin's artistic teaching, because it is on that class of subject that he is most generally accepted as an authority. One might find much to say about the childish absurdities of his so-called 'elements of drawing,' where everything is turned upside down to suit the author's whimsicality, and the pupil is offered directions for shading a square space evenly, and told to draw the branches of trees as a flat network of lines, without paying attention to any other feature in the first instance (the very way to train him to regard a thing wrongly from the commencement, we should say), and is told to get 'any cheap work' containing outline plates of leaves and flowers to copy, 'it does not matter whether 'good or bad.' It matters a great deal; and Mr. Ruskin would probably have scouted the sentiment if it had come from any other teacher of youth. Much also might be said as to the verbose and eccentric directions for the practice of drawing given in the book with the affected title 'The Laws

'of Fésole' (which, so far as they are laws, were no more laws of Fésole than of anywhere else), and its equally affected and far-fetched 'axioms' and lessons in drawing from sixpences and pennies. There is a little more practical value in the treatise on elements of perspective; but the manner in which all these things are put is more like an attempt to interest an infant school in drawing than like serious instruction for sensible people; and indeed, 'The 'Master' and his 'Guild of St. George' are, in all their works and ways, as described by his own pen, exceedingly like a parcel of rather priggish children playing at being very good. The best thing in all these three books is the single and for once unaffected bit of advice, not to draw or colour anything in nature, say grass or a stone even, in this or that manner, 'because some one else tells you that is the 'way to do it;' but to 'look at it and make it like what you 'see' ('Elements of Drawing'). That is a golden rule that deserves to be written up in every school of drawing; and it is indeed a pity that Mr. Ruskin has not oftener thus expressed real and broad truths about art in simple and unaffected language.

Of late years, however, the author has meddled more with social and economical subjects; and as early as 1851 he gave a hint of his intention to preach on other subjects than art, in the publication of the essay 'On Sheepfolds,' a kind of protest against the purely clerical idea of the Christian church, which most rational persons will concur in, but which was put forth by its author with the importance of one who is uttering some great new truth instead of putting a very commonplace piece of commonsense in an unnecessarily eccentric manner. Since then Mr. Ruskin has at sundry times and in divers manners testified to the world upon subjects other than pure art criticism. His view of the situation, expressed under many various titles and various kinds of imagery, is substantially the same always, and amounts pretty much to this—that modern civilisation, especially by means of steam and the industries which it has developed, has brutalised and laid waste our life; that England is getting ruined by ugliness and greed of money, and the loss of all that might give joy and beauty to life; that in every respect 'the former times were better 'than these;' that there is no salvation for us but in giving up machinery, and coalworking, and railway travelling (railways being, according to one of his latest epistolary utterances, 'car- 'riages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves'),

and returning to the simplicity and unsophisticated manners of some indefinite golden age of the past which he does not very clearly define. So far is this pessimistic theory carried, that even the weather is arraigned, and we had not long since the spectacle of Mr. Ruskin lecturing to a crowded audience at the London Institution, including some of the most eminent men of science of the day (who must have been singularly edified), to the effect that 'the storm-cloud 'of the nineteenth century' was no longer the beneficent thunder-cloud of happier days, but a bitter and blighting infliction, sent upon England as a punishment for her national sins. That an elderly gentleman of rather frail constitution should feel the weather more than he did in his youth is a semi-pathetic incident with which every son of man can sympathise—

> 'He hath his winter, too, of pale misfeature;'

but that the elderly gentleman should solemnly call an audience around him to tell them of the wrath of Heaven against them because he needs a greatcoat more than he formerly did, and that the audience should receive with applause such senile babbling, has something about it rather of the contemptible than the pathetic. The one redeeming quality which runs through all Mr. Ruskin's grotesque social and political vaticinations is his contempt, which we have no doubt is genuine, for all mere worship of lucre, for all theory of life which makes gain the principal object. But his zeal is not according to reason. He blindly wants something different from the present life, and does not consider the impossibility of re-creating the conditions of a former day when England was quieter, more rural, more beautiful, *and*—less thickly peopled. 'Suppose,' he says in 'King's Treasures':—

> 'Suppose you had each of you at the back of your houses a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run—no more—and that you could not change your abode, but that if you chose you could double your income or quadruple it by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke—would you do it? I hope not. I can tell you you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixtyfold instead of fourfold. Yet this is what you are doing with all England.'

To say that we are doing it with *all* England is, of course, a gross exaggeration; but as to the argument itself—suppose your family had increased very much, and without the coal shaft and the higher income you could not honestly pay

your rent and pay for your children's schooling, would it not be a higher duty, even to them, to spoil your garden with the coal shaft? Of course the habit of general criticism of life and society which the author has taken to of late (and wherein he is countenanced and encouraged by newspapers that know the commercial value of a good sensational correspondence) gives him many opportunities of saying telling things—sometimes both telling and true. The idea of the State regulation of marriage, and the bachelors and 'rosières' who have received State permission going in procession, is indeed too ludicrous from the point of view of the present day (though it is by no means impossible that we may come to the establishment of State sanction to marry, in a less fantastic form, some day or other); but there is more than a set-off against it in such a reflection as that on Motherhood *versus* Society:—

'Wonderful to me to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with the child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it and its father, purer than the air of heaven and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite: to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbour.'

Yet, so inconsistent is the author even here, that another of his nostrums for improving society is the adoption of a distinctive dress for different ranks of persons, so that their rank should be known by their dress! * The origin of this grotesque contradiction of his own social moralities is, we imagine, a confused idea that life was more picturesque when there were different dresses for different 'ranks'; as in the exterior aspect of the crowd no doubt it was. It is, again, a true and a fine maxim that a man should desire to be captain of a ship 'because he can manage a ship 'well, not that he may be called "captain"'; that he should desire a bishopric 'because he has the faculty of 'managing a diocese, not that he may be called "my lord"'; but the insinuation that no one is to be found nowadays acting on this principle is a pessimist statement which we certainly decline to accept on Mr. Ruskin's *ipse dixit*. His old faults of exaggeration and rhetorical colouring are as rampant in his social as in his artistic criticism. His diatribe against foxhunting ('Arrows of the Chace'), that it 'wastes 'the time, misapplies the energy, exhausts the wealth, narrows

* Sesame and Lilies.

'the capacity, and abates the honour of the upper classes 'of this country,' might be well-directed enough if it were against the abuse of hunting: against the rational use of it such expressions are ridiculous, and read like the testy anger of a man who envies others an amusement which he has not the courage or physique to join in himself. A suggestion which, *per contra*, may be quoted as one of the best examples of Mr. Ruskin's social criticisms, is that contained in 'Arrows of the Chace,' *à propos* of the charity children's festival at St. Paul's:—'Suppose we sometimes allowed God 'the honour of seeing our *noble* children collected in like 'manner to sing to Him; what might be the effect of such 'a festival—even if only held once a year—upon the national 'manners and hearts?' What, indeed? For assuredly, as Dr. Arnold remarked in defence of the severe style of his school sermons, 'The children of the rich have usually little 'enough of the bruised reed about them.'

Among the works which are professedly connected with what Mr. Ruskin is pleased to call 'political economy,' the only one which actually bears this title, but which has really little to do with political economy properly so called, viz., the 'Political Economy of Art,' is a far more sober, more logical, more calmly written and judicious book than any of those which embody the writer's notions on political economy as usually understood; and compared with the mass of grotesque lamentations, far-fetched similes, moral stories, and scraps of art-criticism, with accounts of the writer's pecuniary dealings with the St. George's Society (affectedly called 'Affairs of the Master') which are all bundled up together in that tremendous hodge-podge called 'Fors Clavigera,' one may call the 'Political Economy of Art' a reasonable and readable book. It is mainly occupied in considerations of the true value of art to a nation, and the means of making the best both of the art and of the artist; and there is much in this book that may be read with advantage by all who wish to take a serious view of art as a part of the business of life. There are considerations, crude enough, in regard to the effect of the spending of money in mere luxuries, which, however untrue and misleading in regard to the effects of this expenditure on the distribution of the means of existence, have certainly a moral value in so far as that they urge the principle that it is not worth while to pay people to do that which is not in itself of any value as contributing to the general enjoyment or bettering or beautifying of life. Mr. Ruskin has touched well upon this subject, too, in his

lectures on engraving (comprised now under the title 'Ariadne Florentina') where he described the result of putting the unfortunate engraver to work at a considerable space of shadow produced by cross-hatched lines, which means cutting a number of little square holes between the crossed lines in order to leave the lines in relief. He would urge that it is no humanity to encourage a form of art which can only be produced by such dull mechanical labour; though, after all, it may be questioned whether the wood-engraver would not prefer to continue his hatching at a fair remuneration rather than have the work all taken out of his hands and reproduced in 'zincograph' by the aid of photography. There is a moral truth, too, in the comparison between bodily and intellectual bullying in Lecture II. of 'Political Economy 'of Art':—

'You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbour by the shoulder and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. . . . But you are not the least indignant if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and instead of being long-armed only has the much greater gift of being long-headed, you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him, or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes.'

Of course there are fallacies here too, because the comparison should be not with the case of forcibly ejecting some one from a seat he had already taken, but with that of getting before him in the race up the gallery stairs by sheer strength and swiftness; and, equally of course, the successful commercial capitalist described cannot in most cases get his coveted position in the centre of the web without incidentally finding work for an additional number of persons and producing something that is wanted at a cheaper rate than before, which, if it be as well produced, is always a gain to the greater number in the long run. But the doctrine that success is not necessarily a lovely or beautiful thing; that the aim of man is not, after all, to run before his fellow men and tell them to fall down and worship, is certainly a doctrine which much requires preaching at present. It is when Mr. Ruskin gets from the morality of such a subject to the method of dealing with the problem that he is so

utterly at sea that it is not worth while to follow him in detail. It is sufficient to note that his ruling idea, as elaborated in that fantastic performance, 'Unto this Last,' as well as in isolated passages in 'Arrows of the Chace' and elsewhere, is that there is existing and computable some mysterious 'fair price' for every commodity and for every man's labour, which is to be settled by some tribunal which he does not suggest to us, and which is to supersede what he considers as the cold and selfish law of supply and demand. Nothing will get it into Mr. Ruskin's head, apparently, that political economists are not necessarily hard-hearted and selfish men; that they are not proposing to grind anybody down; that they are simply engaged in explaining to those who can understand them (which Mr. Ruskin cannot) what actually does and must happen as long as men are free to accept or decline labour engagements at their own pleasure. Mr. Ruskin finds it quite impossible to understand that the 'exchangeable value' of labour or of commodities is the value actually and absolutely settled by circumstances; that what he calls the 'intrinsic value' is, in the majority of cases, a purely theoretical and imaginary quantity which no one can decide. As an example of his utter inability to seize the logic of the case, he says in one of his letters in 'Arrows 'of the Chace' that he presumes, on the principles of political economy, that the phrase 'venture a sprat to catch a 'herring' proceeds only on the assumption that herrings are more wanted than sprats, and that there will always be more sprats than herrings. Then he says, were a fashionable doctor to recommend sprats and make them scarce and send them up to a guinea each, should he dine better off the guinea sprat than off the elevenpenny herring? That depends exactly on the substantial truth of the eminent doctor's statement that sprats were especially healthful. If he were right, the intrinsic value of the sprat would be seen in a new light, as it would have curative qualities that would far outweigh its inferiority in size to the herring. If he were not right, Mr. Ruskin would be a victim of the change in the market; but, however he might grumble at having to pay a guinea for a sprat, that would not alter the fact that the exchangeable value of it had been modified by causes entirely beyond his own control, a consequence which it will be observed he tacitly admits as inevitable, though, according to his own views, the owners of sprats would be merely persons who were in a hard-hearted and selfish confederacy to make the most of the situation, and who ought, out of

benevolence to the human race, to let sprats go at the ordinary price, notwithstanding their increased exchangeable value.

We have passed over lightly, however, Mr. Ruskin's political economy, inasmuch as it is too foolish and preposterous to take in any but absolute dunces. It is otherwise with his art criticism, which, being put forth with an air of authority and on subjects which the majority of readers have given little thought to, has got itself largely accepted. We think we have shown sufficient reasons why this acceptance should be at least very seriously reconsidered. We can hardly conclude without reference to the very last utterances of Mr. Ruskin's which have appeared in print, the letters to some ladies published under the title 'Hortus 'Inclusus.' We wish not to say a disrespectful word of the ladies, who we have no doubt are gentle souls with a true admiration of their idol; but they had better, for his sake, have kept this garden 'inclusus' still. The letters indicate only too well the kind of worship Mr. Ruskin delights in, and the kind of sickly, self-conscious, effeminate sentimentality which has grown upon him more and more, and which is seen in these letters as such a foolish mixture of vanity,* petulance, and childishness, as any one possessed of any manliness of feeling would have regretted to have seen made public. This kind of writing is what might be expected, perhaps, from a man who has always specially courted the praises of women and of womanish men; who would wipe out from English literature so manly a writer as Thackeray; † and who could complacently print in 'Fors Clavigera,' for public edification, the schoolgirl's adulation, 'It *is* good 'of you to keep on writing your beautiful thoughts, when 'everybody is so ungrateful and says such unkind, wicked 'things about you'—a quotation amusingly significant of the type of intellect to which Mr. Ruskin's vaticinations appeal, and the kind of incense which is as a sweet savour to him.

We regret to have to shock Mr. Ruskin's faithful followers, many of whom we have no doubt are honestly convinced of the intellectual and moral superiority of their idol, by saying

* 'Nearly everything I have ever done or said is as much above the present level of public understanding as the Old Man is above the waterhead.'—Hortus Inclusus, p. 73.

† See his list of the 'Best Hundred Books,' published by a sensational evening paper.

'unkind, wicked things' about him. But when a writer so totally without logic or consistency in his so-called reasonings, and possessed by such abnormal vanity and folly of egotism, has by dint of mere verbal eloquence and phenomenal effrontery (for that is what Mr. Ruskin's assumed intellectual position amounts to) imposed himself on a whole generation as a teacher qualified to lecture *de haut en bas* on the whole circle of life and its greatest artistic and social problems, it is necessary that those who see good ground for refusing credence to his pretensions should express themselves in plain and decisive language. In one respect only we are prepared to give Mr. Ruskin nearly unqualified admiration, namely, in regard to his own artistic work as far as it has gone: with the exception of those unhappy illustrations to the 'Seven Lamps,' his own drawing, of architecture especially, is admirable. When two or three of his own landscapes were exhibited some years ago in Bond Street along with his Turners, our impression at the time was that they were equal to most of the Turner drawings in that collection; at all events his drawings of portions of St. Mark's, exhibited more recently at the Society of Water-colours exhibition, were of the highest class, and such as indeed, of their kind, it would not be possible to surpass. In the preface to the 'Illustrations of Venetian Architecture' he said, 'Had I supposed myself to possess the power of becoming a 'painter, I should have given every available hour of my 'life to its cultivation, and never have written a line.' It is a thousand pities that, yielding to the only motive of misplaced modesty of which any evidence is to be found throughout his writings, he should have given up an effort which might have brought him solid and lasting reputation, to turn to the easier and, after all, apparently more congenial task of flooding the world with showy and inconsequential literary rhapsodies, and have gone far to reduce to mere prosaic fact one of his own innumerable paradoxes—'People can 'hardly draw anything without being of some use to them- 'selves and others, and can hardly write anything without 'wasting their own time and that of others.'

ART. IX.—*Lord Carteret: a Political Biography*, 1690–1763. By ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE. London: 1887.

A FEW years ago one of our popular historians gave fair expression to the feeling of the English reading public, when he labelled the political history of the period which lies between the death of Queen Anne and the Seven Years' War as 'remarkable for its distressing commonness and 'flatness both in men and in affairs.' Amid the obscurity of its first half nothing is visible but the burly figure of Walpole; when the great minister has been displaced, it is only to usher in the tedious struggle of the Whig factions for office—the great battle of the kites and crows, whose details are inexpressibly wearisome to everyone save that strangely constituted being the professed parliamentary historian. Happily we have learnt of late that the history of England is something more than the history of parliaments and ministries, congresses and battles, or we should be tempted to surrender the greater part of the reigns of the first two Georges to the annalist and the antiquary.

John Lord Carteret was a statesman of brilliant parts, whose misfortune it was to live in that dullest of times. He was a young man just entering public life when Queen Anne died, and a gout-ridden invalid of sixty-six when Boscawen's cannon in the Gulf of St. Lawrence announced the rupture of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. This fact goes far towards explaining the oblivion into which a man of such mark has fallen, but other causes are not far to seek.

Carteret's whole life was a brilliant failure: the best years of it were spent in futile opposition to Walpole; and when at last he had succeeded in seizing the reins of power, he was ignominiously thwarted, and ere long overthrown, by his own unruly colleagues. The policy which he strove to carry out was in its essence the same which afterwards brought fame and popularity to the elder Pitt. But Carteret failed in his endeavour to apply it, and has been forgotten: Pitt, who obtained the free hand which the elder statesman could never gain, succeeded, and has won the credit of being the sole inventor and exponent of such views. Beside his practical achievements Carteret's ingenious but fruitless schemes are thrown completely into the shade. If the two men are ever mentioned together, it is only when historians detail the truculent abuse which Pitt in his free-lance days heaped upon the 'desperate rhodomontading minister' who in 1744

advocated the same foreign policy which was to be the glory of 1758.

In an age of political pamphlets, memoirs, and diaries, Carteret steadfastly kept the printer idle. The numerous unpublished despatches from his hand show that he possessed a clear and forcible style: the few private letters which have survived are sufficient—in spite of Lord Shelburne's verdict that Carteret 'could never write a common letter well'—to prove that his reputation for incisive humour was not undeserved. Every contemporary writer agrees that he was a ripe scholar and a marvellous linguist, that he held his own with Swift in the contest of wits, and spent long evenings in thrashing out the metres of Terence with Bentley. He was reckoned by his friends the best, and by his enemies the second best, speaker in the House of Lords, and the few happy phrases of his oratory that have come down to us fully bear out their verdict. But all our admiration for him must be at second hand: it is from the impression that he left on others, not from that which we ourselves receive, that our notion of his character must be drawn. He has left no literary memorial of any kind whatsoever behind him. That his parliamentary speeches should have perished is nothing strange: they have but shared the fate of those of every other statesman of the days when reporting was a crime. But that a man of such pronounced literary tastes should never have written a line outside his necessary public and private correspondence is nothing less than astonishing. If he did not join Pulteney in penning political pamphlets, we might have expected to find him dabbling like Chesterfield in miscellaneous essay writing, or wooing the Muses in happier numbers than Pitt, or solacing the weariness of long years spent in Opposition by writing memoirs. Not a single work, however, issued from his hand. The curious inquirer who consults the headings 'Carteret' or 'Granville' in one of our great public libraries will find nothing under them but one wretched political squib dedicated to Carteret in 1722 by an anonymous Whig pamphleteer. His own contemporaries expected more of him: in 1737 it was noised abroad that he was writing a 'History 'of his own time,' and society speculated on the judgements he would pass on its more prominent members. There seems, however, to have been no truth in the report: if projected, the work was never begun.

But in spite of his literary inactivity, and of the singular carelessness which he always displayed as to his own

posthumous reputation, we should not have expected that his countrymen would 'succeed in altogether forgetting 'their considerable Carteret,' as Carlyle phrased it. He had always been a friend and patron of literary men, not merely of poets and scholars but of historians, such as Harte, the author of the 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus.' It is, therefore, strange enough that he should have had to wait more than a hundred and twenty years for his biographer. Probably we may say of him, as of many another statesman, that he lived too long for his own reputation. Had he died in 1746, men would have said that the most striking personality in English politics had been removed: by 1763 his rise and fall, his talents and ambition, were already on the way to be forgotten.

At last, however, Carteret has found his biographer and apologist. Mr. Archibald Ballantyne has set himself to the task, and produced a considerable volume of more than 400 pages, designing

'not to throw any fresh light on the general history of the times in which Carteret lived, but—as far as it is possible now to do so—to recover from a really undeserved forgetfulness some idea of Carteret himself and of a character and career which only a few names in modern English politics exceed in interest and in varied attractiveness' (p. xii).

After pausing for a moment to protest against the strange use in this sentence of *forgetfulness* to mean not 'proneness 'to forget,' but 'the state of being forgotten,' and to remark that a 'career' or a 'character' cannot logically be compared with a 'name,' we may proceed to say that it would be unjust to take Mr. Ballantyne at his own estimate. The book is something more than a mere character-study, and will be by no means useless to the general student. To put together even the skeleton of a life whose scattered records have been waiting more than a century for a compiler is in itself no small labour. There are dozens of volumes of official despatches to be waded through in the Manuscript room of the British Museum, and a good score of printed memoirs, diaries, and 'collected correspondences' to be consulted for casual references. It is something to have brought this mass of miscellaneous information together, and to have rendered it available for the student of history. No writer in the future will be able to dispose of Carteret, in the style which has been too common of late, as 'presenting a fearful 'example of a highly cultivated intellect and a great capacity 'for business totally ruined and obscured by the pernicious

'habit of drinking to which he was a slave,' or as 'a man of 'genius but of irregular life, capricious and sudden in all his 'actions.' With the story of his career before us, we can see at a glance how futile are the cheap Tacitean paradoxes of the majority of our nineteenth century writers, who seem to have taken the most fantastic statements of Hervey and Horace Walpole as sober and accurate narration of fact where Carteret was concerned. Even Mr. Lecky's judicious estimate of the man must be to a certain extent modified, much more so Macaulay's characteristic epigrams.

But while we are grateful to Mr. Ballantyne for giving us the first coherent account of Carteret's life which has ever appeared, we have during our perusal of it been driven again and again to take exception to the manner in which he has executed his work. It is not so much with his industry that we wish to quarrel, as with his notions of style and arrangement. At the same time we are surprised that he makes no mention of having attempted to investigate the considerable bulk of Carteret's private papers which are believed to be still in existence at Haynes (or Hawnes, as he always prefers to call it), even after the gifts made by Lord John Thynne in 1858 to the British Museum. If we are doing Mr. Ballantyne a wrong in accusing him of this omission, if he has visited Haynes and found the papers non-existent or unimportant, we owe him an apology. But from his having made no allusion to any such investigations in his ample list of the places which he searched for unpublished materials, we should be inclined to suspect that the covert at Haynes still waits to be drawn. We shall ere long have occasion to mention a few other sources for information as to Carteret that seem to have escaped Mr. Ballantyne's notice; but we cannot fairly say that they are of the first importance. Meanwhile another subject demands our attention.

We have to enter an earnest protest against Mr. Ballantyne's ideas as to what constitutes a good literary style. Presumably he has been inspired by the fact that Carteret was a wit as well as a statesman, and has striven to be sprightly in order to accommodate himself to his subject-matter. But it is not given to every man to write with the pen of Thackeray, nor is the 'Four Georges' the model which we should wish a conscientious political biographer to keep before his eyes. From that book, however, and from no other, comes the impulse which causes Mr. Ballantyne to diversify his chapters with passages such as this (page 91):—

'Very curious was the tinge of superstition in the countess [of Dar-

lington], who piously cherished a raven which had flown into her window soon after the death of George I., and firmly believed that here was the soul of his departed majesty, whom she was never more to see—*Quoth the raven, "never more!"*'

In the next page he writes in a similar fit of playfulness concerning the portly Duchess of Kendal:—

'How much did she weigh? posterity asks with languid interest, and learns with the completest indifference that the amount is unknown.'

Equally objectless, but less objectionable, is the following (page 352):—

'The king remembered what had followed Harrington's retirement. Other resignations would be sure to follow, he dispiritedly complained: almost everybody was abandoning him. *O Richard, O mon Roi.* He refused to put Waldegrave and Fox to further trouble.'

But it is at the unfortunate Duke of Newcastle, the common and public butt of every writer for the last century and a half, that the greater part of Mr. Ballantyne's quiverful of witticisms is directed. Now, Newcastle behaved in the meanest way to Carteret, and repeatedly thwarted him by the lowest and most dishonourable intrigues. No one can read the story without feeling and expressing disgust. But really there should be a limit to abuse, especially when its object has been dead some sixscore years, and when his character has been dissected by a Horace Walpole among his contemporaries and a Macaulay in our own days. Mr. Ballantyne, however, can never contain himself when the Duke is once mentioned: he must always introduce him with a sneer, and usher him out with a storm of objurgatory epithets. After recounting the means which were used to expel Carteret from office in 1744, he launches out into four whole pages of humorous invective, and links together every tale to Newcastle's discredit—and their name is Legion—which can be gathered from the memoir-writers of the day. 'The 'blundering incapable,' 'the man who was as timid as 'he was ridiculous,' 'the duke who probably thought that 'Dettingen was on the top of Cape Breton,' are some of the least striking synonyms for him which occur in the course of ordinary narrative. At last the iteration becomes unbearable; the reader sighs for the placid dulness of Coxe's 'Walpole' or Ross's 'Cornwallis,' and curses the day when Carlyle first taught English historians to look upon interjections and epithets as a cheap substitute for a good literary style.

Turning to the arrangement of Mr. Ballantyne's book, we find that it falls logically into two unequal parts. The first

three hundred and sixty pages form a continuous political biography of Carteret; the last fifty, entitled 'Private Life 'and Personal Characteristics,' contain a series of facts and anecdotes relating to all periods of his life, arranged without much regard to chronological sequence. This division is very unhappy: there has never lived a statesman whose public and private life can be entirely separated, and in Carteret's case we miss several important synchronisms through the relegation of personal details to the last chapter. We may cite as an example the fact that Mr. Ballantyne makes no mention, in the narrative portion of his book, of his hero's second marriage—a marriage so sudden and startling that it became more than a nine days' wonder to London society, and furnished Horace Walpole with reams of gossip. He cites letters of Carteret dated two days before this marriage, which breathe extravagant confidence and elation at a time of heavy political stress, but to explain them merely observes that 'to say "I am in good spirits" is only 'another way of saying "I am Lord Carteret,"' without making any allusion to the circumstances of the moment. Yet it was surely worth mentioning in the political sketch which is to illustrate this extraordinary man's career, that at the ripe age of fifty-four, and within nine months of the death of a first wife whom he appears to have sincerely loved, the head of the English ministry should have found time in the midst of a political crisis to woo and wed the reigning beauty of the Town. Horace Walpole tells us that Carteret and his Lady Sophia 'corresponded every day, 'and he would plague the Cabinet Councils with reading all 'her letters to them,' a statement which seems wildly improbable, till we actually find at the end of a communication to the English ambassador at St. Petersburg the astounding confidence: 'Now for a joke. Was it not a bold thing in me 'to marry so young and fine a woman as Lady Sophia 'Fermor? But it turns out well, with all the *laudades* 'imaginable.'

Again, Mr. Ballantyne might have mentioned that Carteret's temporary disappearance from political life during the autumn months of 1745 exactly coincides with the death of this idolised second wife, for whom his devotion throughout their short union was absolutely unbounded. It would have been equally worth while to relate in their chronological order the marriages of four of Carteret's daughters with four prominent Whig peers, instead of saving up his family connexions for the last few pages of the book. We may

indeed say the same concerning the political anecdotes of the concluding chapter: tales such as that on page 390, which illustrate Carteret's imperturbable temper during the heat of his struggle with Walpole, only lose by being related without their surrounding circumstances.

There is one of what Mr. Ballantyne would call Carteret's 'personal characteristics,' for mention of which we have searched these pages almost entirely in vain. We allude to that unfortunate addiction to drinking which every contemporary writer ascribes to him. We do not wish to give any exaggerated importance to the charge; the modern historians who have pitched upon it as the most prominent feature in Carteret's private character have gone ludicrously wrong. But it was surely necessary for an apologist to do something more to refute the accusation than to remark parenthetically that such a foible was inconsistent with the bent of his hero's disposition. The inner consciousness of an admiring biographer is not strong enough to rebut the *consensus* of opinion in contemporary writers. It is not enemies alone who say that Carteret loved his bottle too well; his friends admit it—even his own son-in-law euphemistically calls him a *bon-vivant.* That the public voice named his tenure of office 'the Drunken Administration' may go for little; but we cannot fail to see that many of the best of his sayings breathe a post-prandial atmosphere. Lord Shelburne himself prefaces one of them by the observation that before a Cabinet Council his illustrious relative 'had generally dined.' It is equally impossible to mistake the tastes of the man who said that he liked to have Steele and Addison together for an evening, the one for the start, the other for the finish; 'for, by the time that Steele had 'drunk himself down, Addison had drunk himself up.' Mr. Ballantyne is wilfully obtuse when he misconceives the meaning of the fits of gout to which Carteret was a martyr in his later years; there can be no doubt that, like many another statesman, he was suffering from the effects of the Methuen treaty. There is no proof that drink ever obscured Carteret's intellect, or that he ever sank to making a public exhibition of its effects, but in a hard-drinking age he earned a special reputation for loving his port overmuch, and we cannot ignore the consequences to his character, and to the estimation in which he was held. The charge, even when admitted, is not a very heavy one; it leaves us perfectly free to hold that he was not merely magnanimous in his own large eighteenth-century way, but worthy of liking and

esteem to a degree which none of his contemporaries, save Pitt alone, could attain. A statesman of that day against whom nothing can be brought but a too copious thirst and a few rather unworthy political intrigues, entered into in the heat of a ministerial crisis, may pass as a man of approved virtue.

As to the bright side of Carteret's character we are completely at one with his biographer. He had every faculty that could attract admiration and win the love of friends.* There is no reason to requote the opinions which Macaulay collected, and Mr. Ballantyne has reproduced, from Chatham and Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Swift, and Johnson—all men with whom Carteret had come into hostile collision—as to his abilities as a statesman. Perhaps we may mention as a less hackneyed piece of evidence the remark of Speaker Onslow, another old enemy of Carteret's, that 'it was not 'his aim to aggrandise himself: he was all for glory, even 'to the enthusiasm of it, and that made him more scrupulous 'in the means he used for his greatness.'

That he was perfectly incorrupt in money matters, and was a heavy loser while he held office under the Crown, is acknowledged by all. But personal integrity of that kind can be ascribed to Bolingbroke, to Newcastle, even to Walpole himself. The virtue in which Carteret stands unrivalled is his utter detestation for the abuses of patronage. No unworthy relative or dependent ever owed a place to his recommendation: he drove off his nearest friends and most necessary political allies when once they began to talk to him of posts and pensions. The well-known story of Lord Chief Justice Willes is a sufficient illustration:—

'Sir R. Walpole promised me to make my friend Clive one of the King's Counsel: but too late! When Lord Granville [Carteret's later title] came to the height of his power, I one day said to him, "My lord, you are going to the king; do ask him to make poor Clive one of his Counsel." He turned and replied, "What is it to me who is a judge or a bishop? It is *my* business to make kings and emperors, and to maintain the balance of Europe." I replied, "Then those who want to be bishops or judges will apply to those who *will* submit to make it their business."'

In a prolonged panegyric on Carteret we shall not here indulge: the strength and the weakness of that remarkable man are best realised by glancing at the strange vicissitudes of his career—a career whose early promise and performance were extraordinary; whose middle part was blighted by long exclusion from office under the jealous rule of Wal-

pole; whose final act began with such brilliant success only to end tamely in defeat at the hands of the meanest and most contemptible of enemies.

The Carterets are an ancient and honourable family in Jersey, but till Stuart times their reputation was bounded by the limits of that pleasant but not too spacious island. The one notable story in their earlier annals is the legend, to which Mr. Ballantyne alludes, of the defeat of Du Guesclin by Reginald de Carteret and his eight sons, and of their consequent knighting by King Edward III.; but on this tale sceptics have cast their doubts. The real importance of the house dates only from Sir George Carteret, a zealous Royalist who held Jersey for Charles II. down to the month of December 1651, long after the 'Crowning Mercy' had driven the last garrisons in Great Britain to despair and surrender. On his restoration Charles for once contrived to remember the services of a faithful adherent. Sir George received places and pensions, and when his heir was slain in early manhood at the battle of Solebay, the king endeavoured to recompense the loyalty of the family by granting a peerage to the old man's grandson and namesake. This George, first Baron Carteret, was cut off like his father before he had time to make a name in the world. He died at the age of twenty-six, leaving two infant sons by his wife Lady Grace Granville, who was to survive him for a full half-century. She was a granddaughter of Sir Bevil Grenville, the hero of Stratton and Lansdowne fights, whose fame tempts Mr. Ballantyne away into an excursus which gets back as far as the fifth generation from Carteret, and ends in the inevitable quotation from Lord Tennyson concerning the great Sir Richard Grenville of the 'Revenge.'

John, the famous statesman, was the elder of the sons of the first peer: he was five, and his brother Philip only three, when their father died in 1695. Both the boys were sent to Westminster School. Philip stayed there till the unusually late age of eighteen, was accidentally drowned in the Thames, and was mourned in excellent sapphics by his head-master, Dr. Friend. John left the school at fifteen, but had already made a reputation as an unusually clever boy. He seems to have always retained a great affection for Westminster. Mr. Ballantyne might have told us, if he had chosen, how the young peer was made a 'Busby Trustee' before he came of age, and how he frequented the Plays and other festivities of St. Peter's School long after he had become a pillar of the State.

But we are constrained to say that Mr. Ballantyne's first chapter is wofully deficient in facts dealing with his hero's early life. The main bulk of it consists of obvious information about the reign of Queen Anne, wherein nothing appears concerning Carteret individually.

We read, for example, that 'there are no details of 'Carteret's Oxford life' (p. 15). But this is absolutely incorrect: most suggestive facts are to be found in sources as well known as Hearne's Diaries. He matriculated at Christ Church on January 15, 1706, being then somewhat under sixteen years of age, and had the privilege of paying 2*l.*, where his companions contributed 2*s.* 6*d.*, to the University Chest. He resided four years, but never chose to take his degree,* although it might have been obtained easily enough by the favour of the Chancellor, without the completion of the necessary exercises, as were those of most other noble graduates of that day. But Carteret never ceased to be an undergraduate till an honorary D.C.L. was conferred on him at the Encænia of 1756. He studied Civil Law to such effect that, fifty years after he had left the university, he was able to use his knowledge in that branch of learning to confute Lord Chancellor Hardwicke on his own ground. However, he did not design to make himself a mere Civilian: his studies ranged over the whole field of classical and modern literature. He was a constant reader in the Bodleian, and to that fact we owe our first description of him. Hearne, the famous Jacobite sub-librarian, notes him in 1709 as 'juvenis 'ingenii acutissimi, morum suavissimorum, et in primæ 'classis scriptoribus, cum Græcis tum Latinis, supra annos 'versatus. In Æde Christi, studiis deditus, vitam agit.' On one occasion he took Hearne to his rooms in Christ Church, and showed him with pride some early printed editions of Livy which he had collected. A little later we find him subscribing to Dr. Barnes's 'Homer,' a very characteristic touch, for the 'Iliad' was always his favourite book, and he actually died with Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus upon his lips. The world in after years accused him of having learnt his drinking habits at the university, and it is curious to find that on one occasion Hearne had been holding a sitting with 'that great proficient in Greek and all polite

* By a ridiculous blunder biographical dictionaries invariably state that Carteret was made an honorary D.C.L. on April 26, 1706, three months after his matriculation. He has been confounded with his uncle John Lord Granville.

'learning, my Lord Carteret of Ch. Ch.,' whereat they drank Dr. and Mrs. Barnes's healths two or three times over each, not without other libations, we may presume.

All this sounds like the beginnings of the life of a mere student and bibliophile, but in 1710 Carteret broke with Oxford and her placid delights. He came up to London, and within a few months had married Frances Worsley, daughter of Sir Robert Worsley (not Lady Frances Worsley as Mr. Ballantyne calls her). The united age of bride and bridegroom did not quite reach thirty-seven, and the courtship was short and sudden, but all accounts agree that the marriage was a most happy one. In that dissolute age Carteret was conspicuous for his conjugal fidelity, and not even the most scandalous of his enemies ever reflected on his morals.

A few months after his marriage Carteret came of age and took his seat in the House of Lords. He does not seem at first to have definitely attached himself to either of the great parties. The Tories were at that moment in the ascendant, and as his father had been a Tory and his uncle was at this very time Secretary at War in Harley's government, it might have been expected that he himself would incline to that side. Indeed, the fact that he had at Oxford been intimate with Hearne, a man to whom all Whigs were as poison, would lead us to think that his Whig proclivities must have been very slight. Mr. Ballantyne gives us no particulars about the first four years of his parliamentary career, and we can only supplement this silence by observing that as late as the winter of 1713–14 Peter Wentworth (perhaps the most intrepid speller of our Augustan age) calls 'Lord Carterwright' a 'straggling peer' who returned sometimes to vote with the Court party.* We cannot hold with Mr. Ballantyne that Carteret definitely declared for the Whigs by voting against the ministerial resolution that 'the 'Protestant Succession was in no danger;' several undoubted Tories, such as the Earls of Abingdon, Jersey, and Anglesey, joined him in so doing. A better test of his conversion to Whig principles is the fact that in the May of the same year he voted against the Schism Act, which was supported by Anglesey and the other 'Hanoverian Tory' peers. From that moment his politics were never doubtful.

* Wentworth Papers, p. 367. Wentworth's spelling is wild beyond conception. He calls Walpole 'Wallpoole,' and Kensington 'Kinsenton,' habitually.

Three months after the Schism Act had passed Queen Anne died, and the Whig party entered on that long tenure of office which was to endure for all but a complete half-century. Carteret had, as it turned out, chosen his side wisely. Before the new king was crowned he was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber, and a few months later he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire, though his property and influence did not lie in that county. Probably Whig magnates were rare in the Jacobite West, and a man of ability was required to manage a shire where a French landing was always possible. While the rebellion of 1715 was in progress Carteret was vigilantly moving about, 'improving the thoughts of the neighbouring gentry, and 'discountenancing the seeds of faction that have been sown in 'these parts,' as he phrased it himself. But his powers were not destined to be tried by any outbreak. Devonshire made no movement, and the months of danger passed safely by.

We have now reached the point at which Mr. Ballantyne's first, and most unsatisfactory, chapter comes to an end. When once Carteret has taken office and his public correspondence becomes available, the meagre and fragmentary record grows fuller and clearer. In fact, we may say, the book begins to deal with Carteret himself instead of dilating on the contemporary history with which he may or may not have been concerned.

Up to this moment we have no tangible proof of Carteret's abilities. Evidently his contemporaries believed in him, but their belief had not as yet been justified by any notable achievement. There was no doubt that he was a good Whig, that he possessed a pretty wit, and that, though somewhat of a scholar and a student, he had a considerable political ambition. But many a young man starts in life with all these attributes and never makes his mark. Carteret was now about to be tested by the logic of facts, and to show that his friends' confidence was not misplaced.

With the hopelessly dull and uninteresting details of the quarrel between the Whigs who followed Walpole and the Whigs who followed Sunderland or Stanhope in the earlier years of George I., we have no intention of dealing. Those who list may learn something of the matters in dispute from Mr. Ballantyne's pages concerning the subject in his second chapter, though they would do far better if they turned to Lord Mahon's first volume. Suffice it to say that Carteret cast in his lot with Sunderland, and by so doing determined the whole of his own career, for he thereby earned Walpole's

undying enmity, and that enmity was to keep him out of office for the best years of his life. A happy turn for the easy acquisition of languages, a good address, and a talent for picking up miscellaneous information, marked Carteret out as a possible diplomatist. Sunderland determined to make trial of him in a position of considerable importance, and sent him out as Ambassador Extraordinary to Sweden.

The Swedish despatches are by far the most interesting of the unpublished documents which Mr. Ballantyne has brought to bear upon his subject, and a perusal of them is enough by itself to give a fair idea of Carteret's character. We are struck at once with the happy combination of foresight and of capacity for sudden action, of readiness and of persistence, which they display, above all with their sustained hopefulness and buoyancy of spirit in the midst of countless checks and hindrances.

Six months before Carteret landed at Gothenborg that traitorous pistol-shot from the rear had laid Charles XII. dead in the trenches of Fredrikshald. His sister Ulrika Eleonora succeeded to a disputed crown, an empty exchequer, a factious Diet, and four foreign wars. Seldom has a country reached a more forlorn condition than Sweden at that moment: the empire which Gustavus Adolphus had built up was crumbling to pieces from sheer want of men and money to maintain a war with all its neighbours at once. The Danes were invading the western provinces from their base in Norway, the Russian fleet was harrying the shores of Upland and Sudermania, the King of Prussia had just conquered Pomerania and Rügen; lastly, George of England, intent on revenge for Charles XII.'s support of the Pretender, and seeing a fair chance of adding to his beloved electoral territories, had stretched out his hand for the duchies of Bremen and Verden. The interests which Carteret—started at the age of twenty-eight on his first diplomatic campaign—had to reconcile seemed hopelessly at variance. England did not wish to see Sweden too much weakened, yet the King of England was bent on gaining land from her for his own private domain. Russia, Prussia, and Denmark were resolved to get all that they could extort from their exhausted enemy, while the unruly Swedish Diet refused to hear reason till the conqueror was at their very gates. 'They do not as 'yet feel all their wounds,' wrote Carteret; 'they are still 'warm. The late king put a spirit and a courage and left 'a motion in this nation which is not yet expired, though 'it abates daily and must soon cease.'

The reconciliation of all parties concerned and the happy conclusion of four several peaces were probably the cleverest achievement of the whole of Carteret's career. He persuaded the Swedish Government to begin by buying off the enmity of his own master with the required territorial cessions, on condition that England should grant her friendly mediation with the other powers. Then, bringing up the British fleet into the Baltic, he overawed the Russian and the Dane into withdrawal. This was the boldest of strokes, for he had neither permission nor intention to use the fleet for actual warlike operations, and could only reckon on the moral effect of its presence. But he had gauged the situation, and believed that a mere demonstration would be enough. Nor was he disappointed. The appearance of Admiral Norris and his seventy-fours was the signal for the disappearance of Czar Peter and his marauding squadron. The Danes consented to an armistice, the King of Prussia proved open to negotiations, and signs of peace began to appear on the horizon.

'I don't care for bold strokes,' wrote Carteret, 'but I have lived by nothing else since I came here. . . . No public minister was ever for a month together upon so bad or so dangerous a situation as I have been. The common people looked upon me as the author of their misery while no succour came. . . . However, I still went on in the same strain, and have worked through with success, so that at present no ambassador was ever upon a better footing in a country than I am' (p. 56).

Ere long Frederick William came to terms, obtaining the cession of Stettin and its district on the payment of two million florins.

'A curious instance of the king's economy came out in the course of the negotiation. He stipulated that the wagons and horses which brought the Prussian money should be precisely paid for. "So "minute a particular," wrote Carteret, "has hardly ever been inserted "before in a treaty to be made between two crowns"' (p. 55).

When Denmark also had been satisfied by a comparatively small cession of territory and a sum of 600,000 dollars, Carteret's popularity rose to its zenith. The Queen of Sweden loaded him with thanks, the ministers were constant in their attendance on him, the Diet expressed its thanks. When he visited Copenhagen he was much surprised to find that in Denmark also he was regarded with high approval as the terminator of the war. Frederick IV. on receiving him commenced with the happy speech: 'Milord, comme par votre 'entremise j'ai fait la paix et qu'à cette heure mes armes

'me sont inutiles, permettez-moi que je vous fasse présent de 'mon épée,' handing him at the same time a sword valued at 20,000 crowns, specially made for the occasion.

After Carteret had quitted the north, but entirely in consequence of the success of his previous negotiations, the Czar was induced to make the peace of Nystadt, which restored Finland to Sweden, though it stripped her of her possessions to the south and south-east of the gulf of the same name. Thus the work of pacification was completed.

The bold and skilful diplomacy which had given peace to Europe was less appreciated in England than in any other country. The Government, indeed, was satisfied, but it is doubtful whether the general public had any conception of the matter, beyond the notion that Carteret had used the power of England in order to enable King George to add a strip of Swedish territory to his hated electorate. On the man himself the effect was most marked: it gave him a jovial self-reliance and a cheerful confidence in his own 'bold 'strokes' which were for the future the most prominent features in his character. He had picked up a knowledge not only of Swedish but of German during his eighteen months of sojourn at Stockholm, and had thoroughly mastered the politics of all the northern powers. Consequently it was not unnatural that he should believe that the foreign relations of his country were by far the most important things with which the ministry was charged, and that he should be profoundly convinced that skilful diplomacy could accomplish all things—even the impossible. It can easily be guessed how these ideas squared with the theories of Walpole, with whom he was soon to be brought into the closest contact. The two men and their notions of England's true policy were absolutely and entirely incompatible.

During the last months of Carteret's stay in Sweden the great South Sea crash had occurred. He arrived in England just in time to find his patron Sunderland tottering to his fall, and Walpole preparing to resume his place in the ministry. When the new government was formed, the last trace of the outgoing premier's influence was the appointment of Carteret as 'Secretary of State for the Southern 'Department.' This gave him the control of our foreign relations with France, Spain, Italy, and Turkey. The 'Secre-'tary for the North,' who had charge of Scandinavia, Russia, and Germany, was his future bane, the Duke of Newcastle. Carteret held this post for exactly three years with very considerable credit to his own powers as an administrator

and diplomatist, but with gradually decreasing influence in the ministry. The truth was that Walpole had made up his mind to get rid of him by fair means or foul. He disliked him as an unwelcome legacy from Sunderland, but he absolutely dreaded him as a possible rival in the favour of the king; we may add that on grounds of general principle he objected to having any man of more than average ability serving under him in the Cabinet. George I., as everyone knows, was fond of interfering in every branch of European politics. Walpole, to whom all foreign languages were as sealed books, was almost incredibly ignorant of the commonplaces of diplomacy. He lived, therefore, in a constant state of nightmare, picturing to himself Carteret obtaining the king's full confidence by conversing with him in the mysterious German tongue on the affairs of the Continent. Nor was he entirely in the wrong: George certainly displayed some partiality for the young Secretary of State, and even took him over to enjoy the delights of Hanover. This brought matters to a crisis; for six months there was open war, and then the king was induced to dismiss Carteret from his post. During the period of stress the falling minister was endeavouring to save himself by means which Mr. Ballantyne will not allow to be 'intrigues,' but which in anybody else would certainly be denominated by that name. He won the favour of the Duchess of Kendal by undertaking to settle certain private matters about which she was treating with Cardinal Dubois, and afterwards with Orleans's favourite Nocé. By this backstairs influence he was for a moment maintained; but when Walpole had set his mind on a thing, the power of the king's mistresses was a broken reed on which to rely. In March 1724 Carteret lost his secretaryship, and his fall was hardly softened by the fact that he was in the next month presented with the extremely undesirable post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, more to keep him out of London than to solace him for his removal from the Cabinet. Indeed there were many who thought that Walpole sent him over the Channel merely that he might wreck his career in that unhappy island, the grave of great reputations.

With Carteret's removal to Ireland his public correspondence almost entirely fails us, and Mr. Ballantyne again becomes incomplete and fragmentary. The greater part of his chapter on the career of his hero as Lord-Lieutenant is pieced together from lives of Swift. The controversy about Wood's halfpence was assuming dangerous proportions at

the moment of Carteret's appointment, and it was probably Walpole's plan to make him the scapegoat in the matter, if any such were required. Swift and the new Lord-Lieutenant had been slightly acquainted before, and had no unkindly recollection of each other. But any less adroit and genial personage than Carteret must have found himself committed to war with the fiery Dean before a month was over. The sound and fury of the 'Drapier's Letters' are now forgotten, but the ruler who dealt with them without losing his head must have been a man of imperturbable temper. Though not personally attacked, he could not but resent the barefaced sedition which, in his own words, 'struck at the 'dependency of Ireland on the throne of Great Britain.' Nevertheless he succeeded in keeping off any actual collision. One good story is told of the curious relations between Swift and Carteret, at the time when a proclamation was out against the more than suspected author of the 'Drapier's 'Letters,' and yet the two men were continually meeting on friendly terms in private life. The Dean, making a call at the Castle, was kept some time waiting in the anteroom, for the Lord-Lieutenant was engaged. Growing impatient he sent in a card with two lines scribbled on it:—

> 'My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard task
> For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask.'

Carteret sent out an answer at once in the happy lines:—

> 'My very good Dean, there are few who come here
> But have something to ask, *or something to fear*.'

When Wood's execrated patent was finally withdrawn the discredit of the defeat did not fall on the Lord-Lieutenant. He had so carefully confined himself to a cautious and wary carrying out of orders expressly given in England, that no one could say that he was personally compromised in the smallest degree.

Of the last five years of Carteret's stay in Ireland Mr. Ballantyne gives no details beyond a few private letters to and from Swift, which deal with matters of no importance. It might perhaps have been worth while to explain what the Dean meant by saying that 'I confess that he had a 'genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom 'than most of his predecessors.' Nobody who has read Mr. Lecky's chapters on Ireland in his 'Eighteenth Century' can fail to catch the allusion. Though personally mild and genial, Carteret was charged with the carrying out of a most

detestable policy. During his tenure of office the exclusion of all Irishmen from promotion became more marked than ever. The times were bad, trade continually decreased, yet Walpole was always loading the Irish pension-list with all the jobs that were too flagrant to be carried out in England. The Lord-Lieutenancy must have been no pleasant post for a man who, whatever his faults, had a good heart and an unfeigned dislike to the evils of misused patronage.

In 1730 Carteret returned from his exile, and, resuming the place in the House of Lords from which he had so long been absent, plunged at once into vehement opposition to Walpole's government. For twelve weary years that opposition continued, and it was not till nine of those twelve had elapsed that ultimate success appeared in the least probable. We may fairly say that Carteret wasted on fruitless parliamentary wrangling, and still more fruitless attempts to win the favour of the king and queen, those years of his life when brain and nerves were at their best and strongest. His administrative talents found no better scope than the endeavour to organise a party which always turned out to be in the minority. His skilful diplomacy had to be exercised in futile attempts to gain personal interviews with the queen, or even with those who were about the queen's person. He leagued himself with Pulteney and Chesterfield and Argyll, but neither the racy political writing of the first, nor the sonorous eloquence of the second, nor the parliamentary influence of the third availed him aught against Walpole's skilfully managed money-bags. He turned to the Tories, he stimulated the vehemence of Pitt and Lyttelton and the other 'Boy-patriots,' but his heterogeneous forces were only mustered in order to suffer defeat. The man who at twenty-eight had settled the affairs of Europe was apparently a stranded wreck at fifty.

Constant failure is said to leave men either soured or indifferent. Carteret had too buoyant a spirit to sink into gloom and despair; nor did his twelve years' apprenticeship to adversity cause him to quit political life. After leading a furious assault on Walpole and suffering the usual defeat he would retire in complete good humour to his books and his bottle and wait for the chance of another fight. But there can be little doubt that his long exclusion from office injured his character by sapping his sense of responsibility. There were not unfrequent occasions when his conduct sank into mere factiousness, and this was remembered against him when he himself came at last into power. It is easy to understand the irritation of the knot of men of genius

whose careers were spoilt merely because Walpole could not tolerate ability in his subordinates. But the penalty which they had to pay for their unceasing onslaughts on the great minister was to acquire a reputation for levity and for loving opposition for opposition's sake.

On the question of the Spanish war, however, we are not disposed to join the common cry of those who denounce Carteret and Pulteney for having driven Walpole into an unjust and unnecessary conflict with an unoffending neighbour. All such accusations are out of place now that the first 'Family Compact' of 1731 has been published, and can be studied by the historian. Whether Robert Jenkins, whose name has been so ridiculously imposed on the war, ever lost his ear or not makes no difference to us. We know that the house of Bourbon had bound itself in close alliance to impose its will on Europe. We know that England was expressly named as a possible enemy, and that Spain undertook, long before any offence had been given and while the most pacific of English ministers was in office, to endeavour to ruin England's trade. The molestation which our traders suffered on the Spanish main and in the South Seas was part of a deliberate plan to transfer our commercial advantages to France. Not merely, then, in the interest of the balance of power in Europe, threatened by the preponderance of the Bourbons, but in the defence of our own rights, we were perfectly justified in taking up the sword. Carteret, more versed in foreign politics than any other Englishman of his day, thoroughly understood the state of affairs, and very rightly decided in favour of war.

Driven to fight against his will, and fighting with an equal want of skill and of luck, Walpole at last lost his hold on the House of Commons. Defeated on January 28, 1742, on the paltry question of the Chippenham election petition, the great minister resigned. At last the conjuncture for which twenty able men had been scheming and working for the last dozen years had come to pass. The victory was won; it only remained to be seen who would carry off the spoils.

Pulteney was the first to whom the opportunity was offered; but, with a sudden and incomprehensible fear of the situation which he had so long been scheming to attain, that statesman refused to accept office. Carteret was the next whose name was suggested to the king, and he proved more amenable than might have been expected to the royal behest. There were two courses open to him. He might stipulate for the entire exclusion of Walpole's party from the new Cabinet, and build it up by employing all the sec-

tions of the motley majority which had won the victory of January 28, combining the Hanoverian Tories with the various sections of discontented Whigs. Or he might, with his own immediate following, join the more moderate members of the late ministry, and get the benefit of their enormous parliamentary influence. The former course was the more honest and the more difficult: to endeavour to combine Chesterfield and Argyll, Pitt and Cotton, would be undoubtedly hard. The second was the easier, but the less honourable: the men who had been denouncing Walpole's policy had no right to ally themselves with Walpole's lieutenants. In an evil hour, however, Carteret chose the worse alternative; he formed a new ministry in which Newcastle, Henry Pelham, Hardwicke, Wilmington, and Harrington, all of whom had served under Walpole, were allowed to find places. Wilmington was even given the nominal position of prime minister, though everyone understood that he was and would be a mere cipher. On the other hand, Chesterfield, the 'Patriots,' and the Tories were excluded.

This was the worst day's work that Carteret ever did for himself; he made the treacherous Pelhams his colleagues, and sent Pitt and Chesterfield into opposition. Within two years the former had intrigued him out of office, and the latter had made him the best-hated man in England by their incendiary harangues.

The actions of Carteret during the years 1742–44 are the one part of his career which has already been worked out with some care by English historians. Accordingly Mr. Ballantyne, though he is very full in dealing with the period, has not overmuch additional information to supply. The most interesting passage that we found in him is the account of his hero's adventures at Dettingen. As a civilian, Carteret had no personal share in the battle. All through the hours of the engagement he sat in his coach on the main road in the rear of the Allied army, not altogether, as we should suppose, beyond the range of the French batteries which were playing on the English line of march from the other side of the Main. As he sat there in solitary state, a head was protruded into his window. It was that of the unfortunate Archbishop of Mainz, a spectator of the battle against his will. Alluding no doubt to the stray French shells which were dropping about, the flurried prelate exclaimed 'Milord, 'milord, je proteste contre toute violence,' and, having thus relieved his soul of participation in the guilt of the battle, went on his way.

In his hero's fall Mr. Ballantyne, partial after the manner

of biographers, can see nothing but the intrigues of Newcastle and the harangues of Pitt. There can be no doubt, however, that the foibles of the prime minister's character had quite as much to do with his disgrace as the machinations of his enemies. He was by nature and training better fitted for a diplomatist than a responsible minister. He hated the drudgery of parliamentary management, and despised the corrupt means which it then required. His mind was so set on carrying out his broad schemes of foreign policy that he could find no time to explain and justify them before Parliament and public opinion. Moreover, as Onslow observed, 'he was all for glory.' Carteret, indeed, had no vulgar ambition; we should be wrong if we classed him with the Newcastles or Henry Foxes of the day, as a man who engaged in politics from selfish love of power or desire for mere advancement. His ideal was, to use his own words—flippant in expression but sincere in thought—'to knock the 'heads of all the kings of Europe together, and jumble some-'thing out of it that may be of service to England.' But in addition there can be no doubt that he took a keen personal pleasure in his diplomatic schemes. He loved to score a political success, but if success was impossible it gave him almost as much pleasure to fail after a well-fought struggle. The stir and bustle of the statesman's life, the skilful fencing of diplomatic interviews, the handling of the threads of national policy which ramified to every court in Europe, were very dear to him. He had one of those buoyant spirits on which responsibility sits lightly; his cheerful and easy self-confidence saw its way through every difficulty, and his ready wit had an answer for every objection. Newcastle, finding a happy phrase for once in his life, said that 'Carteret was one of the 'men who never doubted.' The saying was true enough: his judgement was so quick, and his knowledge in every branch of practical affairs so wide, that he never had to stop to ponder long over a line of action. One course always presented itself to his mind as obvious, the rest were dismissed without a further thought. In practical politics this faculty of rapid decision was by no means an unmixed advantage to Carteret. So clear was his mental vision that he was impatient with those whose perception was slow, and hardly condescended to explain his ideas to their duller intelligence. To mediocrities who could just see far enough to realise the difficulties of a question, the imperious decisiveness of his answers seemed to spring from mere unreflecting rashness. The favourite name for him in Opposition pamphlets was 'Jack Headlong.' His dislike to plunge into

wearisome explanations and discussion was most of all displayed when continental affairs were in question. Here he claimed a free hand; when he had accompanied the king to Germany, he proceeded to enter into treaties and agreements to right and left, without giving any notice to his colleagues at home until the matters were settled. We can now see that his schemes were feasible, and his general plan of operations favourable to England. But while he was in fact walking at his ease through the labyrinthine mazes of German politics, those who had not the clue saw in him a blind leader of the blind, staggering at haphazard among snares and pitfalls, and dragging the nation to destruction after him. Unable to penetrate his designs, owing to the gross ignorance of continental affairs which reigned in England, they professed to come to one of three conclusions: either he was 'mad,' or he was 'drunk,' or he was betraying the interests of his country to the Hanoverian partialities of the king.

Seldom have more unjust charges been brought against a statesman. His 'madness' was precisely what was afterwards regarded as Pitt's inspiration—the idea that the power of the House of Bourbon might be bled to death in Germany. While his colleagues and rivals were thinking of petty expeditions against Dunkirk or Cartagena, Carteret had realised that such pin-pricks could have no effect on the general course of the war. He wished to wear down the enemy by confederate armies on the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Alps, and trusted that England would open her purse to subsidise them. But men who had not a tithe of his knowledge of the Continent thought otherwise; they found his scheme visionary and presumptuous, because the proof of its feasibility rested on data which were unknown to them. So his colleagues deserted him, while his enemies laid every folly and baseness to his charge. Pitt, unconscious of his own future, denounced 'the execrable minister who seemed 'to have drunk of the potion which poets have described as 'causing men to forget their country.' Chesterfield described him as one whose only object in life was to pour English guineas into the hands of foreigners, in order that the king might win some petty Hanoverian object.

English public opinion seems to have realised very little of Carteret's scheme for a simultaneous attack on France by all the Powers of central Europe. When it was reported that at a public banquet he had drunk—a hundred years too soon—to the 'Restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to

'the Empire,' the news went round that the English subsidies were to be spent in helping Austria to carry on a war of mere ambition and aggression. No one would see that every army that France had to put in motion for the East meant the diversion of a considerable portion of her resources from the defence of her naval power and colonies. The true and happy phrase that 'Canada must be con'quered on the plains of Germany' had not yet been invented; the man who was one day to formulate it was at that moment thundering on Carteret's devoted head for daring to subsidise the few thousand Hanoverian troops who had joined the British army on the Main.

This fatal Hanoverian question, the one point in foreign politics which every Englishman thought that he understood, was to be Carteret's ruin. It does not seem to have been in the least true that he played into the king's hands. If we had to hire auxiliaries, the battalions of the Electorate could be trusted far more than those of any other power. The stories of their cowardice and indiscipline which Pitt and Chesterfield spread abroad were malevolent inventions, destitute of any real foundation. But it was always safe to abuse Hanover, and by dint of repeated assertions that Carteret had sold his country the opposition persuaded public opinion that there was something in the charge.

Then came the chance of the Pelhams. They wanted to get rid of their headstrong colleague, who sent them from the heart of Germany imperious despatches whose meaning they were unable to fathom, and left them the duty of wringing money for his subsidies out of a recalcitrant Parliament. Newcastle did not understand foreign politics, but he did understand the way to manage the baser part of the two Houses. By November 1744 he and his brother had their plans ready. On the first day of the month the Duke handed to King George a memorial signed not only by the majority of the ministry, but by the whole of the Whig opposition, which denounced Carteret, his conduct, and his policy. The King was unwilling to lose a minister whose knowledge of German affairs had been so useful, and whose views tallied to a large extent with his own; but he was not the fanatical admirer of his Secretary of State which men had supposed him to be. By the 24th he had discovered that any ministry of which Carteret formed a part would be in a hopeless minority in both Houses of Parliament, and on that day he yielded to the Pelhams.

Nearly twenty years of life were before the fallen minister,

who had now reached the age of fifty-four. But they were never to see him again at the head of affairs. For one moment in the winter of 1745–6, while the Jacobite rebellion was in full vigour, it seemed that he might be called back to power. But Pulteney, on whose aid he had been relying, deserted him in the moment of trial. That 'Weathercock,' —as Shelburne remarked—'always spoilt everything.' The Pelham influence proved too strong, even at the moment when Newcastle and his brother had mismanaged affairs, both at home and abroad, to an extent which made Walpole's failures of 1739–42 look like brilliant successes. After being Secretary of State for precisely four days, Carteret—now become Earl Granville by the death of his aged mother—had to give place to his old enemies. He relapsed into opposition with his customary good humour, and employed himself in the study of his favourite Greek authors and the nursing of the gout which was fast growing upon him.

By 1752 the last incident of his chequered career took place. The wheel of fortune brought round his turn when it was too late: he was now not much better than an invalid, though his mind and brain were clear enough. In that year the men who had turned him out of office so meanly came to him to invite him once more to join them. To everyone's surprise he consented: *non eadem est ætas, non mens*, was the observer's comment, but this did not cover the whole truth. Carteret had been from the first wholly destitute of resentment, even to the verge of faultiness. It was not so much the active faculty of pardoning his enemies which he possessed, as the negative quality of being unable to hate them when they wronged him, the defect that Aristotle once called *ἀοργησία*. When they looked to see him angry and depressed, they found him regarding events with the eyes of a disinterested spectator of a humorous cast of mind.

'Once, when terribly abused by Lord Aylesford in the House of Peers, he waited till the oration was over, and then, turning to those who were sitting by him, said with a cheerful unconcern, not at all affected or put on, but quite natural, "Poor Aylesford is really "angry!"' (P. 390.)

Now the English public likes a good hater. It has its doubts about the sincerity of a statesman who contents himself with showing that his opponents are illogical or ill-informed, and prefers to hear him accuse them of wilful misdoing. Nothing is easier than to accuse Carteret of levity and want of principle for taking office in 1752. But

it is rather to his conviction that he could be of service to England that his conduct must be referred.

Seldom had one statesman played off on another meaner tricks than Newcastle and Pelham had used against Carteret. But in the day of their humiliation he consented to serve with them, in order that his knowledge of foreign affairs might be useful to the country. At the first Cabinet Council which he attended, he came cheerfully among his old detractors with the remark, 'Well, my lords, here is the com-'mon enemy returned.' For twelve years—till his death in 1763—he was uninterruptedly Lord President of the Council. It is satisfactory to know that he was ere long reconciled to Pitt, who, recanting all his previous abuse, became his friend, and carried out the policy which its original inventor was now too old and broken to execute. 'In the upper depart-'ments of government Carteret had no equal,' said Pitt; 'to his instruction I owe whatever I am.' It must have solaced the old minister in the long years when, 'bent 'almost double, worn to a skeleton, and with the use of his 'legs quite gone,' he still followed the course of affairs with an eager eye, to watch the working out of his own schemes in the Seven Years' War. He lived to see the Peace of Paris signed, and declared it just and reasonable. The last scene of his life is described in Wood's 'Essay on the Genius 'of Homer.'

'I found him,' says Wood, 'so languid that I proposed postponing my business (the reading over to him of the preliminary articles of the Peace of Paris) for another time. But he insisted that I should stay, saying it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty, and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguished part he had taken in public affairs:—

> Ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες
> αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
> ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην
> οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν·
> νῦν δ' (ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
> μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπάλυξαι)
> ἴομεν.

His lordship repeated the last word several times with a calm and determined resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) "on the most glorious war "and the most honourable peace this nation ever saw."'

Two days later the old man was dead.

ART. X.—1. *The Liberal Unionist* for September, October, November, and December, 1887.

2. *The Case for the Union.* Published by the Liberal Unionist Association. Second Series. 1887.

3. *Letters on Unionist Delusions.* By Professor DICEY. London: 1887.

THE Unionist party remains steadfast in its resolution to maintain the authority of the Queen and the Parliament of the United Kingdom, to defend life and property by the due execution of the law, and to resist the attacks which are directed with unexampled violence by the Opposition against the existing constitution of these realms, and even against the fundamental principles of civilisation and society. It is strengthened in its alliances by the intemperate assaults directed against it; for as on the one hand it has the support of an immense majority of the educated classes in this country, its adversaries are degraded and disgraced by their connexion with the lawless and the ignorant classes to which they appeal for support, and by the support of men who are not ashamed to have recourse, for political purposes, to mendacity and crime. It is worth while to compare the motives of the two great parties which at present divide the nation, to the exclusion of all minor differences. On the one hand the party of the Union is prepared to make every sacrifice to the maintenance of the integrity of the kingdom, and it has shown, on more than one occasion, that it is entirely disinterested and patriotic. Never was there a time when personal ambition or party spirit weighed less with a great body of statesmen. Upon the formation of the present Government in 1886, Lord Salisbury showed no eagerness to assume the exalted but arduous post which he now occupies; and he offered to Lord Hartington the first place in the Ministry, consenting to serve under him. Lord Hartington declined the offer, and preferred to promise an independent but faithful support to the Conservative leader. A more honourable transaction never took place between rival statesmen. The Conservative party themselves were by no means eager to take office under what seemed to be doubtful conditions. The leaders of the Radical section of the Liberal party were not wanting in the same spirit of self-sacrifice. Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, especially, showed that they held the applause of the democracy, and the support of its organised machinery, to be things of infinitely less

value than the security of the Empire. They threw their whole weight, to their immortal honour, into the cause of the Union, without caring to note the loss of some portion of their personal popularity and influence. The cause of the Union has been built up and strengthened by noble sacrifices, which prove that its leaders are not contending for personal objects, but for the unity of the Commonwealth and the authority of the Crown, and the events of the last few weeks demonstrate that it is steadily gaining ground in the country.

On the other hand, we can discover in the conduct of the Opposition in Great Britain but one predominant motive—the greed of office and the lust of power. It is notorious, and was avowed by themselves at the election in 1885, that the followers of Mr. Gladstone hoped and desired to obtain a majority, sufficient to render them independent of the Irish faction, which they had described in language of contumely and detestation, and had resisted with successful energy as long as the Coercion Bill of 1882 was in force. Had that measure been permanent instead of temporary, Ireland would probably have been spared the agitation and the crimes which have made her a byword among the nations. But the Act lapsed at the end of three years. It was impossible in the month of August to renew it. The agitation broke out again with increased intensity. The general election had placed Mr. Gladstone in a weak minority of British members, and Mr. Parnell at the head of eighty-five votes. Then, and for that reason alone, the shameful design was formed to purchase those votes by the sacrifice of the policy which had hitherto been that of the Liberal party and its chief; to desert the standard of the Union; to ally the remnant of the British Liberal party to the promoters of rebellion and crime in Ireland; and to repudiate, at the bidding of Mr. Parnell, every principle for which the British Government, from Mr. Pitt to Mr. Gladstone, had hitherto contended. We are compelled to entertain the belief that it was the lust of office alone which led to a surrender so repugnant to the conscience of men of honour. It was the act of men who, to use the piercing sarcasm of Lord Selborne, 'would sell even their Church for a political bar-'gain.' There was no change of circumstances to palliate their apostasy. The objects of the Irish Nationalists and their American paymasters were perfectly clear and avowed. They sought, and still seek, 'to march through rapine to the 'dismemberment of the Empire.' But now for the first time

they found a British Minister of the highest rank, and a servant of the Crown, who would stoop to promote them. He stooped in vain to that humiliation. The declaration of Mr. Gladstone in favour of Home Rule proved even more fatal to his influence and his ambition than the events of the preceding year. By a Parliament just elected with a widely extended franchise the crude scheme which he proposed was rejected. The Unionist Party was formed and consolidated, and the leader of the Opposition found himself opposed by a compact majority of about one hundred votes in the House of Commons.

We are led by the history of this transaction to form a very low opinion either of the political intelligence or of the political honesty of the British supporters of an Irish independent parliamentary government. To us it seems absolutely incredible that any impartial observer should conceive that the government of Ireland by the present leaders of the Irish people and their American confederates would prove in itself beneficial to Ireland. On the very best and most sanguine view of the case, the establishment of an independent Irish Government could only be regarded as an experiment, and an experiment of a very dangerous character—opposed to all the results of reason and experience, and savouring not of hope but of despair. As for regarding the measure as a 'settlement of the Irish question,' it is obvious that it would open a host of questions far more intricate and embarrassing than the government of Ireland by the Ministers of the United Kingdom, and create a power as jealous and as hostile as the League itself. Yet Mr. Gladstone persuaded himself, and contrived to persuade the least eminent of his former followers, that he had solved the problem and put an end to a social revolution. Other motives may have operated on some British minds. The desire to win the Irish vote on some of them. An utter indifference to the fate of Ireland on others, or a desperate desire to rid ourselves of the hopeless task of governing that country, where (to use the language of a recent convert) 'it was all 'up with law and order.' Or again, the opinion that it might be for the benefit of Great Britain to eject the Irish representatives from the House of Commons, and to escape from the burdens which the occupation of their country throws upon us. These are unworthy motives, which those who feel them scarcely dare to avow. Whatever other effects the repeal of the Union might have, we entertain not the least doubt that it would be absolutely disastrous and ruinous to

Ireland, and we can conceive no greater disgrace to the Government of Great Britain than the abandonment by us of that large minority of the Irish, who represent the civilisation and property of the island, to the rule of a gang of miscreants raised to power by a conspiracy of priests and a horde of peasants. No sentiment was hailed with greater enthusiasm at the recent Unionist meetings than the emphatic declaration that, come what may, the people of England would never abandon their loyal and Protestant fellow-countrymen in Ireland. We shall endeavour to point out, in the later pages of this article, some of the economical consequences of Repeal to the people of Ireland, to which we think that sufficient attention has not been directed.

If anyone doubts what the effects of Repeal and an independent Irish Government would be, let him ask the judgement of all who are capable of forming a rational opinion amongst the Irish themselves. Whatever be the numerical strength of Mr. Parnell's nominees sent to the House of Commons by his sole will, and supported in great measure by the funds of anarchy, it is notorious that he has never succeeded in bringing forward a single person of station or character amongst his followers. Had there been such a person, he would be conspicuous. Is the landed interest represented by Sir Thomas Esmonde? The bar by Mr. Harrington? The medical profession by Dr. Tanner? The mercantile world by any one at all? Is it not certain, on the contrary, that the voice of the whole intelligent society of Ireland is overborne by the votes of an ignorant peasantry, excited not by patriotism, but by the hope of plunder? The invitation to Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen to address the people of Dublin was signed, literally, by everyone in the educated ranks of society. Leinster Hall was not large enough to contain the crowd that flocked to hear the Unionist orators. They were received with enthusiasm, as men who came to deliver the country from bondage. That, we take it, was the true voice of Ireland—of those who are worthy to represent the Irish people, and not the clamour of the peasantry of Kerry and Clare inflamed by the oratory of Mr. Parnell's agents. That meeting proved beyond all doubt on which side the authority of the commercial and literate classes in the capital city of Ireland lies. Dublin has pronounced for the Union by the voice of her best citizens, whilst the Lord Mayor is sent to gaol for a breach of the law. But this demonstration suggests another remark. Suppose *per impossibile* that Home Rule were carried, and a government

of Nationalists placed in power. How could a government relying solely on the numerical support of illiterate peasants and intolerant priests be carried on, or even exist, when opposed by the whole weight not only of the landed interest, but of the commercial and trading classes, the public companies, the judges, magistrates and counsel, the entire Protestant body, and the learning of the country? Such a government would drive out of the island to England or to America not the landlords only, but all the men of capital and culture in Ireland, or else engage them in a struggle for life and death with a victorious Jacquerie. Recent events in France have demonstrated what may be the condition of a nation when the wisest and noblest of its citizens have been deposed from power or driven from the territory.

It is surprising to us that the claims of the Irish minority have not been more loudly and powerfully advocated by themselves. The loyal party in Ireland, whose very existence depends on the issue of this contest, have allowed the weapons of the platform and of political organisation to pass too much into the hands of their enemies. No leader of the first rank has arisen among them, and it is when English statesmen, like Mr. Chamberlain in Ulster or Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen in Dublin, make their appearance that the enthusiastic reception they receive proves that the cause of the Union is really the cause of Ireland. Mr. Lecky, who casts back a look of regret on the Irish Parliament of 1782, reminds us that in that day Ireland had her Fitzgibbon, her Grattan, her Curran, her Flood, and that the champions of Ireland were the equals of any British statesmen. O'Connell and his followers were not mean men. The contrast between them and their successors is appalling, and Mr. Lecky shrinks from placing the fate of his country in such despicable and dangerous hands. But the Irish race has not ceased to give birth to men of eminence. They are alive, they are in their right place, not in the service of Ireland alone, but of the United Kingdom. The late Lord Cairns, the late Lord Lawrence, Lord Dufferin, Lord Wolseley were, and are, as Irish as any child of Erin. They have risen to the highest rank in the law, in administration, in diplomacy, in war. Which of them would condescend for a moment to echo the popular cry for Home Rule, or to shatter the constitutional bond which unites Ireland to the Parliament and the Government of the Empire? Sir Charles Russell, an Irish patriot and Home Ruler, deservedly occupies a high position at the English bar. We should like to ask

him whether he is prepared to exchange that position and the prospects of an English judgeship for the practice of the Four Courts and a seat on the Irish bench? Those are the proper objects of ambition of an eloquent asserter of Irish independence. We take the voice of Ireland to be not the cry of a mob led by obscure revolutionists, but the protest of all that is noble, learned, industrious, and prosperous in the island.

Some of the arguments used by the Separatists on this side the water are incredibly puerile. We are told that timely concession might have prevented the revolt of the American colonies, and that timely concession may heal the breach with Ireland. But the American colonies rose against the Crown because an attempt was made to tax them by an assembly in which they were not represented at all. The Irish Nationalists *are* represented to the full extent in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. They wield a part and parcel of its legislative power, which the Act of Union alone has given them. They repudiate what alone gives them political importance; and if the Home Rule scheme of Mr. Gladstone were in operation, they would cease to share the power which they would still be compelled to obey.

Again, attempts are made to draw analogies between the relations of Britain to Ireland and her relations to the colonies having an independent legislature and executive. But Great Britain receives nothing from these colonies in the form of taxation, and contributes nothing to their expenditure. Therefore the first element of parliamentary control, which is that of finance, is entirely wanting between them. Is anyone prepared to say that, if an independent parliament and executive were established in Ireland, financial relations of any kind could be maintained between two separate systems of taxation, differing, as they probably would, on the fundamental principles of the commercial system? Or that a parliament in which Ireland would not be represented could impose and exact by any form of taxation what would be regarded and denounced as the tribute of Ireland to Great Britain? *

* The conditions of Home Rule in Ireland, the colonies, and the United States, are discussed at length and with great ability in an address delivered at Glasgow on December 17, 1886, by John Guthrie Smith, advocate, and republished in the second series of the Papers of the Liberal Unionist Association. We earnestly beg to call the attention of readers, whose opinion may have been warped by this fallacious

Nothing surprises us more than the contempt with which the Home Rule party, not only in Ireland, but in Britain, speak of the Parliament to which they themselves belong, and of its legislative authority, which some of them affect to defy. Why, this Parliament is their own creation! It is elected upon the franchise extended by themselves. If ever an assembly had the right to assume that it represents the will and the voice of the nation, it is the Parliament of 1886. Yet we hear of statesmen who denounce its deliberate acts as measures of oppression, and of legislators boasting of their defiance of the Legislature of which they are members. To make war on the legislation of your country, and to stimulate the masses to disobey the law, is an act of treason. It is subversive of society itself, and it is rendered more heinous by the attempt to throw suspicion on the magistrates by whom the law is administered. Parliament is responsible for the tenor of the law. The judicial authorities of Ireland are responsible for its application. The Executive Government can neither alter the language of a statute, nor can it interfere at all with the judicial application of it. Yet with equal absurdity and injustice the Executive Government is attacked by those who have brought down the penalties of the law upon themselves by violating the obligations imposed on them by the legislature. If the law is to be interpreted by mobs or rebels and set aside because they dislike it, we should be reduced to a condition not distinguishable from anarchy; and the present state of Ireland proves that even murder and the most atrocious crimes may be perpetrated with impunity, and even palliated, by men whose moral sense is paralysed by party passion.

Mr. Gladstone seems to have discovered, somewhat late, that it is the duty of the Executive Government to put in force whatever they are advised to be the law of the land, and the duty of every citizen to obey the law until it is otherwise interpreted or changed. Was this the language he held at Nottingham? Is this the doctrine he applies to Ireland? The savage exclamation, 'Remember Mitchelstown!' was a denunciation of the gallant constabulary, who, to save their lives and defend their barracks from an infuriated mob, fired a few shots to disperse the people, two of which unhappily proved fatal, and it was insinuated that

analogy between Ireland and the colonies, to this excellent address, which can be purchased for twopence.

the police provoked the populace! In another case they were malignantly accused of having conspired to bring about an atrocious murder. Never were charges more lightly, ignorantly, or falsely made. Transport the scene to Trafalgar Square a few weeks later, and their author repudiates them. There the 'admirable police' are applauded for having repelled a far less formidable onslaught, and the *demos* of London is reminded in unctuous language that it is the duty of citizens to obey the law, and we will add to defend it. The cases are identical. The principle is the same. It is the principle on which society rests. It is the principle for which the Unionist party and the Government are contending in Ireland and in the streets of London. They who preach sedition in one place will perish by sedition in another. You cannot attempt, like Mr. O'Brien, to raise rebellion in Connaught, or, like Sir George Trevelyan, to play the incendiary in Wales, without kindling fires elsewhere. The recent disturbed state of the London populace, with its large Irish and foreign elements, had not occurred for half a century. Even in 1848 the movement of the Chartists was ridiculous. If the late riots have any importance, they owe it to the rashness or wickedness of men who let loose forces they cannot control, and invoked the powers of evil to serve their own ambition. Happily the result is the reverse of what they contemplate. Nothing has done more to strengthen the party of Union and order than the discovery that disunion and disorder may be brought by the agitators, who are the allies of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, into the Strand and Whitehall. We are indebted to them for the lesson they have taught the country.

In no form of government is the maintenance of the authority of the law so essential as under a democratical power, for those who attack it attack the will of the people and assail their own supremacy. Accordingly, in all States which have enjoyed an enlarged popular constitution, from Athens to Illinois, a struggle has gone on between the noisy and idle demagogues of a corrupt democracy and the true democracy, which represents the nation; and the measures of repression which are required for the maintenance of law and order are frequently more severe under a democratic government than those which an autocratic ruler would venture to employ. To appeal from Parliament to the platform, to substitute the clamour of packed meetings, representing one shade of opinion, for the acts of the legislature, and to resist the action of courts of justice by turbulent

assemblages of the people, is to outrage the constitution, and to render the representative system of government a delusion and a dream. Recent events, not only in Ireland but in the heart of England, are calculated to remind us of these elementary truths. It cannot be denied that a spirit of lawlessness is abroad, to which the people of this country have long been strangers, and unhappily it is the cause of liberty itself and the honour of free institutions which suffer by these outbreaks of folly and crime. The leaders of the Opposition are not a little to blame for these disgraceful disturbances. They have sought to throw suspicion on the administration of justice. They have censured, not the promoters of disorder, but the gallant and forbearing servants and defenders of society. They have not found a single expression to mark their abhorrence of abominable crimes. In their eagerness to recruit their ranks from any quarter, they have allowed an unholy alliance to be formed between the gangs of Irish who abound even in the cities of Britain, and the socialists and the criminal population who are the avowed enemies of property and law. It is their incendiary language which has kindled the absurd agitation in Wales, and even preached disunion of the kingdoms in parts of Scotland. And by way of giving a colour of honour and patriotism to their own quest of office, they cloak it in the name of 'nationality.' The political nationality of Ireland, of Wales, of Scotland! They forget nothing but their own nationality as members of the United Parliament, subjects of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and citizens of the British Empire.

It is worth while to dwell for a moment on the true meaning of that word 'nationality,' which has turned the heads of the more ignorant portion of the Irish populace. Nobody denies that a lively attachment to the peculiar traditions and character of a man's race, birthplace, and local manners is a natural and laudable sentiment. Nobody disputes the national character of Irishmen, Scotchmen, or Welshmen. The same sentiment may be carried much further into every county, to every island, to every town, to the village or the hillside. There is a nationality of Yorkshire and of Cornwall, of the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. It determines to a great extent the manners, the religion, the habits, and the social character of the people, and no one pretends to interfere with it. The British Empire is, in fact, composed of hundreds of such nationalities, and is the stronger because it respects them. But are these

distinctions incompatible with political unity and common government? The fallacy lies in the attempt to enlist these local sentiments in the cause of disruption, and to confound national character with national political power. In the latter sense Ireland never had any nationality at all. Could any government be founded on the general recognition of a mere local authority? Would not the stately fabric of an empire dissolve into the grains of sand of which it may be composed? Is it not held together, not by the sacrifice of any independent rights and privileges, but by the sense of common interests, a common greatness, common security, and the identity of political power? 'Those states,' says Arnold in the chapter in which he relates the long contests of infant Rome with the surrounding tribes of Italy—'those 'states that received the full Roman franchise became 'Romans, yet did not cease to be Latins: the language and 'the manners of their new country were their own.' And so Rome grew to be mistress of the world. We too have given the full British franchise to our Latium. We have summoned the representatives of Ireland to our Parliament. We have opened to them the ranks of the army, the peerage, the bench of justice, the highest offices of the State. We have made them our countrymen. We have sought to establish our union on identical privileges and laws. The reply of the separatist faction is, 'We will have none of 'this.' We prefer to limit our small ambition to the shores of our own island. We would exchange the right we now enjoy of sharing in the mighty councils of the British Empire for the privilege of following Mr. Parnell, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Sexton to College Green. And this is done in the name of 'nationality.' *

It is perhaps superfluous to discuss as a serious question the ultimate political tendencies and effects of what is called

* Dr. Arnold says, in another part of his great work (c. 41, p. 1):—'Most of the Italian states retained their municipal independence; they have their own magistrates; they could pass laws for their internal government; and their ancient laws of inheritance, and marriage, as well as their criminal law, were still preserved in full force. But this applies only to single states, or to the separate parts of a nation, for *everything like a national council or diet was carefully prohibited.*' It is remarkable that the confederate states in the Italian war contended not for independence, but for a closer union with Rome and the full rights of Roman citizens, which were eventually conceded to them. This is the exact reverse of the demand of the Irish faction, who, having the full rights of British citizens, seek to repudiate them.

'Home Rule,' if under that crude project and vague term is meant the abandonment of all local interests, and of the share in general interests, to a distinct local elected body and a local executive power. We exceedingly doubt whether those who have adopted this visionary scheme as the war cry of a party do in their hearts believe in it; for the paradox that 'separation means union' is as incomprehensible and absurd as M. Proudhon's celebrated maxim, 'La 'propriété c'est le vol.' Both these maxims, we know, find acceptance in Ireland, where they are preached to the populace by agitators who find them useful implements in the work of anarchy and rapine. But in Great Britain we can only conceive that they are adopted by men who fail to understand them, or else to believe in them.

To us it seems that there are but two principles on which states composed, as most states are, of several parts or members, can be governed—the one is empire, the other confederation. By empire we mean the concentration of authority in one sovereign power, to which all interests are subject and from which all subordinate powers are derived, such as is in the British dominions the authority of the Crown and of the Imperial Parliament. By confederation we mean a system of government in which the power of the State, both legislative and executive, is divided by the surrender of a portion of that authority to the several parts or members of it. It is clear that whatever is given to the several parts must be subtracted from the supreme whole, or rather that the central power ceases in a measure to be in all things supreme. So much is this the case that in North America the constitution is based on a union of sovereign states, and that all the powers not expressly vested in the Federal Government are reserved and exercised by the states themselves in their separate capacity. Hence in many of them the civil legislation presents different features. In a republican form of government, controlling the destinies and interests of a multifarious people, we believe that no better institutions could be framed than those of the United States of America; but the adoption of anything resembling a federal constitution is far less easy or successful under a monarchy and a supreme legislature. The experiment is now tried in the Austro-Hungarian Empire with imperfect success; for Home Rule having been conceded to Hungary, which possessed a constitution of great antiquity, Bohemia, Croatia, and other provinces are agitating for similar rights, and it is only the authority of

the sovereign and the unity of the army which holds the ill-compacted mass together. If the British Empire were to pass from its ancient and happy constitution under a limited monarchy, resting on a united parliament, into a non-monarchical form of government, it is highly probable that the bond comprehending it, of which the Crown is the keystone and the symbol, would be broken. The great constitutional colonies have their own representative governments and a large measure of Home Rule, and were it not for their allegiance to the Crown they would recognise no authority in a commonwealth or a parliament in which they are not represented. They would therefore proclaim their independence. The theory of Home Rule in Ireland is a republican theory, and tends not to union, but to separation and independence. It is remarkable that the severest visitation Ireland ever received was under the Commonwealth, when Cromwell found that, if the island was to be held at all, it must be held by conquest and absolute subjection. That is the alternative.

But admitting the value of federal institutions under republican governments, or between sovereign states, experience is not altogether in their favour. Three great confederations have existed in the present century—that of the United States of America, that of Germany, and that of Switzerland; and within this century all three of them have led to civil war, the greatest curse a nation can undergo except that of foreign conquest, and the most indicative of a vice in the constitution. The reason is plain. The conflict between the central and the local powers becomes too acute. For some time it rages in the courts of law or the federal assembly, and gives rise to endless questions of extreme complexity, the more difficult because they are inflamed by national passions, which are more affected by local excitement than by the general interests of their common country. From these examples we are justified in asserting that in the federal constitution there lies a perpetual element of strife, and that these contests are usually ended by the forcible establishment of a more vigorous supreme central authority. It has been justly remarked that, although there are many instances in which separate states have united to form a confederation, there is none in which a powerful and united state has dissolved itself into federal elements.

If these principles are sound, what would be the effect of the establishment of local government or Home Rule in the several portions of these islands? A diminution, if not the

overthrow, of the authority of the sovereign—that is, of the Queen and Parliament—a disruption of common interests and national feeling, a weakening and degradation of the Empire, and probably contests only to be settled by force of arms. From these calamities which would spring from the Pandora's box of Home Rule we can only exclaim 'Good Lord, 'deliver us.' They are calamities to be averted and resisted by the most energetic efforts of a nation jealous of its honour, of its power, and of its peace!

We have used the expressions 'local government *or* Home 'Rule,' in obedience to common parlance, as if they were convertible and meant the same thing; but that is far from the truth, and it is of the utmost importance to bear in mind and establish the radical distinction between them. Home Rule, we have shown, means the surrender of a portion of the political power of the State to its several members; for it is impossible to draw a strict line of demarcation between public and local affairs, the latter, like the former, being subject to the ultimate control of Parliament. But the definition of local government may be expressed with complete accuracy. We mean by it the right and the duty vested in local authorities, such as corporations or other chartered or elected bodies, of holding the property belonging to them, of levying by local taxation such rates as may be required for local purposes, and of administering and regulating the application and expenditure of these funds. This appears to us to be the strict limit of local government; its financial powers and duties are the standard by which it may be accurately measured. It is of the utmost utility to the public, by placing the management of what are really local interests within the grasp of those best acquainted with them, and by relieving the central authority of a multitude of details. The more the action of these bodies is confined within their proper sphere, the better their duties will be performed, and it is a cause of danger and regret when politics and party divisions are imported into them. Generally in England this has not been the case, though of late there have been some untoward exceptions, and municipal elections have been made subservient to party purposes. In France, on the contrary, as we took occasion to point out in an article on 'Communal France' some years ago, local government has failed because it has always assumed a political colour, and has on many occasions taken up arms to overthrow the State itself. The contrast is vividly illustrated at this moment by the difference between the corporation of London and the commune or municipal council of Paris.

One of the conditions of local government is that it should be gratuitous, and that those who assume its duties should do so not with a view to personal profit, but for the benefit of their fellow citizens. It rests on patriotic motives, and if they fail it is lost, and falls into the hands of needy adventurers. The experience of our own municipal bodies or local boards teaches us that, even without imputing to them corrupt intentions, the tendency to spend is stronger than the tendency to save. There are strong inducements to apply as much of the public money as can be got to public objects, passing through private hands. And the evil has been increased by the facilities for raising municipal loans, which have created liabilities amounting to a large increase of the national debt.

The danger to be guarded against is lest the powers of local government should be prostituted to private ends, the more so as the acts of a corporation or a parochial board are much less open to the control of public opinion than those of the State. Limited as they are, it is undeniable that there are strange instances of their being used for purposes of corruption. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who has personal knowledge and experience of the United States, made the following statements not long ago to a public meeting in Ireland, and we prefer to take our examples from a foreign country :—

'I need not tell you that the municipal government of New York city was the most expensive and corrupt in the world. The furnishing of the city offices alone cost millions of dollars, which mostly went into the pockets of Tweed's ring or league. At length the respectable elements of society were utterly disgusted and worn out by this spectacle, and by a great effort the gang was ousted, but only by external efforts, by the coalition of the anti-Irish elements in New York against the ring. Out of twenty-one aldermen of New York city, eighteen were put in prison for corruption; seventeen out of these eighteen were, I regret to say, natives of the green island; and, probably, all were members of the Irish-American branch of the National League. I could give many other instances from Irish-American history. Baltimore is controlled by a similar gang; there are 30,000 voters on the register; there are several murderers on the city government—one gentleman, I believe, credited with no less than seven assassinations. Boston, hitherto a well-managed town, the most intelligent and cultivated centre of the States, has, so far as its city government goes, fallen into the hands of Celtic wirepullers, and the State Legislature has in consequence been obliged quite recently, for the safety of its inhabitants and to avoid gross public scandal, to take the police force out of the hands of the city corporation.'

Mr. Adams (of Michigan, U.S.), in a very remarkable work

on 'Public Debts,' to which we hope ere long to devote a fuller notice, states that 'the city of New York was mulcted 'of fifteen millions of dollars in a single year by a corrupt 'ring of officials, and that it is estimated that one-half of 'her present debt is due to extravagance and fraud,' and he goes on to argue that local government, based on universal suffrage, invites to corruption, because it places the power of taxation by local rates in the hands of men without property. If these are the results of the predominance of the Irish vote in the great eastern cities of America, which boasted of the freest and most perfect municipal institutions in the world, what would be the effects of local government in Ireland on a wide popular basis?

The object of all legislation is to place power in the hands of men who are sufficiently wise, honest, discreet, and loyal to use it for the public good. Those among us who are old enough to remember the debates on the Irish Municipal Bills forty years ago will recall the hopes and the misgivings with which those bills were eventually passed, after much opposition, to sweep away the old corrupt corporations of Ireland, and establish municipal institutions on a popular basis. The experiment has been tried, and we are compelled reluctantly to avow that the misgivings have been more fulfilled than the hopes. It cannot be denied that corporations such as those of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick have been converted into violent, though impotent, political assemblies; that these magistrates have openly defied the law, have ostentatiously paraded their disloyalty, and have pandered to the worst passions of the people. They have even sacrificed the financial interests of the public to their political friends, and they have turned the course of justice against their fellow citizens to whom they are politically opposed. The power of local taxation may be, and has been, converted into a powerful instrument of injustice and tyranny when it is exercised by the class on which the tax does *not* fall and imposed on a taxpaying minority. Still worse is the abuse when a rate is so adjusted and applied as to benefit one political party and to injure or threaten another. These things have occurred in Ireland in the administration of the Poor Law. Boards of guardians, on which the Nationalist party predominates, have squandered the funds of the locality in outdoor relief to their own partisans, and have compelled the indigent to join the League in order to obtain the relief to which they are by law entitled. Thus even the funds raised for the support of the poor have been con-

verted into an instrument of terrorism and corruption. The contrast drawn by Mr. Chamberlain between the expenditure of the cities of Dublin and Belfast is an instructive lesson. With these examples before our eyes, we cannot but doubt whether Ireland is prepared at the present time for a large extension of local government, uncontrolled by the State; and although we earnestly desire that these powers should be exercised by local authorities, it may be necessary that their expenditure should be watched by some superior power.

The practical result of these considerations lands us in the truism that local government is a blessing when it is in the hands of wise and honest men, but a curse when it falls into the grasp of profligate demagogues, as we have seen is sometimes the case even in America. We desire to extend to the Irish people as much freedom of self-government as they can exercise for their own benefit and for our safety, but we are not prepared to put weapons into their hands to be used for the persecution and oppression of their own countrymen and for an 'unarmed rebellion' against Great Britain. This is precisely what Professor Dicey says in one of his excellent letters, and he goes on in the following terms:—

'Ireland is passing through a revolutionary crisis; her whole social system is shaken; the tenure of land is in course of modification; the people are suffering from misery, and have been for years excited by political agitation. To increase the power of corporations, boards, or vestries, is at this juncture to cause a twofold evil. The first evil is that municipal franchises must of necessity be exercised wholly with a view to political objects; men must be elected mayors, councillors, or guardians, not because of their administrative capacity, but because of their zealous or fanatical partisanship. The second evil is that powers conferred for the government of cities or of counties can be used, and from the nature of things will be used, to impede the action of the executive. The Jacobins became despots because French reformers, by conferring excessive authority on separate municipalities, enabled conspirators to oppose the moderating control of the central government. Whilst Jacobins were in opposition, Jacobins favoured that kind of local self-government which enfeebled the executive. In this matter, however, we need not seek historical or foreign examples. Recent experience, or the observation of events passing before our eyes, may show us how naturally revolutionists use the rights of corporations or of boards of guardians to weaken the power of the national government. Whoever argues in favour of increasing the sphere of local self-government in Ireland should state how the Lord-Lieutenant could maintain order in Dublin if his power were balanced by the immensely increased authority of the Lord-Mayor. The name of "Self-Govern-

"ment" has a natural fascination for Englishmen ; but a policy which cannot satisfy the wishes of Home Rulers, which may—it is likely enough—be of no benefit to the Irish people, which will certainly weaken the Government in its contest with lawlessness and oppression, is not a policy which obviously commends itself to English good sense.'

The extension of the franchise by the last Reform Bill to the lowest class of Irish electors was dictated by a chivalrous desire to treat Ireland by the same identical rule as Britain. But an identical rule applied to things differing in themselves may lead to opposite results. This has been the case in Ireland. It does not follow, if the agricultural population of England is qualified for the exercise of the franchise, that a population widely different in condition, instruction, manners, and religion is equally qualified. In point of fact, the financial conditions are widely different in the two islands. The basis of the franchise is the payment of rates—that is, the contribution by the ratepayers in some direct form or other to the public burdens. But in Ireland the rates on holdings of 4*l.* annual value or under are paid not by the tenant, but by the landlord. Yet the franchise was extended to those tenants, who amount, we believe, to half the occupiers of land in the island. Hence, in point of fact, the franchise is far more extended in Ireland than in Britain, and the result has been an enormous body of ignorant and illiterate voters, who are entirely governed by demagogues and priests, and who have extinguished the votes and the power of the liberal and educated classes. That is the *vera causa* of the agitation of the last ten years, another example of the evils which may arise from placing, under the influence of just and generous motives, power in the hands of those who are not qualified by education and independence of character to use it wisely.

Mr. Bright remarked in one of the admirable letters which are even more effective than his speeches from their terseness, force, and precision, that 'it is a deplorable thing that 'the men who are now supposed to represent Irishmen and 'Irish interests are never heard to speak a word of counsel 'to their countrymen on behalf of industry, honesty, and 'temperance.' This observation leads us to consider what the leaders of the Nationalist party have done, and what the government of Ireland by these men would do, for the moral condition of the people and the economical welfare of their country. We answer without hesitation that they have degraded and perverted the moral sense of the population in the south and that they have augmented the poverty and

obstructed the material progress of Ireland. To develope fully these two propositions would require a volume, and we wish Professor Dicey or Mr. Dennis, who have written so ably on the consequences of Home Rule and the industrial condition of Ireland, would undertake the task. We can only here point out some of the leading features of the case, which are so striking that they alone ought to blast the reputation of the Nationalist party and their allies.

For it may be said with perfect truth that they have converted the institutions and liberties most useful and honourable to a free people into instruments of falsehood, dishonesty, sedition, and crime. Take first the Irish press. The freedom of the press is the most essential of our liberties, for it has become the mistress of opinion and the principal mechanism of public life. But the use of this powerful engine presupposes that it should be in the hands of honest and honourable men, that it should be open to the discussion of both sides of every question, that it should diffuse truth and not falsehood, that it should abstain from malignant personality, and that it should respect the law to which it is subject. The Nationalist press of Ireland, which has almost exclusive possession of the field, sins against every one of these conditions. It is in the hands of men who supply the want of knowledge by intemperate language; it substitutes declamation for argument; it circulates gross and ridiculous fabrications; and it descends to a brutality of invective which even Dr. Tanner cannot surpass. Not content with the native vigour of domestic eloquence, it calls in the aid of American journalism, also in the hands of Irish conspirators, who publish in safety atrocities which even an Irish editor would not dare to put in print. This torrent of calumny, falsehood, and sedition has contributed more than anything else to the demoralisation of the people, who read nothing else, and accept no information from other sources. The education which ought to open the sources of knowledge and truth is poisoned and corrupted. The dangers arising from an unscrupulous and seditious press are immensely increased when these writings are addressed to an ignorant people in their vernacular tongue, not generally understood by those in authority. That is the case in Wales, where a most intemperate press is read by a million of people within a few miles of ourselves, speaking a language not known across the Severn. That is the case in India, where the native press, let loose by Lord Ripon from the control of the law, circulates the most mendacious and flagitious attacks

on the British Government of India. Unhappily, even amongst ourselves, between the journals read by the 'classes' and those read by the 'masses,' there is a great gulf fixed, and what is written for one order of readers seldom reaches the eye or the ear of the other. Hence it has been justly remarked by Mr. Chamberlain that it is by the platform, not by the press, that the democracy is swayed and governed.

Take the right of public meeting—a valuable mode of conveying information to those who do not read at all and who are governed by oratory; it is a part of the right of petition and the right of free debate. But a public meeting in Ireland has been turned into a mere terrorist demonstration of force—a sullen encounter between a mob and the police, even when open violence is not resorted to—an occasion for incendiary harangues and an impotent defiance of law. Thus another of the rights of a free people is turned by misuse to their injury. The language of Lord Brougham on this subject in 1848 in the House of Lords cannot be repeated too often, for it is that of a constitutional lawyer and a patriotic statesman.

'I agree that it is most important for the peace of the country as well as for the liberty of the subject, for the rights of the Crown as well as for the people, that the unquestionably all-important right of petition should be as little as may be, and unless where absolute necessity requires it, ever interfered with; and, my Lords, I hold the right of public meeting for discussion to stand in the same position and on the same grounds. But I hold it to be an absolute essential condition to the exercise of that right, and to its existence as a matter of right, that the meeting should be for discussion alone. Wherever it is a mere assemblage of numbers, too large for any possibility of discussion, it becomes an assemblage of numbers merely for the display of physical force, and can only have the intention of overawing the Government, and of forcing measures on the Government and on the Parliament. If people have a right to a display of force, they can only have the right when that force is called for by the Government of the country, under the sanction of the Parliament of the country. Therefore I have ever held that those meetings that are called, whether in England or in Ireland, "monster meetings" are in themselves essentially illegal. They are mere exhibitions of physical force, and it is only by the perversion of language that they can be affected or pretended to be meetings for that which becomes an impossibility at them—discussion. All never dream of speaking, but all, if they do not dream of acting, place themselves in a position that, without any will or intention of their own, they may be driven before they know it into illegal courses.'

We have already noted the dishonest use of the power of local government by Irish boards and corporations. But

extra-legal associations have been formed for the express purpose of inculcating dishonesty in the fulfilment of contracts and the payment of debts; and what Mr. John Morley once denounced as 'an attack on property all along the line' has been organised under the auspices of the League by the Plan of Campaign, which even Mr. Parnell thinks it prudent to disown.

Take again the part assigned to the citizens of a free country in the administration of justice by the institution of the jury. Trial by jury assumes that all men, except criminals, think it their duty to punish crime on proof of guilt, and to observe their oath to give a true verdict. Neither obligation subsists in Ireland. All sympathy is with the criminal, even the assassin, none with the victim. The sense of public duty and moral obligation is extinguished by political passion or personal fear; for such is the brutalising effect of these revolutionary passions that they extinguish even the sense of humanity. There is no surer proof of the moral degradation of a people than their reluctance to promote the ends of justice by punishing the guilty and protecting the innocent.

These, to say no more, are the results to which political agitation and the falsehood of extremes have degraded the Irish people. The influence of religion is powerless, for the clergy are carried away by the stream: the shepherds, like the sheep, have been driven by the wolves. There are five or six counties in Ireland west of the Shannon, we grieve to say it, in which every moral principle is effaced and inverted, and the populace, blind to the laws of nature and of God, are sunk in a moral point of view to the level of savages. We hold the founders of the National League, who aspire to be under Home Rule the sole masters of Ireland, to be alone guilty of this crime.

The economical condition and material prosperity of a people are affected far more powerfully by moral than by physical causes. It is not climate, it is not soil, it is not the presence of more or less coal, that makes the Irish people what they are. Mr. Bright's remedies, 'industry, honesty, 'and temperance,' would enable them to conquer far greater difficulties. Ulster, which is the most barren province in Ireland, is the most prosperous because it has an energetic and industrious population, in which the upas tree of Home Rule has not taken root. Ireland is not destitute of physical advantages; she has the best harbours, the finest pasture, the most abundant water power,

the most open fisheries in the United Kingdom. But we know not if there be on the face of the earth any civilised people who have made so little use of the gifts of Providence. The Home Rule leaders promise the people an era of boundless prosperity. Do they suppose that any political change or any measure of government can bring back, or rather create, a golden age? Thus far everything they have said and done has a directly opposite tendency. Agriculture, including dairy farming and the raising of stock, is the chief interest of Ireland. That country has not suffered more from agricultural depression than other parts of the United Kingdom and of the Continent; on the contrary, the prices of the chief products of Ireland have been maintained wherever they have not been depressed by factious combinations defeating the freedom of trade. But the agitation which has been carried on for some years has diverted the minds of the people from that patient industry which can alone produce good crops. A competent observer like M. de Grancey, who visited Ireland with the eye of a French agriculturist, was amazed at the backward state of cultivation in the island. Two things are wanting, energy and capital. More than half the small farmers of Ireland are contented with the tillage of a potato ground and the feed of a pig; and if they were more eager for improvement than they are, they are wholly devoid of capital to erect buildings, to buy stock, to procure manure, to drain the land. But the manifest effort, we might say object, of the Home Rulers is to drive away capital, to destroy the interest and the means of the landlord in the improvement of the land held by his tenants—in short, to leave them to their own resources, which are *nil*. No means could be devised more calculated to impoverish agriculture in Ireland than those which have been advocated by these ill-judging reformers. If the land were given to the Irish peasantry at what Mr. Parnell calls the 'prairie value,' prairie it would remain. Some money has accumulated in their hands (but which is not their own) by the non-payment of rent; it has been partly invested, not in the land, but in the savings banks. A large portion of it has been spent in an increased consumption of 200,000 gallons of whisky and a remarkable display of finery by the female population.

Mr. Dennis has shown in his excellent work on 'Industrial 'Ireland' that there are, at the present time, but three prosperous industries in the country—the brewing of beer, the

distilling of spirits, and the manufacture of linen. All other trades are depressed, and they present a striking contrast to the prodigious activity of Scotland in every branch of human enterprise and intelligence. We must refer our readers to Mr. Dennis's book for the evidence of this remarkable and deplorable fact. He shows not only that the productive activity of Ireland is inferior to that of Britain, but that she is losing, from year to year, many of the elements of prosperity she formerly possessed. To what is this decline attributable? The Irish are inferior to no people in Europe in quickness of intelligence, in capacity for art and letters, and, when out of their own country, for hard labour and courageous effort. It would seem that their energy has been misdirected at home, and that they have wasted in political agitation and a war of classes faculties that might have brought them wealth, prosperity, and power. But if this diagnosis be true, is amputation a remedy for the disease? What have the Home Rulers or their American abettors to offer for the relief of Irish poverty? Do they conceive that a false political economy would revive a languid trade? That the impoverishment or expulsion of the upper classes of society would benefit the classes whom they employ and amongst whom their incomes are spent? That capital would be more abundant or more freely applied to trade and agriculture under an Irish government? That taxation would be lighter when Ireland ceased to draw any part of her resources from the British exchequer? That credit, whether public or private, would be strengthened by men who have openly preached the breach of contract and the non-payment of debts? On the contrary, we believe the ignorance of these false guides to be equal to their ambition, and that the result of their success would be the ruin of their country.

Sir George Trevelyan has said that there are numerous abuses in the Irish Administration which would not be tolerated for a moment if the Irish had complete management of their own affairs. He appears to forget that these abuses existed under the government of Lord Spencer, who filled the office of Lord Lieutenant for many years, and under his own tenure of office as Chief Secretary. We heard nothing of them then. But we answer, in general terms, that there is nothing, for the removal of abuses or for the improvement of Irish industries, that the British Government and the United Parliament are not as willing to do as any local authority, and more able to perform,

provided they are based on sound principles: the danger is that sound principles may be strained in the desire to do full justice, and something more, to all classes in Ireland.

The power to propose such measures rests with the Irish themselves. They are amply represented in the House of Commons, and it is perfectly competent to those 103 members (as has been suggested by Mr. Bright) to constitute, whether formally or informally, an Irish committee, which should devise practical measures for the welfare of Ireland, and submit them to the favourable judgement of Parliament. Not measures for robbing landlords, not measures for the artificial protection of this or that class, not measures dictated by political passion or interest, but honest proposals for the improvement of the country, which will support discussion and bear fruit. We undertake to say that such proposals, if backed by the deliberate intelligence of the wisest and best men in Ireland, not by the clamour of a faction, would never be made in vain. It is the interest of the British Government to remove all just causes of complaints, all real grievances of the people of Ireland. Unhappily it is the interest of the Nationalist agitators to perpetuate them, for the sufferings and discontent of the people are the chief source of their power. They draw their very subsistence from the misery of their countrymen; and the worse the condition of the people is the more absolute is their power. They, therefore, do nothing to alleviate it, and even oppose measures calculated to have a beneficial result.

A recent measure of the Irish Land Commission, by which the judicial rents previously fixed have been reduced 14 per cent., in consequence of the depreciation in the value of agricultural produce, is denounced by Mr. Gladstone with his usual impetuosity, as if it were an arbitrary act and a fresh injustice to the people of Ireland. If anyone has reason to complain of the reductions, it is certainly not the Irish tenant farmer. But what are the facts? Has Mr. Gladstone forgotten that an Act of Parliament was passed last session which gave the Land Commissioners the power of reducing the rents previously fixed by themselves, and imposed on them the duty of doing so if occasion should arise? The reduction applies to judicial rents only, and further only to those judicial rents in which no voluntary reduction equal to 14 per cent. has been made. Whether the measure be wise or foolish, just or unjust, we shall not here enquire; it certainly demonstrates the absurdity of Mr. Gladstone's Act

of 1881, by which he attempted to fix the rents of Ireland by authority for a period of fifteen years. But however this may be, the reduction which has now taken place is in strict obedience to the will of the Legislature, carried into effect by the Land Commissioners in whom the discretionary power was vested by law. Those commissioners were, if we are not mistaken, appointed by Mr. Gladstone himself or by Lord Spencer. The present Executive Government of Ireland has no more power over their decisions than it has over those of any other judicial body.

It is not our intention to enter upon a discussion of the intricate question of the land laws in Ireland. We have not yet seen or heard of any scheme which appears to us to approach an equitable solution of it, without imposing intolerable losses on one party or intolerable burdens on another. But there is one course to be followed, which recommends itself by its simplicity, and which also has the high sanction of Mr. Bright. And that is *to let things alone.* No change in the tenure of land can be effected in a hurry. It is the work of one or two generations, or more. The ultimate result of such a change in the ownership of land can only be arrived at in a century. Enough has been done for the present, because the important Land Acts of 1881 and 1887 have not had time to work. We are assured by an excellent authority that not more than a third of the tenant class in Ireland have as yet availed themselves of the advantages offered them under the recent Acts. It takes a long time to overcome the inertia of an illiterate people. Peasants are suspicious of novelty and hate to be disturbed, even in their own interest; and the clamour raised of the wrongs of the Irish husbandmen proceeds, after all, from a minority of the population. They are heard because the rest are silent.

'The Land Act of 1881,' said Mr. Bright, 'gave a most complete security to the results of industry on the part of the tenants, but their leaders have condemned the legislation so much in their favour, and have never advised them to make an honest use of their new position. Industry has no chance in the turmoil of revolution; and so long as the Irish tenantry are influenced and misled by a conspiracy whose main objects are to plunder the landowners and to excite a bitter hatred of England, I see little hope of improvement in the condition of the country.'

The first object of the Unionist party is to give fair play to the measures already taken with reference to the tenure of land in Ireland, by relieving the population from the

tyrannical and illegal oppression of a faction. Those measures may be of an experimental character, but the experiment must be completed, since it cannot be revoked, and at present its operation has barely commenced. For that and for every other purpose, the authority of the law, and of the courts which are the ministers of the law, must be vindicated. In Great Britain the present Government has no reason to apprehend the slightest falling off in the disinterested alliance which subsists between the true leader of the Whig party and the Conservative Ministry, as long as they defend a cause of vital consequence to the Empire. We believe that cause is gaining ground by force of argument and by the better knowledge of facts. It is not weakened by a foolish sympathy for men who openly defy the law, and then whine over the penalties they have incurred. Above all, we trust that the large body of loyal citizens and educated men in Ireland itself, who would deplore Home Rule as the greatest calamity to themselves and their country, will make their voices heard with increasing energy in defence of the Union, and will satisfy the world that we are not contending for British ascendency, but for the just and equal rights of Ireland as a member of the United Kingdom.

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ART. I.—*Military History of the Campaign of* 1882 *in Egypt.* Prepared in the Intelligence Department of the War Office by Colonel J. F. MAURICE, R.A. 8vo. London: 1888.

THE requirements which a military history, issued with the authority of the general staff of a great power, ought to fulfil, are various but clearly defined. Such a history as the official record of the events with which it deals, is intended to silence doubt, to end controversies, and to provide a fixed and enduring standard of reference. The selected writer has to cover ground encumbered with the *débris* left by others, which he, with the advantage of the knowledge they lacked, must reduce to order or sweep away. Yet the manner of the book should not suggest the existence of previous controversy. It must be calm, cold, and dispassionate, brushing aside the fictions which have gathered round the subject, but never pausing to disentangle them, and bearing on every page the impress of the power that springs from inexorable justice. The accuracy of statement should be beyond question, for if the official historian with the great advantages open to him cannot attain truth, who else shall do so? Yet he must carefully avoid all appearance of an attempt to lecture, and his teaching should be felt, never obtruded, by which its force will only be weakened and an inevitable repugnance aroused. There is no room for picturesqueness of style, still less for rhetorical display. The periods of Alison would disfigure a staff history, and in the art of Macaulay there would lurk danger to military science. Above all, there should not be the faintest sign of personal adulation, the slightest hint of an undercurrent of

motif. The successful general, at least, has no need of the ministrations properly devolving upon the office of a court historian. His operations, once they are carried to a conclusion, tell their own tale in a language not to be mistaken, and their cool narration is his best praise. The task of the official military historian is thus beset with pitfalls and temptations that meet him halfway; but, on the other hand, he has the advantage of an admirable model. The German staff history of the war of 1870–71 is an example for all time, and the gain which has resulted to the military student from the clear, calm, and unadorned narrative which it gives to the world can hardly be overestimated. Here is a picture of war on a gigantic scale, slowly unrolled before the reader, with all its complex purpose and involved action calmly traced by a master hand. Effect is evolved from cause with the merciless logic of a mathematical problem. Hardly ever rising to the level of eloquence and never didactic, this great book carries with it a power which no eloquence and no professorial periods could command; while the entire impersonality and the cold inflexible treatment, alike of the triumphs of military judgement and of its errors, complete the conviction of solid and substantial truth. The work is worthy of the genius of a great military nation, and no nobler or more lasting monument could have been raised to the memory of the exploits of the German army.

After a lapse of five years, the official history of the brief operations of the expeditionary force in Egypt in 1882 has at last seen the light, and the explanation of the delay, contained in a prefatory note, supplies a curious commentary on the minor methods of British army administration. The officer entrusted with this important duty had nearly finished his task when he was called away to participate in the Nile expedition of 1884–5, and the task of completing and editing the luckless work was turned over to another officer, who was shortly 'sent on active service to South 'Africa.' On returning from the Nile, the original author resumed his parental responsibilities, and nearly another year appears to have passed in circulating proofs among a selection of the more important actors in the events described. A European war would doubtless justify the interruption of an official history; but neither the Nile nor the Bechuanaland expedition was calculated to throw an undue strain on the resources in officers of the British Empire, and the poverty of available talent suggested by the successive

withdrawal of the official historians from their literary labours is by no means flattering to the army. It cannot be too clearly laid down that a grave task of such a nature, carrying with it a special responsibility and conferring special distinction, should be relinquished only to meet a real and pressing need, and that for the wants of our numerous small wars exceedingly few individuals can be regarded as in any sense indispensable. The modern practice under which work of any degree of importance is allowed to be tossed aside to enable individual officers to take part in military operations, however limited in extent, cannot be beneficial to the tone of the army, while it gives rise to inevitable heartburnings. Nor is this practice altogether consistent with the dignity of the empire. To indent upon the ranks of the military attachés, holding specially favoured positions at the courts of the European powers, in order to create a staff for service with the Nile column, could scarcely tend to a favourable estimate of the average educational capacity of the British army.

Notwithstanding that the bare 106 pages of this work have needed for their incubation a period longer than that required for the preparation of the great staff history of the Franco-German war and its translation into English, the result is for a variety of reasons inadequate in conception and treatment, while in the amount of information brought together and in general arrangement it compares unfavourably with the 'Report' addressed to the Secretary of the United States Navy more than four years previously.

The memory of the events of 1882 is still fresh in many minds, and it seems desirable to examine the authorised version of a short but by no means unimportant chapter in English history before the mists of time have gathered and new phases of the Eastern question have arisen to obscure their starting point. It was an easy matter to get into Egypt; it is a peculiarly difficult one to retire. We have virtually ruled the country since Tel-el-Kebir; yet we have scarcely cared to admit the fact even to ourselves, and the good which our costly occupation might have secured has been marred by the want of a frank acceptance of a responsibility none the less real and abiding because never straightforwardly avowed. The gradual growth of British interference in the internal affairs of Egypt which followed the purchase of the Khedive's canal shares in 1875 is a curious study. Missions, commissions, controllers, agents, marked successive steps in the gradual assertion of the right to deal

with the financial chaos which Ismail's reckless extravagance had brought about; but each step was diplomatically hedged with the utmost caution. Lord Derby was careful to observe that Mr. Cave's mission did not 'imply any desire to inter-'fere in the internal affairs' of the country. He would not 'appoint' controllers, but merely 'authorise' their acceptance of offices voluntarily proffered by the Khedive. Mr. Vivian was on no account to be regarded as 'invested with 'any official character.' In spite, however, of such protestations, strangely inconsistent with the real purport of the measures they heralded, and merely intended to soothe the susceptibilities of France, who on her side protested correspondingly, the policy of interference steadily advanced until in 1878 definite pressure was put upon the Khedive by the agents of both powers in order to secure the payment of the May coupon of the unified debt. The money was raised and the bondholders satisfied by means which will never be fully known; but the step marked the virtual assumption of a new form of responsibility by Great Britain and France which no diplomatic language could satisfactorily explain away. The autumn of the same year saw the Khedive acting the unwonted part of a constitutional monarch with a cabinet which contained an English Minister of Finance and a French Minister of Works, while Lord Salisbury regarded the appointment of the former as 'an object which 'her Majesty's Government are concerned in facilitating.' The payment of the November coupon of the unified debt was rendered possible by means of the Rothschild loan, in the arrangement of which the British Government necessarily played an important part, and Mr. Rowsell was even officially appointed—such progress had interference made—as agent for the management of the mortgaged Domains. So far the internal tranquillity of the country had not been disturbed; but in February 1879 there was a slight outbreak of discharged officers and soldiers at Cairo, which, though immediately suppressed, resulted in the temporary presence of British and French vessels of war at Alexandria. The effect of this mild naval demonstration was not marked. Ismail dismissed his foreign ministers, formed a new cabinet, increased the army, and—the most serious step of all—proposed to reduce the interest of the unified debt. The time had evidently come to remove the Khedive, and the Sultan was accordingly approached for the purpose, the Governments of Great Britain and France, however, vying for some time in shy reluctance to make any definite proposal.

On June 26, 1879, Ismail was removed from Egypt, and Tewfik assumed power, becoming thereby the *de facto protégé* of the two Western powers. The foreign control was re-established with apparently satisfactory results, and in April 1880 a liquidation commission began a series of operations dealing with the public debt. The affairs of Egypt were outwardly tranquil until February 1, 1881, when a military *émeute* occurred at Cairo on the occasion of the attempt to try three Egyptian colonels, Achmet Arabi, Ali Fehmy, and Abd-el-Al by court martial, they having been arrested as the ringleaders of a military party which was becoming dangerous. The three prisoners were released by force, and proceeded to dictate terms to the Khedive, who, having no trustworthy power at his back, was unable to resist. The success of this military *pronunciamiento*, the full significance of which was very imperfectly realised at the time, gave natural impetus to the movement headed by Arabi. On September 9, the troops of the Cairo garrison were assembled, and Arabi, purporting to speak in their name, made further categorical demands on the Khedive. It was now becoming sufficiently clear that the government of the country was virtually passing into the hands of the military leaders. The Governments of Great Britain and France again determined to send ships of war to Alexandria; and the Sultan, probably more alarmed on account of this measure than by the proceedings at Cairo, decided on despatching two envoys to Egypt. The envoys arrived on October 6, but were withdrawn a fortnight later owing to diplomatic representations at Constantinople, and the British and French ironclads left immediately afterwards, their presence having produced no apparent effect of any kind. The assembling of the notables, which had formed one of the demands put forward by the military party, took place on December 25, and the newly formed Chamber at once claimed powers which unmistakeably threatened the whole system of foreign financial control. It was becoming evident that intervention of a more definite kind might be necessary, and in the 'dual note' communicated to the Khedive on January 6, 1882, Great Britain and France practically intimated that support other than moral might be counted upon. The tone of this note was not lost upon the Sultan, who entered an immediate protest; but the fall of the French Ministry was the signal for a reaction against the more vigorous Egyptian policy which M. Gambetta had inspired, and both Governments proceeded to attenuate the meaning of the language they had combined to employ.

Thus quickly discredited, the dual note proved singularly ineffective, causing much irritation in the ranks of the military party in Egypt, and carrying no real sense of support to the mind of the Khedive, who found himself obliged to accept a ministry in which Mahmoud Sami was Premier and Arabi head of the War Office. The power of the Khedive had virtually ceased to exist, and Arabi, by a large series of promotions, carefully regulated, succeeded in attaching the army more closely to his person. The situation in Egypt having become evidently alarming, the despatch of British and French ships of war was again decided upon. By May 20 each power had an ironclad and two gunboats at Alexandria, and on the 25th a species of joint ultimatum was presented to Mahmoud Sami by the consuls-general of the two powers. The result of this ultimatum was the resignation of the Egyptian ministry, followed by an immediate demand by the officers of the garrisons of Alexandria and Cairo for the reinstatement of Arabi, to which the Khedive yielded under threat of a dangerous riot. The Europeans in Alexandria were now gravely alarmed by the attitude of the Egyptian troops, and on the 29th a declaration was prepared by the British residents, in which the insecurity of their position was clearly set forth. They were 'absolutely 'defenceless,' had 'not even the means of flight,' and the 'English admiral could not risk his men ashore, as his whole 'available force did not exceed 300.' This plain warning, doubtless telegraphed to England on the same day, was proved to be amply justified by the massacres of June 11, by which the aspect of the Egyptian question was materially changed. The fact that an officer and two seamen of the fleet, together with more than a hundred helpless Europeans and natives, were killed, and the British consul severely wounded, in the streets of Alexandria, almost under the guns of the ships, could at least be thoroughly grasped in England, where the involved political and diplomatic action which had preceded was very imperfectly understood. Military intervention appeared at length to be within a measurable distance, yet, strangely enough, actual operations were to be commenced on a plea of imminent danger to the British fleet.

The above brief summary of the events which led to the expedition of 1882 will serve to show that financial troubles lay at the very root of the matter. The German critic, Lieutenant-Colonel von Vogt, bluntly describes the whole Egyptian difficulty as 'the result of a very natural reaction

'against the financial drain caused by European money-'lenders and banking establishments.' And in the main this view is unquestionably correct. In the background, however, lay the question of the security of the Suez Canal, which in England was generally regarded at the time as essential to the safety of her Eastern possessions. At least, it must be admitted that the events which led to the alarm subsequently felt for the canal were brought about solely by pressure created in order to meet the demands of European bondholders, and the whole action of France in accepting the policy of interference, and at one period urging its vigorous prosecution, seems to have been thus inspired.

Whether this country would ever have undertaken independent military operations leading to Cairo and ending in the practical acceptance of responsibility for the whole government of Egypt, in order to secure the canal from a presumed danger, and apart from any financial considerations, cannot be stated. Neither can it now be determined whether the movement headed by Arabi and his colleagues involved any real danger to the navigation of the canal; although it is certain that M. de Lesseps was able to prevent any attempt to block the waterway, even at a period when such action became vitally important to the Egyptian cause. If, therefore, at the time when the advance of a British force on Cairo from Ismailia was fully understood by the Egyptian leaders to be probable, no measures whatever were taken to arrest the navigation of the canal, it is open to belief that, had no foreign military intervention been commenced or contemplated, the sagacity of those leaders would have sufficed to prevent them from taking action certain to arouse the hostility of half Europe and to insure their prompt effacement.

A fair statement of the train of causation appears to be that considerations of a purely financial character inspired interference ever increasing in scope and entailing consequences most imperfectly realised; that a long course of nervous policy, and two singularly futile naval demonstrations, at length brought the patron powers of the bondholders face to face with an organised movement threatening the throne of the ruler they had themselves appointed but never fairly supported; that the dangerous feeling aroused against the European population culminated in a slaughter which it was scarcely possible to overlook; and that, finally, the premature bombardment of the defences of Alexandria, as the commencement of hostilities against the revolted Egyptian army, gave rise to alarm for the safety of the canal. However this

may be, the reader of the official history of the British operations will probably derive the impression that the defence of the canal was their primary object.

The narrative commences with a reference to the 'dual 'note' of January 1882, in which the Governments of Great Britain and France expressed their conviction that the Khedive 'will draw from this assurance the confidence and 'strength which he requires.' Whether his Highness derived either confidence or strength from this document is unknown; but Arabi is stated to have been 'in virtual possession 'of the Executive . . . by the middle of May.' 'On 'May 20,' continues the writer, 'the allied English and 'French fleets entered Alexandria harbour to watch over the 'threatened interests and to offer an earnest of the promised 'support.' Only one British ironclad and one gunboat arrived on this day, however, and in the light of subsequent history this definition of their mission appears somewhat ironical. The order of events was, in fact, as follows:—

'Promised support' (i.e. dual note) . .	January 6.
'Earnest of promised support' (i.e. arrival of an ironclad and a gunboat in addition to one gunboat already in harbour) . . .	May 20.
'Riots of a serious character at Alexandria' (i.e. the massacre of a considerable number of Europeans and natives, including an officer of H.M.S. 'Superb')	June 11.
First realisation of 'promised support' (i.e. landing of about 400 seamen and marines, necessitated by premature bombardment) .	July 13.
Arrival of 'promised support' (i.e. of troops from Cyprus)	July 17.

After referring to the dismissal of the controllers on June 24 and the decoration of Arabi by order of the Sultan 'at about the same time'—the date of this event was the 25th—the writer takes up his thesis. 'Great alarm 'as to the safety of the Suez Canal began to prevail.' Bedouins were 'reported as frequently appearing in threaten-'ing groups along the banks.' 'It soon became clear that 'no mere occupation of the Suez Canal alone could be more 'than a temporary expedient. The danger lay in the dis-'order existing in Egypt.' Considering that disorder had existed in Egypt for many months, that a dangerous outbreak had occurred at Alexandria, and that Arabi, in the writer's own words, had already 'announced his intention of

'resisting by arms any attempt to restore order by landing 'troops,' this recognition of obvious facts would appear to have been sufficiently tardy. Meanwhile, since 'the very 'occupation of the canal itself would give . . . warning of 'our intention to use force in Egypt,' it was necessary that a march upon Cairo 'should follow rapidly upon the first 'seizure of the canal.' Read in the light of the actual events, this reasoning presents a doubtful aspect. The bombardment of the defences of Alexandria on July 11 was a sufficiently practical warning of an intention to use force; but the seizure of the canal was not accomplished till August 20. In other words, after force had been most unmistakeably applied, a period of more than five weeks elapsed before any real attempt was made to protect the waterway of the canal. Although, as is pointed out with praiseworthy caution of statement, 'by the end of June it had become obvious that 'under certain circumstances an expedition might become 'necessary to restore order,' the decision to despatch troops to Egypt was not arrived at till July 20. 'The first official 'step' was, however, taken on June 28, when inquiries were instituted as to the transport required and available for a force of 24,000 men; and on July 3 the Adjutant-General (Sir G. Wolseley), on whom in the British army the functions of the chief of the staff devolve, addressed to the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance an admirable memorandum, of which the following extracts only are given:—

'With a view to rendering mobile the two divisions of infantry and the brigade of cavalry which it is contemplated we may have to send to Ismailia, it is essential that each regiment of cavalry, battalion of infantry, battery of artillery, and company of engineers should embark complete with their regimental transport. Egypt is a country where, in ordinary times, a very large amount of camels and pack animals can be obtained; but if we have to undertake military operations there, we cannot expect to obtain any in the country until we have defeated the Egyptian army in the field. I think I may assume that our operations in the first instance would consist of an advance from Ismailia upon Cairo. A railway passing through Zagazig connects those two places. We may or may not be able to seize some useful amount of rolling-stock on that railway, but we should at least make arrangements to be independent by taking with us five locomotives, with large separate tenders, five brake-vans, 100 open goods wagons with tarpaulin covers, and five breakdown wagons with ample supply of tools for repairs; also at least ten miles of steel rails, with bowl-sleepers, bolts, nuts, fish-plates, keys, points, and crossings in proportion.

'A *personnel* to work this limited amount of rolling-stock can be supplied by the Royal Engineers, and should accompany the *matériel*,

together with a sufficient number of engine-fitters to put the engines together when landed. I can furnish the detail of this *personnel.*

'We can thus count upon the aid of four trains working on the railroad (it is a single line as far as Zagazig, from thence to Cairo it is double) which will carry provisions, tents, firewood, and reserves of ammunition, and will enable us to send our sick daily to the hospital ships at Ismailia.

'*This will enable us to cut down our transport very much, especially as it may be expected that the Egyptian army would make its stand somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tel-el-Kebir. If the action comes off there, no serious fighting may be anticipated until Cairo is reached; indeed, although it is possible that some attempt might be made to hold that city, if the Egyptian army is well defeated in the field, any further resistance would be insignificant.*'

Such a document as this speaks for itself in language that none can fail to understand without any aid from the superfluous italics above reproduced; and the impression created by the strikingly accurate forecast which it contains is somewhat marred by an over-elaboration of *ex post facto* reasoning tending to show that this forecast was logically inevitable.

Among the measures 'decided when the plan of campaign 'was first discussed' was the despatch of an advanced force to Cyprus with a view to 'seize the Suez Canal twenty-four 'hours after receiving orders for action.' Major-General Sir A. Alison, the officer appointed to command this advanced force, reached Cyprus on July 14, and his troops are stated to have arrived 'about the same time, having left Malta on 'July 8.' In an official history precise dates are to be preferred, especially when, as in this case, they are readily ascertainable.

'The whole series of events which had led up to the bombardment had taken place between the 6th July (when Sir A. Alison left England) and the 14th instant [*sic*], when he arrived at Cyprus. No information, therefore, of the details or circumstances of these events had reached him. It appeared as if the decisive moment had arrived when, hostilities having begun, the advanced force ought to seize the canal. Telegraphic communication was at the moment interrupted, and therefore, fearing to miss the very purpose for which he was sent out, Sir A. Alison moved with his troops to Port Said to be ready for eventualities. At Port Said further information of the facts was received. The need of troops at Alexandria was evident. Sir A. Alison at once sailed thither and arrived on the 17th July.'

The above is military history of a slipshod character. There appears to be no reason that Sir A. Alison's instructions should not now be made public. The dates on which he left Cyprus and reached Port Said are at least no secret.

The bombardment took place on the 11th, and Alexandria being in full telegraphic communication with London, fresh orders sent thither on the 12th would easily have reached Cyprus by despatch boat a day before Sir A. Alison's arrival. Not only, therefore, might the movement of the advanced guard to Port Said, which was eminently calculated to give a premature warning of the contemplated seizure of the canal, have been avoided, but the troops from Cyprus might have been landed at Alexandria on the 15th, where their presence was most urgently needed.

The bombardment, as a purely naval operation, is very properly left out of consideration; but there was surely no necessity for the totally false parallel of the case of Admiral Duckworth in the Dardanelles, which is unnecessarily dragged in, or for such a passage as the following:—

> 'There is a quaint report, . . . which afterwards fell into our hands, from one of the Egyptian officers . . . addressed to one of the superior officers of the army; in it the officer complains of the very improper conduct of the English fleet in that, whilst his men were at work in the battery by night, suddenly a blaze of electric light was thrown upon them . . . a proceeding which, as the officer avows, was distinctly discourteous on the part of the English.'

This sentence, apart from its singular inelegance, scarcely befits the pages of an official military history.

The omission of all account of the circumstances of the bombardment might have excused the writer from entering upon such statements as the following:—

> 'The bombardment was precisely what it was asserted to be at the time—a measure for the protection of the fleet from threatened and immediate danger. All the discussions which have been raised on the assumption that the bombardment was a deliberate beginning of the campaign are beside the mark, simply because that was not the case. The naval authorities reported that the risk to the fleet was too serious to admit of any delay, or of any other action.'

The bombardment was so obviously inopportune that the 'deliberate beginning' theory can scarcely be widespread, and the natural anxiety on board the squadron for action seems to afford the only possible explanation of a military blunder of the first magnitude. The despatches bearing on this point are well worth recalling. On July 6 the admiral telegraphed:—

> 'Military commander assures me, in reply to my note of to-day, no guns have been recently added to the forts, or military preparations made. Dervish Pasha confirms this statement. No signs of operations

since yesterday afternoon, probably in obedience to the Sultan's commands. Shall not hesitate acting if works be continued.'

On July 9, however, the situation had changed, and the admiral telegraphed:—

'No doubt about armament. Guns are now being mounted in Fort Silsileh. Shall give foreign consuls notice at daylight to-morrow morning, and commence action twenty-four hours after unless forts on the isthmus and those commanding the entrance to the harbour are surrendered.'

This change was based on a declaration made by an officer of H.M.S. 'Invincible' to the following effect:—

'When within about fifty yards of the said fort [Silsileh] I observed inside two working parties of Arabs about two hundred strong . . . parbuckling two smoothbore guns, apparently 32-pounders, towards their respective carriages and slides, which were facing in the direction of the harbour.'

On the strength of the above declaration, therefore, an entirely new claim—the surrender of certain works to the fleet—was made in the form of an ultimatum addressed to Toulba Pasha on July 10. Meanwhile the fleet prepared for action; the flagship changed her position, and the bearer of the reply to this peremptory demand spent many hours in the darkness vainly searching for the admiral, who was not to be found till far into the night. The reply, signed by Ragheb Pasha, President of the Council, while demurring to the abrupt proposal to surrender the batteries, contained these words:—

'Nevertheless, as a proof of our spirit of conciliation, and of our desire to a certain extent to accede to your demand, we are willing to dismount three guns in the batteries you have mentioned either separated or together.'

The only answer accorded to this offer was sufficiently laconic:—

'I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, and regret that I am unable to accept the proposal contained therein.'

At 7 A.M. the same morning the fleet opened fire.

The proceedings reported to be taking place in Fort Silsileh were thus seized upon for the purpose of a *casus belli*, and it is peculiarly unfortunate that this fort does not bear upon the harbour at all, as stated in the declaration above quoted, but on a small bay termed the New Port. The 32-pounder, dating back to the pre-Nelson era, is hardly

a formidable gun to ironclads, but it even appears clear from the American Report that no ordnance of this nature was ever mounted in Fort Silsileh. The contention was thus almost as if the rolling about of an obsolete gun on the banks of Southampton water constituted an 'imminent danger' to a fleet in Portsmouth harbour. No flimsier pretext of urgency was ever put forward. The massacres of June 11 had clearly shown what would occur after a bombardment not followed up by an immediate landing. By waiting only four days, Sir A. Alison with two battalions besides a considerable force of marines could have been at Alexandria, and a total strength of 4,000 men might have been landed, amply sufficient to sweep away Arabi's demoralised garrison, save many lives, prevent a destruction of property amounting to nearly five millions sterling, and probably obviate the necessity for further fighting. It was, however, impossible to wait four days, simply because of a report that two eighteenth century guns were being mounted in a fort which did not bear upon the harbour. The view of the official historian seems to be that the bombardment was unfortunate simply because it entailed an immediate occupation of Alexandria, which does not appear to have been originally taken into account.

'In so far as the military operations were concerned, it would have been much more convenient not to occupy Alexandria at all.* Its occupation was forced upon us by the disorder existing in the town. When the numbers for the campaign were originally fixed, the intention was that the whole corps, with both divisions completed, should move by Ismailia. It was by no means intended that a fine brigade should be left eating their hearts out in Alexandria whilst the campaign was being carried through the Eastern Desert.'

It would not be difficult to show that the occupation of Alexandria was decidedly advantageous to the expedition which elected to rendezvous there; but, in any case, the whole *raison d'être* of the operations was to restore order in Egypt, and Alexandria, where so many European interests centred, could scarcely have been left to the tender mercies of an Arab mob while a British army was fighting its way from Ismailia to Cairo. The fortune of war has entailed on many a fine brigade the penalty of inaction when fighting was going on elsewhere; but additional troops would have

* The historian elsewhere remarks: 'It was advisable to leave 'at Alexandria all the infantry that would not be required for the first 'movements from Ismailia.'

been a mere encumbrance to the desert column, which, as the event proved, was amply sufficient for its work.

The arduous duties which devolved on the force first landed receive scant notice from the official historian, who casually mentions the arrival of the 'Tamar' with marines —without any date—but does not allude to the presence of a portion of the Channel squadron, nor to the fact that on July 14 an armed body was landed from the United States ships 'Lancaster,' 'Nipsic,' and 'Quinnebaug.' The aid thus generously afforded by the American admiral at a moment of emergency appears at least worthy of permanent record.

With the arrival of the Cyprus force on the 17th, land operations fairly commenced, and on the 18th 'a party of the 'mounted infantry patrolled ten miles towards the enemy,' a distance which, if the explanatory maps are correctly drawn, must have taken this adventurous body completely through the enemy's lines.

Among the distinctive features of this staff history, and one which serves to distinguish it from every preceding work of the kind, is the nearly complete absence of official documents in the shape of the numerous official reports rendered from time to time by the chief actors. It is necessary to search blue books (or the American Report) for the *pièces justificatives* which form an important portion of ordinary staff histories. The documents thus conspicuously wanting are sometimes inadequate, and not invariably accurate; but they embody the fresh impressions created at the moment in the minds of those best able to form a judgement, and small imperfections of style or statement are readily condoned. No sufficient reason can be suggested for this grave omission, more especially since such wholly superfluous passages as the following abound :—

'The *amour-propre* of Englishmen at home was much hurt at the time by the comments of continental journals, which, ignorant alike of the intended plan of campaign, and of the inexorable conditions of ground which determined the choice of the Ismailia route, assumed always that a direct advance from Alexandria upon Cairo was to be carried out, and that these "aimless skirmishes" showed only that the English generals did not know what they were about, and were without any definite plan.'

If the *amour-propre* of any Englishman was really wounded, subsequent events should have provided a sufficient salve without any aid of this description. The bare idea of the German official historian condescending to notice shallow

contemporary newspaper criticism in this serious manner is inconceivable. While, however, space is liberally accorded to passages of this nature, it is regarded as unnecessary to record the British loss in Major-General Sir A. Alison's reconnaissance of August 5, which the American writer is able to specify in detail, quoting also *in extenso* Sir A. Alison's report of August 6, containing an account of the affair superior in all respects to the mangled narrative now presented.

The Suez Canal was seized from end to end by her Majesty's navy on the morning of August 20, the operation being most ably planned and executed; but an unfortunate *contretemps* occurred, which, as the American writer justly remarks, 'might have frustrated, as it certainly did delay 'the execution of, a strategic plan upon which depended the 'success of the whole campaign.' According to the official history, 'one vessel, the "Melbourne" of the Messageries 'Maritimes Company, claimed the right of a French mail 'boat to pass. As a matter of international courtesy the '"Melbourne" was allowed to continue her journey.' Two English steamers followed the privileged 'Melbourne,' and succeeded in reaching 'a part of the canal where it was 'useless to stop them.'

The report of Commander Edwards, R.N., of H.M.S. 'Ready,' to Rear-Admiral Hoskins gives a decidedly different account of this incident.

'After occupying Kantara as instructed, I detached Lieut. Barnes Laurence in "Iris" torpedo boat to insure the canal being kept clear. He reports that on his return to the Gare . . . he found the Messageries Maritimes steamer "Melbourne" leaving, and that on remonstrating with her captain he was informed that the steamer should only be stopped by armed force, and that the first man stepping on board would be the signal to let go the anchor and leave the ship in his hands. Lieut. Barnes Laurence, not considering that his instructions warranted the use of force, left to report to me.'

The facts of the case are remarkably simple. The young officer charged with the duty of clearing the canal either received orders insufficiently explicit or failed to accept the grave responsibility thrown upon him. The captain of the 'Melbourne' declined to recognise authority feebly wielded, and calmly proceeded on his way, thus jeopardising the success of a most important operation. To represent this incident as a graceful concession to the claims of 'international courtesy,' appears to be wholly unjustifiable.

By 4 A.M. on August 20, Ismailia was occupied, and 'it

'was ascertained from the messages found' at the telegraph office that the enemy was in force at Nefisha. H.M.S. 'Orion' and 'Carysfort' 'were therefore ordered by Captain 'Fitzroy to shell the railway station at a range of about '4,000 yards.' The writer omits, however, to mention the following curious incident recorded in an official report addressed to Captain Stephenson, R.N.: 'An officer, stating 'himself to be the chief of Arabi's forces in the district, 'having come in to surrender, strongly advised the bombard- 'ment of Nefisha to prevent attack.'

The expeditionary force was now rapidly disembarked, and Ismailia became a veritable chaos of stores of every description. The task of creating and maintaining order and regularity at the base was an eminently difficult one, and entirely beyond the experience of the greater portion of the staff. That there should have been some confusion and loss of time at the outset is easily explained and condoned. There appears, therefore, to be no adequate reason for the irritability of the following passage:—

'It is necessary to press attention to this question of the time required for the work of disembarkation, because, from the comments made by even professional critics, it might be supposed that the movement and disembarkation of an army are precisely the same thing as the movement and disembarkation of a single traveller.'

Nefisha, 2¼ miles from Ismailia, had been occupied on August 21 by a small force under Major-General Graham, and on the 24th this force was ordered to advance five miles to Magfar. Finding that the Egyptians were in strength at Tel-el-Maskhuta, about three miles further on, Sir G. Wolseley determined to move up all the available troops on grounds which are stated in some detail.

'The apparent determination of the Egyptians to hold on to Tel-el-Maskhuta offered a new prospect. . . . Everything indicated that they intended to make a serious stand. Few as were the troops then available, and long as the march would be for any additional infantry and guns, he [Sir G. Wolseley] saw that the very smallness of force was likely to tempt the Egyptian commander to remain where he was, and therefore to give the English troops from Ismailia time to come up, with the result of inflicting upon this outlying body of the enemy a defeat which, if vigorously followed up, would probably enable us to secure the very line of railway and canal as far as Kassassin, which it was at this time all-important for us to get into our hands.'

Major-General Graham's force was accordingly ordered to continue the march, and at 8.30 A.M. an aide-de-camp was sent back to Ismailia with orders to the brigade of Foot

Guards and 'all cavalry and artillery that might be by the 'time of the receipt of the order ready, to push on to the front.' At the same time the Duke of Cornwall's regiment was ordered up from Nefisha.

The result of these measures was to throw a heavy strain on the troops for an apparently disproportionate result. The Egyptians were not attacked and broken up. For that the available force did not suffice, and all that could be done was to take up a position and vainly wait for an attack which never came. Thus throughout a long and burning day the infantry lay on the sand hills occasionally firing at an enemy who never approached within effective rifle range. The two solitary British guns succeeded for many hours in gallantly holding their own against a greatly superior force; but 'one 'man after another succumbed' to the intense heat, and ultimately the aid readily proffered by the Royal Marine Artillery was accepted. Meanwhile the enemy manœuvred aimlessly in front, and the cavalry and mounted infantry 'continued to threaten and check' him even after his reinforcements had arrived by train. A party of bluejackets arrived at noon, and at 2 P.M. the Duke of Cornwall's regiment came up, and was posted in reserve. The task imposed upon the brigade of Foot Guards was a severe one. 'A 'march over the two miles of heavy road between Ismailia 'and Nefisha, difficult at any time, was during the burning 'hours of the midday sun of an exceptionally hot day a 'very serious task indeed.' The whole march was, however, about eight miles, and unrecorded circumstances rendered it specially trying. At 4.30 A.M. half of the brigade was on fatigue unloading stores or laying rails, and was relieved at 8 A.M. by the other half, which worked till noon. The men were then ordered to dine, and marched off immediately afterwards. The conditions were thus as unfavourable as can be conceived, and it is not surprising that 'man after 'man during the march was knocked down by the severity 'of the strain and by the stroke of the sun. All who were 'physically able pushed on with honest pride and steady discipline, but it was not till 6.20 P.M. that the march was 'over.' In the language of the official writer, 'omelets are 'not to be made . . . without breaking eggs;' but this omelet was not a very remarkable one, and by deferring its manufacture one day the eggs might have been economised. The small force set down in his front did 'tempt the Egyptian commander to remain where he was' throughout the 24th of August only, but he cannot be said to have been de-

feated, and the 'English troops from Ismailia' were not able even with the utmost exertion and much suffering 'to 'come up' in time to act. If, however, the original intention of halting at Magfar had been carried out, the enemy might in all probability have been attacked with great effect on the 25th, while the severe strain thrown upon the newly landed troops would have been lessened. On the other hand, Sir G. Wolseley's despatch of August 26 mentions no 'new 'prospect,' and conveys the idea of no fresh decision; but after describing the advance and the appearance of the enemy's position at Tel-el-Maskhuta simply states:—

> 'I could perceive that the enemy's force in my immediate front was large. . . . Although I had but three squadrons of cavalry, two guns, and about 1,000 infantry, I felt it would not be in consonance with the traditions of her Majesty's army that we should retire, even temporarily, before Egyptian troops, no matter what their numbers might be. I decided, therefore, upon holding my ground until evening, by which time I knew that the reinforcements I had sent for to Nefishe and Ismailia would reach me.'

This despatch might well have found a place in the official history, which it would have explained in several particulars. Thus the strength of the British force engaged and the estimated strength of the enemy appear worth recording, while the occasion on which, in the words of the commander-in-chief of the expedition, 'two squadrons of the 'Household Cavalry charged very gallantly' might at least have received mention.

On the evening of the 24th two infantry brigades with twelve guns and a considerable cavalry force were in position, and Lieutenant-General Willis received orders 'to hold his 'own during the night, and to attack the enemy at day-'break.' The advance began at about 5 A.M. on the 25th, and 'as soon as our outposts came within sight of the 'enemy's position it was evident that he had altogether 'abandoned his works.' Individuals or small bodies of troops preceding the advance of a moving army are not usually termed 'outposts,' and a loose application of military phrases is greatly to be deprecated. Sir G. Wolseley's despatch of August 27 giving a clear and full account of the events of the 25th, at which he was present, states: 'Owing 'to the result of the action of the previous day, many of his '[the enemy's] troops had retreated during the night, and 'upon our guns opening on his works early on the morning 'of the 25th, the 7,000 labourers ran away.' The official history gives the plain impression that the guns were not

used at all 'until the heights over Mahsama were reached' by the cavalry, and makes no mention whatever of the 7,000 labourers. Nor is it stated that during the night of the 24th–25th sounds unmistakeably indicating the retreat were heard, and that it was generally believed in the bivouac that the enemy had fled. 'The advance met with no 'serious opposition,' and 'the enemy successively [!] fell 'back, and at last the camp at Mahsama was captured.' Throughout the day the cavalry and mounted infantry displayed the utmost vigour, although the trial to the English horses so recently landed was necessarily severe. The original order to destroy the captured stores and retire to Tel-el-Maskhuta was happily countermanded, and the cavalry was directed to remain at Mahsama, where the Royal Marines (Artillery and Light Infantry) arrived early on the 26th. On the afternoon of the same day, Major-General Graham's brigade reached Kassassin, which had been previously occupied without resistance by a detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards.

Within one week of the seizure of the Suez Canal, therefore, the advanced guard was established at an important point more than twenty miles from Ismailia, and within striking distance of Tel-el-Kebir, where Sir G. Wolseley had indicated that the decisive action would be fought. The British forces were scattered piecemeal along the line of advance. The right flank was exposed to an attack from Salihiyeh, and the advanced guard offered a tempting prey to the large force which could be brought against it from Tel-el-Kebir. Sir G. Wolseley had, however, formed an estimate of the impotence of his enemy in the open field which subsequent events amply justified. Meanwhile the army had altogether outrun its transport, by which much privation and some real suffering was temporarily entailed upon the troops. The railway had to be repaired between Suez and Ismailia, and also near Magfar. The engines sent from Alexandria had to be landed at Suez. Two solidly built dams barring the sweet-water canal at Tel-el-Maskhuta and Magfar, as well as a heavy embankment across the railway, had to be cut through. Two redoubts, of whose construction and object the historian makes no mention whatever, had to be thrown up at Tel-el-Maskhuta, and subsequently altered, entailing large additional fatigue parties. The days following the advance of August 24 are well described as 'the period of heavy labour,' and only by the most strenuous exertion on the part of all ranks was it

possible to feed the advanced troops and organise the communications preparatory to a concentration at the front. The wheeled transport had signally broken down, and the line of advance was pitiably strewn with the service carts and wagons, either disabled or virtually immoveable in the sand. As the writer remarks, 'the case illustrated . . . 'the loss which is entailed upon an army by the regimental 'transport being even temporarily unadapted to the conditions under which it is placed.'

Early in the year, however, an officer had been specially 'despatched to report upon the line of advance from Ismailia 'upon Cairo, and had brought back much detailed information.' The conditions of the route being thus well known in advance, transport adapted to them might apparently have been devised, and the light and cheap Maltese carts, which proved thoroughly efficient, could have been manufactured in any number without delaying the expeditionary force for a single day. The first engine reached Ismailia from Suez on August 27, and in a short time the railway was able to render all other transport practically superfluous except for purposes of distribution in camp. Meanwhile the rails as far as Magfar were available for trucks with mule draught, and steam launches could tow boats laden with stores on a portion of the sweet-water canal; so that the breakdown of the cart transport proved less embarrassing than might otherwise have been the case. The difficulties which beset the force in the period between August 20 and September 9 were in part due to the fact that the base had to be organised 'during the very weeks of 'pressure;' but the defective reasoning involved in the remark that, 'from the necessity of seizing the base itself, 'even the commandant . . . was landed some time after 'the first troops had arrived,' need scarcely be pointed out. There was no conceivable reason why the commandant of the base should not have landed at Ismailia *with* the 'first 'troops,' and at least he could have been sent up to his post in a torpedo boat on any subsequent day. Nor is the fact that stores immediately required proved to be at the bottom of the transports wholly explained by the statement that 'as the supplies were shipped in England to accompany the 'troops, and not, as would usually be the case, sent out on 'requisition from the seat of war stating what supplies 'were most urgently needed, it happened that in many 'instances the stores most urgently needed were below 'others which had to be removed before these could be

'reached.' A certain measure of prevision was apparently possible in a case where most of the conditions were well known in advance.

Amateur critics, ignorant alike of the special difficulties which beset the advance on Tel-el-Kebir and of the difficulties which beset the movements of all large bodies of troops at all times, may have manifested an unjustifiable impatience during the 'period of heavy labour,' but their voices have been long since silenced by the inexorable logic of events, and at this late hour so portentous a passage as the following appears wholly superfluous :—

'In the year 1807 the greatest of English commanders was engaged on an expedition the most daring that had ever been undertaken by an English Cabinet. In the result that enterprise, unfettered by any nice regard for punctilio,* secured and brought back the largest capture ever drawn into English harbours. The work was accomplished within a time so short that the conqueror of the Continent was staggered by the vigour and rapidity of the stroke. But in England the delay and "sloth" which attended the military movements were so severely commented on during the course of the contest that the criticism drew from Sir Arthur Wellesley these words: "I don't doubt their impatience in England; but I don't think they ever form in England an accurate estimate of the difficulties attending *any* military enterprise which they undertake.'

This and the succeeding passages, inaptly entitled 'The 'fulfilment of a prophecy by Sir Arthur Wellesley,' might find a place in a popular lecture on the operations, but have nothing to do with an official military history.

The order to Lieutenant-General Sir E. Hamley to move with the Highland brigade to Ismailia, telegraphed on August 26, was inexcusably 'delayed in transmission by 'the telegraph clerks at Alexandria,' and the reply was received on the 28th, by which date Sir E. Malet's apprehensions as to the safety of the town appear to have been allayed. Alexandria was left in the keeping of five and a half battalions, two batteries, and the Malta Fencibles, while a force of 1,000 men could probably have been landed from the fleet. In point of fact Sir E. Hamley had taken effective measures to place the position at Ramleh in entire security, and had mounted guns which defied an attack. He had made a demonstration to which the enemy did not respond, and he even proposed to attack the enemy's position

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* A curious euphemism for the proceedings involved in the seizure of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet at a period when Great Britain was at peace with Denmark.

before proceeding to Ismailia; but this last suggestion was overruled by the Commander-in-Chief. The Egyptians, busily employed in entrenching themselves at Kafr-ed-dauar, had never evinced the smallest desire to attack, and their enterprise was not likely to be quickened or their strength increased now that Arabi was aware that Cairo had to be defended on the Ismailia line. Unnecessary nervousness as to the safety of Alexandria was felt, however, in some quarters, and a futile attempt, to which this history does not even refer, was made to admit the sea into Lake Mareotis as a measure of defence.

Meanwhile the advanced guard,* under Major-General Graham, which had been ordered to 'occupy and entrench' the position at Kassassin, was attacked on the 28th, and the somewhat remarkable action which ensued gave rise to much misconception. The events of the day were briefly as follows: At 9.30 A.M. the enemy showed in force on the rising ground to the north. The little force, consisting of about 1,700 infantry, two guns, and a handful of cavalry and mounted rifles, was at once drawn up in order of battle, and remained 'much 'exposed to the sun but not to the enemy' till after 3 P.M., when it was withdrawn into camp. Throughout this time the Egyptians merely contented themselves with firing a few ineffectual rounds from two guns more than 4,000 yards distant. As soon as the enemy's first movements had been remarked, signals were sent to Mahsama, where the cavalry were stationed, and the brigade turned out and 'remained in communication' with Kassassin 'by signal.' At 4.30 P.M. the cavalry returned into camp, and at the same moment the enemy 'began to show signs of threatening a 'serious attack,' and Major-General Graham's force was again drawn up in line of battle. At the same time a heliograph message was 'sent to the cavalry desiring them 'to turn out and be ready' to attack the enemy in flank; an officer was also despatched with orders to request the brigadier 'to move up the cavalry to cover the right flank,

* The correct composition of an advanced guard has formed the subject of much academical discussion; but, though numerous proposals have been put forward in the attempt to reach the ideal, it has never been suggested to include marine artillery in such a force. A small battalion of the Royal Marine Artillery, certainly the most costly and probably the most highly trained force of gunners in the world, would have been relegated bodily to the *rôle* of infantry on June 28 but for the fortunate presence of one Krupp field gun captured at Mahsama.

'which had been placed with a view to tempt' an attack, to be effectually dealt with by an advance from Mahsama. 'At about 5.20 P.M.' a third message was sent to the cavalry to attack the enemy's left flank. The whole force at Kassassin was hotly engaged till about 7.15, when Major-General Graham ordered a general advance in which the battalion of Royal Marine Light Infantry, just arrived, took part. A/1 battery Royal Artillery, 'complete with wagons, arrived 'on the ground' at the same time, apparently out of the blue, for this battery is not mentioned at all on the preceding page, where the whole force at Kassassin, Mahsama, and Tel-el-Maskhuta is most inconveniently detailed in a small type footnote. The advance was continued till 8.45 P.M., when the order was given to return to camp. Meanwhile, unknown to Major-General Graham, the cavalry had arrived and delivered a dashing charge in the moonlight.

The general inference from the above facts is that it was not necessary to expose the whole force at Kassassin to a burning sun for six hours, when a few cavalry vedettes could probably have given ample warning of the approach of any real attack, and that for some reason combined action with the supporting cavalry, only 4½ miles distant, was not satisfactorily achieved. The official history throws no light on these points, and the writer does not appear to realise their importance, devoting much unnecessary space to a psychological study of the feelings of the young officer who conveyed the third message to Major-General Drury Lowe. The latter, in his report of August 29, addressed to Lieutenant-General Willis, makes no allusion to the heliograph message now stated to have been sent, but expressly mentions that he received the second message at 5.30 P.M., turned out his brigade at once, and 'moved to the sound of the heavy firing 'that was now taking place.' *En route* he met the bearer of the third message at 'a point,' according to the historian, 'four miles from Kassassin in a north-westerly direction'—north-*easterly* is probably meant. The message delivered was to the effect that Major-General Graham 'was only just 'able to hold his own, and wished General Drury Lowe to 'attack the left of the enemy's skirmishers.' In such a case there appears to be no sufficient excuse for the sending of a verbal message; but, as the statement above quoted rests on memory alone, the inverted commas of the official history are inadmissible. The fact that the aide-de-camp may have taken an alarmist view of the situation is of no importance whatever. He was sent to request that the cavalry would

attack the enemy's left, met the cavalry actually advancing for that purpose, and by conveying the impression of urgency may at the most have hastened the charge that was then so effectively delivered. The military reader will wish to know, however, whether any previous arrangement as to combined action was made between the commanders of the advanced guard and its support; what was signalled in the morning when 'they remained in communication' apparently for some hours; what were the terms of the first message heliographed, and of the second message carried by an officer from Kassassin as soon as the real attack threatened. Information on the above points would possibly explain why, notwithstanding that 'a most exhausting day' was inflicted upon the cavalry, the advantages which their action, fully combined with that of the Kassassin force, would have secured, were not reaped. The unnecessary analysis of the state of mind of Major-General Graham's aide-de-camp unfortunately conveys the impression that the explanation is to be sought in the terms of the message he delivered, and such a passage as the following is scarcely calculated to elucidate this or any other military question :—

'That the false impressions of men who have not been under fire before are not a clear indication of the actual danger involved is a fact of which London had a year later a pretty sharp lesson. The placards announcing that the dead and wounded were being carried in on stretchers from all parts of Woolwich in consequence of the rocket bombardment from the explosion of the factory on September 23, 1883, recorded the impressions of the inhabitants of an incident in which no single person was hurt by a falling rocket.'

Parallels of this description could evidently be multiplied indefinitely.

The account of this action is in direct conflict with the reports of the generals in several important respects. Thus Major-General Graham wrote on August 29: 'The enemy 'made great efforts to overcome' the resistance offered by the left of the line, 'putting a number of men across the 'canal.' The official history expressly notes the fact of 'the 'enemy not having any force on the south of the canal,' and conveys no hint of any movement of this nature. Major-General Drury Lowe, writing also on the 29th, in describing the fine charge of the Household Brigade, states: 'The 'enemy's infantry was completely scattered, and our cavalry 'swept through a battery of seven or nine guns.' The official historian, while boldly remarking that 'all evidence, 'both Egyptian and our own, is concurrent that the Egyptian

'artillery was never reached by our cavalry,' takes credit for a result which Major-General Drury Lowe did not claim —'the three squadrons took the enemy's infantry in front '. . . absolutely annihilating, according to the Egyptians' 'own account, the whole force they struck upon.' The authority referred to as 'the Egyptians' own account' is not specified, and it is certain that a single cavalry charge, delivered in the moonlight with a thick haze lying over the desert, could not have absolutely annihilated even a moderate force of infantry, which, however, would doubtless be 'com- 'pletely scattered.' Such minor details of the action as the position occupied by the mounted infantry, the employment of the detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards dismounted, the estimated strength of the enemy, his reinforcement by train from Tel-el-Kebir, and the curious telegrams transmitted to Cairo by Arabi during the fight, are deemed unworthy of record. Finally, Major-General Drury Lowe expressly states that when the cavalry was called out in the morning he 'advanced towards the enemy's left.' The official account gives no hint of any such movement.

The work of organising the line of communication proceeded rapidly, and on September 1 Sir G. Wolseley sent an important telegram—omitted by the official historian—to the Secretary of State for War, in which the situation was concisely summarised. By September 7 such progress had been made that the railway as far as Kassassin was in fair working order, and able not only to feed the force distributed along it, but to begin the accumulation of stores at the front. On the 8th orders were issued for the concentration of the whole army on Kassassin, to be completed by the 12th. Meanwhile, on the 9th, the position at Kassassin, now held by a force 'of nearly 8,000 men of all arms,' was again attacked. No detail of this force is given, nor is it clear whether the cavalry was all at Kassassin or in part detached at Mahsama. Regiments whose march to Kassassin has never been recorded are suddenly flung into the narrative with a bewildering effect, and the impression produced by the mode in which the successive orders given to the troops are referred to is eminently confusing. The whole force was commanded by Lieutenant-General Willis, who had arrived two days before; but as soon as the advance of the enemy 'in considerable numbers' was discovered by the cavalry patrol, 'reports were sent back to Major-General 'Graham,' who commanded the infantry brigade only.

'He sent to General Drury Lowe, desiring him to send a cavalry

regiment to the front. Somewhat later a report of the general advance of the enemy reached Lieut.-General Willis. He immediately sent orders to Major-General Graham to turn out the Infantry Brigade. . . . Two field batteries were at first placed by Lieut.-Colonel Nairne . . . in gun pits. . . . The Royal Irish were placed by General Willis on the right of the guns. . . . At 6.45 A.M. General Drury Lowe ordered the whole of the Indian cavalry brigade . . . to turn out and delay the enemy. At 7.10 A.M., in consequence of orders from General Willis, the 1st cavalry brigade . . . also moved out of camp.'

The suggestion of a chaos of command is perhaps unintentionally conveyed, and results merely from the mode of statement adopted. The action which ensued was only remarkable for the fact that the Egyptian leaders appear to have been able to arrange and time a combined movement of the forces from Tel-el-Kebir and Salihiyeh, a point fifteen miles across the desert to the north of Kassassin. Having brought their troops on to the ground, they were quite unable to make any use of them, and at 7.45 A.M., after the exchange of a few rounds and some cavalry manœuvring, the whole British force advanced resistlessly sweeping all before it. 'By 10 A.M. the enemy had fallen back towards Tel-el-Kebir, 'and the troops had arrived within about 5,000 yards 'of the fortifications, whence the enemy poured an effective 'fire from the guns in position there.' Field guns are, however, quite incapable of 'effective fire' at 5,000 yards, and Sir G. Wolseley's despatch of September 10 expressly states that 'an angry but harmless fire' was opened 'upon 'our troops, which had been halted beyond the range of their 'guns.'

There is little doubt that Tel-el-Kebir could have been taken on this day, and regret at the order to return to camp was natural; but it was essential that the fall of the position should be followed by an immediate dash on Cairo, and Sir G. Wolseley's firm adherence to his plan of campaign probably saved the capital from destruction.

By the afternoon of September 12 the whole force destined for the attack was massed at Kassassin. Thus in twenty-three days from the occupation of Ismailia all the many difficulties of the concentration had been successfully overcome, and not only were the troops in readiness for the assault, but preparations had been made for the rapid advance by which victory was to be promptly followed up.

The decision to make a night march and attack at dawn having been taken, orders were issued for the camp to be

struck at 6.15 P.M. The actual distance to be traversed was 6¼ miles of hard gravelly desert, presenting only slight undulations. The conditions were thus ideal. Of efficient outposts the enemy had none, and his cavalry was utterly worthless. Even 'the possibility of meeting dogs, cattle, 'geese, &c.' need not be considered, since 'it was almost 'as certain that on the night of September 12 the infantry 'and cavalry who moved to the north of the canal along the 'desert would not meet with cattle, geese, or dogs, as that 'they would not meet with whales.' On the other hand, 'it was absolutely certain that the Indian brigade, which 'moved through the "wady" to the south of the canal, 'would meet with animals of all sorts'—'whales' possibly included. The starting of the Indian brigade was, therefore, to be an hour later than that of the main body.

The enemy's works had been frequently reconnoitred, but the official history does not state the exact nature of the information obtained. From the canal a line of infantry trench about four miles long, broken here and there by batteries for field guns, stretched out into the desert in a direction a little east of north. It is stated that the Egyptians contemplated the prolongation of this system of Chinese wall fortification to Salihiyeh on the north, and Dar-el-Beida on the south—a total distance of fifty miles. On the day of attack, however, the left flank of the line for nearly a mile consisted of mere shelter trench, and on the south of the canal the map shows only a little three-gun battery on the bank. It is not clear whether the single outwork 1,200 yards from the line of trench had been recognised as such. This outwork 'had been twice seen, . . . 'but on neither occasion had it been possible to distinguish 'it from the main body of the works.' If undistinguishable from the general line of entrenchment, it is not easy to understand in what sense this detached work was 'seen' as such. The design 'of the interior trace of the work* was 'not known, . . . no information having been obtained 'from spies or deserters from within the works.' The writer adds: 'It may be as well to state here specifically 'that all assertions . . . that any bribe had been received

* Whether 'the work' in this sentence refers to the single outlying entrenchment cannot be stated. The 'interior trace' of the latter was quite immaterial. On the other hand, in deciding upon the plan of attack, it was extremely important to possess information as to the interior of the position as a whole.

'by any Egyptian in Tel-el-Kebir are baseless inventions 'without a shadow of foundation in fact.' If this is intended to refute some obscure insinuation that the British army bought the way into the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, it is surely unnecessary. Facts speak for themselves, and the German staff historian does not deign to break his narrative in order to disclaim the purchase of Metz. If, on the other hand, it is intended to strengthen the statement above quoted, that paid spies were not employed, a profound scepticism is only too likely to be evoked. Sir G. Wolseley's despatch of September 14 expressly states: 'All the information obtained from spies and prisoners led me to 'believe . . .' And elsewhere he has frankly enunciated the only practical view of an unpleasant subject.*

Neither spies nor prisoners are generally able to give a satisfactory account of an extensive entrenched position, and it is probable that the want of knowledge of the disposition of the interior lines dictated the decision to deliver a front attack. Judging after the event, it seems clear that by a moderate extension of the night march the left flank of the whole position might have been turned, and a force of nearly 15,000 British troops could at daybreak have marched straight upon the enemy's camp, the railway station, and the canal bridge at Tel-el-Kebir. The Egyptians, about 20,000 strong, of whom the greater portion were spread out along miles of trench thus taken in reverse, could not have stood for a moment in the open field. The defeat could hardly have been more complete; but some of the dangers as well as the loss entailed by a front attack might have been avoided. Facile criticisms of military operations based on *ex post facto* judgements are of little value; but the line of reasoning adopted by the official historian in attempting to dispose of this possible flank attack is singularly ineffective.

'Now any attempt to turn the position at Tel-el-Kebir either by the "wady" to the south or by the desert to the north, could only, even if successful, have resulted in obliging Arabi's army, in greater or

* 'The word spy conveys something as repulsive as slave; we will keep hammering along with the conviction that "honesty is the best policy," and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well for a child's copybook, but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheathe his sword for ever. Spies are to be found in every class of society, and gold, that mighty lever of men, is powerful enough to unlock secrets that would otherwise remain unknown at the moment. An English general must make up his mind to obtain information as he can.' ('The Soldier's Pocket-book.')

less confusion, to fall back on Zagazig or Cairo. In the cultivated country into which he must thus have retreated it would have been very difficult to have brought him to a decisive action, and in falling back he might expect to be joined by all the other rebel troops in Egypt.'

The result of a great turning movement by the north would have been to place the whole British force on the enemy's only line of retreat, and to effectually interpose between him and 'the cultivated country;' while all military history proves that the most decisive defeats, the most complete dispersions of armies, have been thus produced. The writer even appears to ignore the fact that Tel-el-Kebir was actually turned 'by the "wady" to the south,' and that the portion of the Indian contingent to which this movement was entrusted, though starting an hour late, was able to cut off fugitives at the canal bridge.

By 11 P.M. the whole mass of about 15,000 men destined for the front attack had been drawn up in the desert. The night was pitch dark, and the operation by no means easy. Slightly different formations were adopted by the two infantry divisions, but both conformed to the general condition that the order of march should be such as to enable the attack to be delivered without further manœuvring. The leading brigade of each division was to assault in two lines, half of each battalion being in front with an interval left between adjacent battalions. Thus, thanks to the darkness, the two-deep formation, which has given so many victories to the British army, was again practicable. The attack of the 2nd Division was delivered in this order, but on account of the slight delay and the increasing light the 1st Division adopted extended order for the final rush. Although the official narrative speaks of the plan of attack as 'based 'on the independent action of the two divisions,' * it was evidently intended that, if possible, the leading brigades of both divisions should strike the lines at the same moment, and this was nearly achieved. At 1.30 A.M. the advance began, and the difficulty, in the black darkness, of movement on such a broad front, even under conditions so exceptionally favourable, was soon realised. Notwithstanding every care, the Highland brigade found itself before long in a crescent formation, the centre held back and the flanks nearly meet-

* Sir G. Wolseley's despatch of September 16 expressly states: 'At 1.30 A.M. . . . I gave the order for the advance of the 1st and 2nd Divisions simultaneously.'

ing in front. The brigade was halted and reformed with a promptitude which affords the highest testimony to the discipline of the troops and the ability with which they were handled. The march of the 1st Division was impeded by similar causes, and at an hour variously estimated as 3 A.M. and 4 A.M. the leading brigade was deployed into line, for the reason that it 'might be under fire at any moment.' Whether it was originally intended that this deployment should take place is not clear; but in the case of the leading brigade of the 2nd Division such a movement was not attempted, and does not appear to have been ever contemplated, and the 1st Division must have been thus considerably delayed. The diagram purporting to give the positions of the front of the whole force at the 'moment when the attack 'was about to begin' conveys an incorrect idea of the situation. At this period the brigade of Foot Guards was nearly in line with the artillery, and two companies were actually moved up to close the gap between them. The leading brigade of the 1st Division was on the right front, and between the left flank of the Guards and the enemy's works there were no troops. This diagram further differs altogether from the map stated to represent the position of the troops 'at the first moment of attack.' Between this latter moment and the 'moment when the attack was about to 'begin' there must have been little time for a complete change of relative positions.

In spite of all difficulties, the night march of the 2nd Division was so perfectly accomplished that the Highland brigade dashed at the trenches with the first glimmer of dawn, the assault being so exactly timed that, though the darkness sufficed to cover the leading troops till they were within 150 yards of the enemy, the growing light enabled them to make good their position. The account of the confused fighting which took place in the faint gleams of the morning is necessarily involved. The actors were too seriously engaged to note exact times or retain a clear impression of all that was transpiring around them. Discrepancies are inevitable in such a case; but the main facts stand out in strong relief. Whatever may have been the opinion of Arabi and his staff in the camp far in rear, it is clear that the greater share of the fighting fell to the Highland brigade, which was the first to strike the trenches at a part where the obstacles to be covered were distinctly more serious than elsewhere, and where alone the interior lines were able to afford aid in prolonging the resistance. As soon as the

2nd Division had firmly established itself in the enemy's position the day was virtually won, and the arrival of the 1st Division on the right, with the turning movements of the cavalry on the north, and of the Indian brigade south of the canal, made the rout complete.

The 1st Division, by its later arrival, had a far deeper zone of fire to traverse, and suffered on that account; but (though relegated to a footnote) the testimony of Major-General Graham, who led the foremost troops in person, appears to be conclusive that no real stand was made at this part of the position when once the single line of trench was passed. The attack of the leading brigade of the 1st Division is stated to have begun 'between ten minutes and a quarter 'of an hour later' than that of the Highland brigade, and is somewhat difficult to follow. Although it is at first stated that the 'line of works' was 'carried almost in a rush,' the succeeding sentences convey a different impression, and, while it is argued that the excessive slightness of the shelter trench which alone opposed the right of the attack 'by no 'means tended to render the fire from it less direct and 'effective,' it is clear from the table of casualties that by far the greater resistance was experienced on the left.

The writer notices the extreme dispersion which the attack produced; but the exceptional formation which the circumstances permitted was specially favourable to coherence, and Tel-el-Kebir gives no real indication of the extent to which this dispersion must prevail after an attack delivered against European troops in position. By reason of the want of light, however, the fighting was at first necessarily somewhat devoid of tactical purpose. This is specially noticeable in the case of the attack of the Highland brigade, which occurred between two batteries both practically indefensible in rear. The flanks of the brigade striking these batteries where the ditches were broad and deep were checked, and appear to have continued their efforts in front. The intermediate trench was carried in the first rush at about 5 A.M. and firmly held. The further advance into the interior of the position is stated to have begun at 5.20 A.M.,* yet the battery on the left appears not to have been carried till 5.40 A.M., and then only by a front attack, notwithstanding that the work on the right was entered from the rear by only ten Highlanders, who 'shot down the detachments at

* Elsewhere, however, it is stated: 'At 5.35, just after the Highlanders had begun their advance into the interior of the works.'

'their guns.' The battery on the left, which in the available time might have done much mischief, could probably have been disposed of with equal ease.

One of the footnotes is quite unintelligible. The text simply states: 'Sir Edward Hamley . . . had been both 'leading the men and giving general directions for the guns to be rendered useless to the enemy as the successive bat- 'teries were seized.* Observing the number of Egyptians 'who were now flying . . . he thought. . . .' At this point the following curious footnote is interpolated with a second reference to another page with which it has nothing to do.

'It will be obvious from my using such expressions as "he thought," &c., that I am here and in other parts of the narrative indebted to the general evidence of Sir E. Hamley. It is the more necessary to make this remark because, from the fact that Sir Edward was not personally as well known to the brigade as Sir Archibald, though all who saw them bear testimony to the personal gallantry of both, it is often difficult to get corroborative evidence of parts of the story.'

It is not easy to imagine a sentence more superfluous or more inconsequent.

Here we must again remark that the official writer has neglected to produce the reports of Sir Edward Hamley, which, for some unknown reason, have been withheld from publication. But as General Hamley himself led the 2nd Division into action, and was present in person in the attack which carried the trenches, it is obvious that his report must contain the most accurate and authoritative account of an action fought under his own eyes.

In recent times two successful attacks preceded by a night march have been delivered against fortified positions; but the circumstances differed. Kars, holding an army recently shattered in the field, was attacked by the Russians on the night of October 17–18, 1877, and a full moon was considered essential to the operation. At Tel-el-Kebir a moonless night was as carefully selected. The complete victory won by the British army supplies no argument in favour

* This juxtaposition of the functions exercised by the commander of the 2nd Division—'both leading the men' and 'giving general directions' as to the disabling of the guns—is remarkable. With almost equal fitness it might be said of the captain of a vessel in action, 'He commanded his ship and gave general directions for the stowage of the hammocks.'

of night attacks under normal circumstances. A hard undulating desert without an obstacle of any kind, an enemy employing no system of outposts, and proved contemptible in the open field, entrenchments feebly embodying the principles of the Marlborough era, form a rare combination of conditions. Yet it has been justly said that 'only very 'well disciplined troops commanded by very good regimental 'officers could have accomplished the task' of the night march, and the event clearly shows the risks run even by such troops so exceptionally favoured. A single sunk road diagonally crossing the front of the position would probably have caused the attack to miscarry. A few enclosures or hedges would have made it impossible. The very openness of the ground which facilitated the march would have entailed terrible loss on the assaulting troops if the Egyptians had possessed a good outpost system, and had been drilled to lay their rifles upon parapets whose slopes had been roughly adjusted. The tactics so successfully adopted at Tel-el-Kebir would elsewhere lead only to certain disaster.

All resistance had ceased before 6 A.M., and the Egyptian army was dissolved into a mass of fugitives, struggling to escape in all directions. Without the slightest hesitation Sir G. Wolseley gave orders for pursuit and a cavalry advance on Cairo. In the evening the Indian Cavalry Brigade with the 4th Dragoon Guards and the Mounted Infantry reached Belbeis. Starting at 4.30 A.M. on the morning of the 14th, the outskirts of Cairo were reached by 4 P.M., and the Abassiyeh barracks were at once surrendered to a little advanced guard of 50 troopers. At 8 P.M. a detachment 150 strong was despatched to demand the surrender of the citadel, occupied by 5,000 men, who submissively marched out, 'the whole arrangement being treated as far 'as possible as a simple relief of the Egyptian garrison by 'the English troops.' More British cavalry occupied the railway station on the morning of the 15th, and a little later Sir G. Wolseley arrived by train, closely followed by the brigade of Foot Guards.

The dash on Cairo was a brilliant stroke, admirably conceived and executed. Timidity or irresolution would probably have entailed disaster to the city and further military difficulties. Considering that there was a force of 10,000 intact troops in Cairo, that the citadel was practically impregnable to an attack unsupported by artillery, and that the attitude of the large population was not exactly known, it would have been easy to find plausible grounds

for a delay which might have materially changed the whole situation. The moment was seized, however, and the brief campaign ended in a veritable *coup de théâtre*.

Among the minor defects of the work under review, but one for which no sufficient excuse can be suggested, is the confusion of military titles everywhere apparent. In this respect an official history should be as rigorously precise as a legal document, and here at least the writer is met by no difficulty. 'Admiral' is, however, uniformly substituted for Rear-Admiral, although the Khedive in addressing Rear-Admiral Hoskins as 'M. le Contre-Amiral' approached one grade nearer to accuracy. The cavalry commander is indifferently referred to as 'Major-General Drury Lowe,' 'General Drury Lowe,' and 'Sir Drury Lowe,' notwithstanding that in other cases the honours of the campaign are not conferred. One officer is promoted from the rank of major to that of lieutenant-colonel in a single page. 'Sir Simon Lockhart' abruptly launched into the narrative in place of Captain Sir S. Lockhart, 1st Life Guards, will sadly puzzle foreigners. 'The Marines' are substituted for the Royal Marine Artillery. The list of the staff given in an appendix is similarly disfigured. Some regiments have their numbers given in brackets, in other cases numbers are omitted. One regiment is entitled 'K.O.R. Rifle Corps (60th)' and 'King's Royal Rifles' in the same table. Even the detail of the services of the officers engaged appears to contain numerous inaccuracies, and 'actions' are referred to which are not described in the text. In light journalism mistakes and inconsistencies of this kind are to be expected; in official military history they are unpardonable.

The conduct of the military operations in Egypt presents a marked contrast to that of the political and diplomatic action which preceded them. The one showed strength of will and a firm grasp of the conditions of the problem; the other illustrated every phase of nervous policy, and indicated a total want of realisation of the full significance either of words or acts. In fifty-six days from the date of the decision to despatch an expedition, and twenty-five days from the landing at Ismailia, Cairo was surrendered, and the achievement, viewed in all its aspects, is one with which the country may well be satisfied. Two circumstances combined to render this rapid success possible, first the great number of large steamers which could be quickly rendered available for the service of transports, and secondly the existence of

the railway and fresh-water canal crossing the desert from Ismailia.

It is the apparent destiny of the British army to be involved in small wars, frequently recurring, and not wholly beneficial to its genius; but of the many small wars now passed into history, there is perhaps none in which the possibilities for the display of the feebleness arising from an excess of mistimed caution or military pedantry were more abundant—there is certainly none in which all signs of such feebleness were so completely absent. Although the fighting capacity of the troops was not severely tested by an enemy whose leaders showed complete ignorance of the elements of the game of war, the strain thrown upon officers and men alike, if not prolonged, was unquestionably severe. For the sake of those who worked, suffered, and fought, it is to be regretted that a more satisfactory history of the brief but decisive campaign of 1882 has not resulted from the years accorded to its compilation. Inadequacy of detail, inconsequence of reasoning, want of proportion, reiterated efforts to resuscitate small controversies long dead and buried, some obvious inaccuracies—these are grave defects which cannot be ignored. The Germans have set up an exalted standard of the treatment of official military records; but the intellectual gulf which separates this work from the staff history of the Franco-German war forces an inference by no means just to the literary ability and critical judgement which the British army has at disposal.

ART. II.—1. *The English in the West Indies; or, the Bow of Ulysses.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. London: 1888.

2. *Ulysses; or, Scenes and Studies in many Lands.* By W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE, H.M. Minister in Paraguay. 8vo. London: 1887.

THERE was a time, and that within the memory of living men, when the possessions of Great Britain in the West Indies were regarded as the most precious and brilliant jewels of the Crown. In the last century the seas which bathe those luxuriant islands had witnessed many of the fiercest contests and most signal triumphs of our naval power, and perhaps even the fate of the Empire was decided by the victory of Rodney off the coast of Dominica. Prior to the naval action of 1782, with the exception of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and St. Lucia, all the Antilles had fallen into

the hands of France. The peace of Paris and subsequent conquests restored them to the British Crown. More than once the acquisition or the surrender of an island in the Caribbean Sea was held to be an equivalent for that of a province in Europe, and weighed heavily in the terms of an alliance and in negotiations for peace. England, which had recently lost her thirteen colonies on the North American continent, and had not yet acquired Ceylon or the Cape of Good Hope, whilst her dominion in the East Indies was still restricted and precarious, whilst Canada was unpeopled, and Australia unexplored, clung the more closely to the islands which were then the richest part of her colonial empire. The commercial value of them was great, and was supposed to be enormous. The proprietors of West Indian estates, residing chiefly in England, were amongst the most opulent members of the community; their families were brought up in habits of luxury and extravagance; their affairs were managed by local agents and the consignees of colonial produce, whose interest it was to plunge their principals into debt; the estates were heavily charged with family settlements and mortgages; and this gorgeous fabric of West Indian prosperity rested on the treacherous foundations of negro slavery and sugar monopoly. But the West Indian interest was a power of no mean influence in society and in the State. It was strong enough to perpetuate even the slave trade against the well-known opinion of Mr. Pitt, and to prolong the existence of slavery in the British Islands until after the Reform Bill of 1832 had placed the supreme power of parliament in the hands of the Liberal party, one of whose first measures was the emancipation of the slaves.

It is needless to remind our readers how entirely this state of things is changed. Every page of the volume before us records the magnitude of the revolution in which the prosperity of the West Indian colonies has perished, as far, at least, as the interests of the white population and former proprietors are concerned. And it is a melancholy reflection that this has been the result of two of the most generous, humane, and enlightened measures of modern policy—the abolition of slavery and the establishment of free trade; not because those measures were, even as regards the West Indies, bad or unjust, but because the social and commercial condition of the sugar islands under the old system was inhuman and intolerable. Labour was supplied at the cost of human freedom, and the value of West Indian estates was created and enhanced at the cost of the British

consumer. But it is not unnatural that the failure of many fortunes and many hopes should have rendered the condition of the West Indies an unwelcome subject to the British public, and that they turn aside with feelings of disappointment and regret from scenes of poverty and discomfiture. Colonial enterprise has entered upon new fields of activity more congenial to the Anglo-Saxon race than these islands in the tropics, and they are consequently neglected and forgotten, more, we venture to say, than they deserve to be, for they are still of value to us as a naval power; they have still a large trade, and they are still the loveliest and most fertile spots on the face of the globe.*

Mr. Froude has not only given us, as the result of a recent excursion to the West Indies, a volume of singular animation and picturesque description, which carries the reader at his side through lands of enchantment and over seas glittering with perpetual sunshine, but he has rendered an important service to the country by recalling public attention to these somewhat neglected communities, and by exhibiting in powerful light and shade the singular contrasts they present to the observer. In this respect, and in relation to the grave subjects of colonial administration and the government of subordinate races of men, no work of greater interest has for years issued from the press; and we doubt not that it will powerfully contribute to direct public attention to these curious problems.

Whatever else may be said on the subject, it may gladden the heart of the negrophile and the philanthropist to know that there are in the West Indies at least a million of her Majesty's subjects as happy as freedom, sensual enjoyment, and the easy gratification of all the wants of animal life under a climate propitious to their race can make them.

'Meanwhile they are perfectly happy. In no part of the globe is there any peasantry whose every want is so completely satisfied as her Majesty's black subjects in these West Indian islands. They have no aspirations to make them restless. They have no guilt upon their consciences. They have food for the picking up. Clothes they need not, and lodging in such a climate need not be elaborate. They have perfect liberty, and are safe from dangers, to which if left to themselves they would be exposed, for the English rule prevents the strong from

* The value of exports to the British West Indies is stated in the 'Statesman's Year Book for 1888' to have amounted in 1886 to 5,483,541*l.*; and the imports to 5,647,848*l.* In 1886 the total tonnage entered and cleared throughout the British West Indies was 6,052,712 tons, including 4,924,846 British tonnage.

oppressing the weak. In their own country they would have remained slaves to more warlike races. In the West Indies their fathers underwent a bondage of a century or two, lighter at its worst than the easiest form of it in Africa; their descendants in return have nothing now to do save to laugh and sing and enjoy existence. Their quarrels, if they have any, begin and end in words. If happiness is the be all and end all of life, and those who have most of it have most completely attained the object of their being, the "nigger" who now basks among the ruins of the West Indian plantations is the supremest specimen of present humanity.' (Pp. 50, 51.)

Mr. Froude's general view of the condition and prospects of the West Indian colonies may be stated in the following terms. He perceives that the negro race is rapidly increasing, without much concern for the ceremony of marriage or the sanctions of morality, for three-fourths of the births are illegitimate, and the authority of civil law or religious obligation is extremely slight. With the decay of civil and religious authority, the population is relapsing into a lower condition of humanity; old superstitions are reviving; ignorance, not education, is extending; and in short, whilst all the eastern world is talking of evolution and developement, the black population of the West is undergoing a process of *devolution*, and is tending, under the influence of a different environment, downwards in the scale of life. The lowest point which has yet been reached by any people that had possessed the elements of civilisation has actually been arrived at in Hayti, where the white race is proscribed, being unable to hold land at all, and where the natives have sunk back into Obeah worship, and even human sacrifices, if the circumstantial evidence of Sir St. John Spencer is to be believed. At the same time the white population of the islands is diminishing, in numbers, in wealth, and in power. There are no longer the same inducements to lead men to risk their lives in a climate which is as unfavourable to the northern races of Europe as it is favourable to the races of Africa; and this tendency to decline is accelerated and aggravated by the distribution of political power. The policy of the British Government since the emancipation of the slaves has been to apply the universal remedy of a constitutional assembly based on a popular franchise, indiscriminately, whether it be to the experience of the white classes or the profound ignorance of the black masses. In the West Indies unhappily these distinctions are marked by the ineradicable signs of race and colour, and the result is described in these sentences:—

'We peopled our islands with a population of blacks more dense by far in proportion to the whites than France or Spain ever ventured to do. We did not recognise, as the French and Spaniards did, that if our western colonies were permanently to belong to us, we must occupy them ourselves. We thought only of the immediate profit which was to be gathered out of the slave gangs; and the disproportion of the two races—always dangerously large—has increased with ever-gathering velocity since the emancipation. It is now beyond control on the old lines. The scanty whites are told that they must work out their own salvation on equal terms with their old servants. The relation is an impossible one. The independent energy which we may fairly look for in Australia and New Zealand is not to be looked for in Jamaica and Barbadoes; and the problem must have a new solution.

'Confederation is to be the remedy, we are told. Let the islands be combined under a constitution. The whites collectively will then be a considerable body, and can assert themselves successfully. Confederation is, as I said before of the movement in Trinidad, but a turn of the kaleidoscope, the same pieces with a new pattern. A West Indian self-governed Dominion is possible only with a full negro vote. If the whites are to combine, so will the blacks. It will be a rule by the blacks and for the blacks. Let a generation or two pass by and carry away with them the old traditions, and an English governor-general will be found presiding over a black council, delivering the speeches made for him by a black prime minister; and how long could this endure? No English gentleman would consent to occupy so absurd a situation. The two races are not equal and will not blend. If the white people do not depart of themselves, black legislation will make it impossible for any of them to stay who would not be better out of the way. The Anglo-Irish Protestants will leave Ireland if there is an Irish Catholic parliament in College Green; the whites, for the same reason, will leave the West Indies; and in one and the other the connexion with the British Empire will disappear along with them. It must be so; only politicians whose horizon does not extend beyond their personal future, and whose ambition is only to secure the immediate triumph of their party, can expect anything else.' (Pp. 123, 124.)

It follows, therefore, in Mr. Froude's opinion, if political power is to be vested in an enormous majority of negro electors predominating over a feeble minority of white men, who are in fact the representatives of British interests in these colonies, that the latter will be driven out, as they have been in Hayti, not perhaps by acts of violence, but by the operation of causes which would render life there intolerable to Europeans, and which are even now rendering their existence unprofitable and precarious. If this evil, we may say this calamity, is to be avoided, Mr. Froude suggests the only remedy which would, he thinks, be effective, if it were practicable, namely, to assume the government of the

West Indies on the same principles which we apply with signal success to the government of India, by the authority of honest and enlightened Europeans, exercising the powers of government for the benefit of the people. It is easy to perceive, we may answer, that whatever may be the merits of paternal government and a benevolent despotism as the rule over less civilised and enlightened races and territories, it is impossible without the support of an adequate military or police force, sufficient to compel obedience if the law of the land be resisted, and that is precisely what does not exist, and cannot exist, in the British West Indies.

Nor is this the chief difficulty. It excites our surprise that Mr. Froude nowhere alludes in these pages to the principal cause which renders the life of the English race in the West Indies difficult, dangerous, and only to be endured for the sake of very large advantages. Mr. Froude carries with him, we are happy to say, a charmed life. He sails indifferent to storms and tornadoes, to smallpox and yellow fever, and he lands in islands inhabited by pythons and 'lance de fer' serpents, scorpions and mosquitoes, none of which (except the last) cross his path or afflict him. But the fact remains, though he does not say so, that the climate of the West Indies is deadly to the English race. More of our countrymen have perished there by disease than in battle. It has been found necessary to garrison the islands with black troops; even in Jamaica we believe there are not more than 400 British-born soldiers, and these are quartered in a barrack 3,000 feet above the sea. It is vain to talk of emigration and of fertile lands awaiting the labour and capital of Englishmen, when it is notorious that the cultivation of land in the tropics cannot be carried on by labourers of the white races, and that the origin of slavery itself and of the importation of coolie labour is due to the fact that it is only by the dusky races of Africa and Asia that field labour can, in these torrid lands of the sun, be endured. As long as slavery lasted in these islands the condition of the white population was less unfavourable to health, and the estates were more frequently inhabited by their owners or by a part at least of their families. West Indian life was enervating and luxurious. It had none of the characteristics of active colonial enterprise. But the successful cultivation of a tropical plantation now requires an amount of personal activity which it is more difficult to sustain. Mr. Froude attributes whatever signs of energy he witnessed to a free use of the concoction known as 'cocktail,' which is held to

be necessary to combat the influence of the climate, but we cannot place much reliance on colonial vigour needing the stimulant of rum, sugar, and limes.

The West Indies afford a striking exemplification of the fact that the mere possession of land, even the most fertile, under cloudless skies and refreshed by frequent showers, is absolutely valueless, except to the animals that inhabit it, until labour has been applied to it, and that its value depends on the facility and the skill with which labour can be so applied. To the white man in the West Indies such labour is impossible. The black man has neither the desire nor the skill to work, as long as the soil and the climate suffice to supply his simple wants. If the climate of the East Indies were not much less unfavourable to the British race than that of the Antilles, it would be impossible to maintain a large army of European troops in India, and a staff of public servants who devote the best years of their lives to the service of government. The history of Hayti is a memorable example and lesson of what may be the fate of a West Indian plantation. It was an evil day for that magnificent island, for France, and indeed for the world, when the black population, suddenly set free by the Revolution, rose and massacred the white creoles. An attempt was made by Bonaparte immediately after the peace of Amiens to restore the authority of France in the island. Large military forces were sent out, far more than enough to subdue the black population. But they had to encounter a more formidable enemy. Yellow fever swept them off by myriads, and utterly destroyed a host of them—many of them men who had fought in the campaigns of Italy and Egypt. It was found to be impossible to establish a government there, supported by European troops. The task was abandoned, and Hayti gradually relapsed into a black community, at the very lowest stage to which a colony, formerly flourishing and civilised, has sunk, abandoned to native indolence, superstition, and barbarity.

These things are well known to Mr. Froude, and indeed he enlarges upon them, though he omits to dwell on the influence of climate, which is the dominant factor in the question. His patriotic desire to see these colonies participate in the progress of the British Empire, and his extreme distrust of popular government, especially if it is to place supreme power in the hands of inferior and incompetent races, have somewhat diverted his attention from the difficulties arising from natural causes—causes which it is more

difficult to remove than an error in policy or in the art of government, for they are perpetual and inherent in the soil.

There is much that is pathetic in the contrast between the natural beauty of these islands, luxuriant with all the growth of the tropics, encompassed by seas as blue as the sapphire, and the spectacle of deserted habitations, ruined landowners, and declining civilisation. Perhaps Mr. Froude, who has the pen of a great artist, has somewhat over-coloured or overshaded both the brightest and the darkest scenes which he describes, for a man gifted with an exquisite style labours under the same temptations which he himself denounces as the curse of oratorical power. There is rhetoric in books as well as on political platforms. We are relieved to find that many of the facts he records, as characteristic of this happy but abandoned negro population, are in direct contradiction to the inference he draws from them. Much of the evidence he has collected is no more than the gossip of chance passengers on a steamboat, to which the accident of falling in with a great author gives a worldwide circulation; and it must be remembered that the time bestowed on these inquiries was confined to a hasty tour of a few weeks, sometimes to a visit of a few hours. Thus he was led to suppose that an agitation is on foot to obtain for Trinidad the doubtful boon of a popular assembly, and that some such measure is impending. We can assure him that no such change has at any time been contemplated by the British Government.

Mr. Froude is not only highly graphic and amusing—a fellow-traveller one would like of all others to meet, even on a West Indian steamboat—but his picturesque sketches of natural scenery and his incisive traits of character, under many forms of nationality and colour, are interspersed with his own reflections on all things human and divine, as he journeys on with Plato in his pocket. And here we arrive at the root of the matter. A mind exquisitely curious and inquisitive; never weary of watching the quivering gleams of human nature in the historic past or in the living present; seeking for truth and reality at every source and not finding it anywhere; thrown by scepticism into a mild derision of the faiths of others, and a somewhat scornful, or at least fastidious, estimate of humanity—such a mind takes refuge in paradox from the mysteries and perplexities of existence, which would otherwise land a philosopher in pessimism and despair. We have often wondered at the visible influence exercised by the fierce and incoherent visions of Mr.

Carlyle over an intellect rich in gifts and graces far beyond his own, and it is apparent in every page of the volume before us. The trail of the serpent is over it all—the later writings of Mr. Carlyle are full of these bitter denunciations of the negro race, these enthusiastic praises of despotic power—these sarcasms directed against the eloquence and the efforts of popular statesmen—these gloomy forecasts of the destinies of the world—and, above all, these clouds of doubt and darkness which shut out the light of heaven itself. If there are traces of such opinions in these pages, and they are not infrequent, we know the source from which they spring. Mr. Froude would naturally be disposed to take a more amiable view of human nature, for he is free from that gall of misanthropy which empoisoned the life and teaching of Carlyle; but he caught the infection at Chelsea, and he has the malady in a milder form.

On this subject we shall make but one remark. If it be true that the existing institutions of society are worn out, that the laws of morality are relaxed, that the life of the world is benumbed by the torpedo touch of doubt, that what we have been taught to regard as eternal verities are mere figments of the brain, and that Christianity itself has reached its last stage, and is to vanish from the world like the paganism of Greece and Rome, then it would appear that the civilised nations of the earth are undergoing, or about to undergo, a revolution precisely similar to that which Mr. Froude depicts on a small scale in the West India Islands. In a word, the children of darkness are gaining on the children of light. The black race is driving out the white. It is certain that when religion is annihilated by doubt, when morality rests on no more solid base than what is called altruism, and when life is bounded by the gratification of material wants, all the conditions on which the sense of duty and the conquests of intellect have hitherto rested will be changed, if not destroyed; and the last page of the melancholy chronicle of human existence will record the degeneration of man, from precisely the same causes which have lowered the standard of civilisation in the West Indies. That is the last result of such a philosophy and such a view of human affairs and divine government. It is needless to add that we protest with all the energy of which we are capable against so false, disastrous, and humiliating a conclusion. Then, indeed, the bow of Ulysses would be relaxed, unstrung, unbent. No arm is robust enough to wield it, unless it be strengthened by faith in the designs of

Providence, in the moral government of the world and the destinies of mankind. Mr. Froude has chosen that image to represent a power we are no longer strong enough to use. He seems to think that such a power is to be sought in America or elsewhere, if at all. But he does injustice to his country and to himself. The Church and State of England are not mouldering fragments of a perishing commonwealth. He has himself recorded the amazing energy and progress of the race in other possessions of the Crown, and the increasing attachment of many of the freest colonies to the mother country. If the bow of Ulysses be unbent in the West Indies, its shafts are not less keen than of old in three-quarters of the habitable globe.

But it is time that we pass from these reflections, which are suggested by the numerous speculative passages occurring to the author in his voyage, partly from the meditative monotony of life at sea, and partly from the varied incidents that occasionally interrupt it. We proceed with pleasure to accompany him in his pilgrimage. Mr. Froude's first experience of West Indian life was at Barbadoes. He landed in the roadstead of Bridgetown some thirteen days after he had left England covered with fog and snow. There lay the island in the blaze of a hot summer morning, cultivated with the completeness of a garden and green with innumerable cane fields. Barbadoes is the oldest of our West Indian colonies, the least picturesque, and probably the least fertile. Yet it is the most flourishing, because the density of the population compels the negro to work for a subsistence. He has little land to squat or grow his yams upon. Almost the whole island is still held by white owners in large estates, cultivated by labourers on the old system, and cultivated most admirably. If the West Indies are going to ruin, Barbadoes, at any rate, is being ruined with a smiling face. But even here Mr. Froude was told that the Barbadian sugar interests had been driven over a precipice by beetroot competition and the system of foreign bounties, which last evil is now, we trust, about to end with the consent of all the governments which taxed their subjects to ruin their neighbours and supply sugar below cost price.

'A very dark picture had thus been drawn to me of the prospects of the poor little island which had been once so brilliant. Nothing could be less like it than the bright sunny landscape which we saw from the deck of our vessel. The town, the shipping, the pretty villas, the woods, and the wide green sea of waving cane had no suggestion

of ruin about them. If the ruin was coming, clearly enough it had not yet come. After breakfast we went on shore in a boat with a white awning over it, rowed by a crew of black boatmen, large, fleshy, shining on the skin with ample feeding and shining in the face with innocent happiness. They rowed well. They were amusing. There was a fixed tariff, and they were not extortionate. The temperature seemed to rise ten degrees when we landed. The roads were blinding white from the coral dust, the houses were white, the sun scorching. The streets were not the streets described by Labat; no splendid magazines or jewellers' shops like those in Paris or London; but there were lighters at the quays loading or unloading, carts dashing along with mule teams and making walking dangerous; signs in plenty of life and business; few white faces, but blacks and mulattoes swarming. The houses were substantial, though in want of paint. The public buildings, law courts, hall of assembly, &c., were solid and handsome, nowhere out of repair, though with something to be desired in point of smartness. The market square would have been well enough but for a statue of Lord Nelson which stands there, very like, but small and insignificant, and for some extraordinary reason they have painted it a bright pea-green.

'We crept along in the shade of trees and warehouses till we reached the principal street. Here my friends brought me to the Icehouse, a sort of club, with reading-rooms and dining-rooms, and sleeping accommodation for members from a distance who do not like colonial hotels. Before anything else could be thought of I was introduced to cocktail, with which I had to make closer acquaintance afterwards, cocktail being the established corrective of West Indian languor, without which life is impossible. It is a compound of rum, sugar, lime juice, Angostura bitters, and what else I know not, frisked into effervescence by a stick, highly agreeable to the taste and effective for its immediate purpose. Cocktail over, and walking in the heat being a thing not to be thought of, I sat for two hours in a balcony watching the people, who were thick as bees in swarming time. Nine-tenths of them were pure black; you rarely saw a white face, but still less would you see a discontented one, imperturbable good humour and self-satisfaction being written on the features of every one. The women struck me especially. They were smartly dressed in white calico, scrupulously clean, and tricked out with ribands and feathers; but their figures were so good and they carried themselves so well and gracefully, that, although they might make themselves absurd, they could not look vulgar. Like the Greek and Etruscan women, they are trained from childhood to carry heavy weights on their heads. They are thus perfectly upright, and plant their feet firmly and naturally on the ground. They might serve for sculptors' models, and are well aware of it. There were no signs of poverty. Old and young seemed well fed. Some had brought in baskets of fruit, bananas, oranges, pine apples, and sticks of sugar cane; others had yams and sweet potatoes from their bits of garden in the country. The men were active enough driving carts, wheeling barrows, or selling flying fish, which are caught off the island in shoals and are cheaper than herrings in Yarmouth. They chattered like a

flock of jackdaws, but there was no quarrelling; not a drunken man was to be seen, and all was merriment and good humour. My poor downtrodden black brothers and sisters, so far as I could judge from this first introduction, looked to me a very fortunate class of fellow-creatures.' (Pp. 42–44.)

As usual our traveller was most hospitably received by a highly intelligent and accomplished governor, Sir Charles Lees, but his visit was cut short by the departure of the steamer to Trinidad, which was to sail the same afternoon. The chapter might be called 'A Luncheon in Barbadoes.' On two subsequent occasions, however, he revisited the island. The next morning he woke off St. Vincent, which he surveyed from the deck of the vessel. At Grenada, the next island, he went on shore. 'Grenada,' said Père Labat when he visited it, some hundred and fifty years ago, when it was French, 'would be a rich and powerful colony in the 'hands of the English. In itself it was all that man can 'desire. To live there was to live in paradise.' What is it now?

'Labat had not exaggerated the beauty of the landlocked basin into which we entered on rounding the point. On three sides wooded hills rose high till they passed into mountains; on the fourth was the castle with its slopes and batteries, the church and town beyond it, and everywhere luxuriant tropical forest trees overhanging the violet-coloured water. I could well understand the Frenchman's delight when he saw it, and also the satisfaction with which he would now acknowledge that he had been a shortsighted prophet. The English had obtained Grenada, and this is what they had made of it. The forts which had been erected by his countrymen had been deserted and dismantled; the castle on which we had seen our flag flying was a ruin; the walls were crumbling and in many places had fallen down. One solitary gun was left, but that was honeycombed and could be fired only with half charge to salute with. It was true that the forts had ceased to be of use, but that was because there was nothing left to defend. The harbour is, as I said, the best in the West Indies. There was not a vessel in it, nor so much as a boat-yard where a spar could be replaced or a broken rivet mended. Once there had been a line of wharves, but the piles had been eaten by worms and the platforms had fallen through. Round us when we landed were unroofed warehouses, weed-choked courtyards, doors gone, and window frames fallen in or out. Such a scene of desolation and desertion I never saw in my life save once, a few weeks later at Jamaica. An English lady with her children had come to the landing place to meet my friends. They, too, were more like wandering ghosts than human beings with warm blood in them. All their thoughts were on going home—home out of so miserable an exile.

'Nature had been simply allowed by us to resume possession of the

island. Here, where the cannon had roared, and ships and armies had fought, and the enterprising English had entered into occupancy, under which, as we are proud to fancy, the waste places of the earth grow green, and industry and civilisation follow as its inevitable fruit, all was now silence. Not Babylon itself, with its bats and owls, was more dreary and desolate. And this was an English Crown colony, as rich in resources as any area of soil of equal size in the world. England had demanded and seized the responsibility of managing it—this was the result.' (Pp. 53–55.)

As for the social condition of Grenada, it is now purely an island of black peasant proprietors. Not more than 600 English are now left in it, and these are clearing out with speed. They have sold their estates for anything they could get. The free blacks have bought them, and about 8,000 negro families, say 40,000 souls in all, now share the soil between them. They are flourishing. They grow coffee, cocoa, and oranges, and are as litigious as Irish peasants. One must say with Père Labat, 'La vie y est délicieuse'—for a black man.

Mr. Froude in this and some other passages enlarges on the defenceless condition of many of these islands, and appears to be surprised that after a peace of nearly a century they do not present the same military aspect which they did when the possession of them was fiercely contested by the naval powers. But he overlooks the fact that it would be ruinous and impracticable to maintain a military establishment in a score or more of islands—that fortifications and guns are of no use without men to work them—and that it would be contrary to all sound principle to scatter the defensive forces, which might be required in war, in a multitude of small detachments.

The question of the defence of the West India Islands has been fully considered by the British Government and its military advisers, and the result is the adoption of a system of concentration on two essential positions, one of which is Jamaica and the other St. Lucia. The bay and harbour of Castries in the latter island, where Mr. Froude himself saw considerable works of defence going on, is to be the central British naval and military position in the Antilles. It is improbable that any of the smaller islands would be attacked and held by any foreign power, the British fleet being at hand, nor do they offer in their present condition any attraction to an invader.

As this is a matter of considerable importance, not only to the West Indies, but to the Empire at large, which has

to defend them and to maintain the honour of the British flag on those stations, it may be worth while to add some details which were not accessible to Mr. Froude at the time of his voyage. We take them from the final report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the defence of British possessions and commerce abroad, as published in the Appendix to the Proceedings of the Colonial Conference of 1887 (p. 329), a document which, though laid before Parliament in July last, has not received as much attention as it deserves. The facts as regards the West Indies are briefly these. Jamaica is the centre of British interests in the West Indies, and in Jamaica Port Royal is the port best adapted for a naval station. Its present defences are insufficient, and the Commissioners recommend that they ought to be so organised as to make it a secure coaling station—the more so as it is the nearest British territory to the Isthmus of Panama, 560 miles distant, and would have increased importance if the canal across the isthmus is ever completed. In the Windward Islands, where a station is indispensable if the navy is to operate in those seas, two harbours have been considered by experts—English Harbour in Antigua, and Port Castries in St. Lucia. But English Harbour is too shallow to admit the larger ships of the fleet, and it might be bombarded from a neighbouring position. The Admiralty therefore regard Port Castries, which is an inlet of the sea about 3,000 yards long and 500 broad, with a depth of nine fathoms over the greater part of it, as the best station in the Windward Islands for coaling and refitting the Queen's ships. It is accordingly being fortified and prepared for that purpose. The Commissioners recommend that the defended ports on the whole Atlantic coast of America should be reduced to four, namely, Halifax, Bermuda, Port Castries, and Port Royal, and that the small detachments of troops on other points should be withdrawn, leaving the local governments of such islands as Barbadoes and Trinidad to organise defences against marauding expeditions. The Commission reported that the difficulty of providing imperial troops for the West Indies is so great that they should not, if possible, be employed for police or kindred purposes, and their advantageous distribution is of the highest importance. Of the six colonies over which the present force is distributed, Jamaica is the only one where the establishment of a strong defensive position is recommended. By the withdrawal of the troops from the minor stations, the whole force in the West Indies would be

concentrated at Port Castries and Port Royal, and it is desired that this should be done, in the interests of the colonies, without delay, and in time of peace.

On this remarkable decision we shall only observe that it denotes on the part of the Government an absolute reliance on the loyal and peaceful disposition of the black population for the maintenance of order. While slavery existed, and long afterwards, it was held that some military force was necessary for the protection of the white colonists. Now, any local police or other force must entirely consist of blacks —that is a serious consideration. On the other hand, the facilities of communication by steam between the islands are now so great and rapid, that, supposing them to have telegraphic communication, troops could be sent to any of them from St. Lucia or Jamaica in a very short space of time. As for the defence of the islands, it is to be remarked that, owing to the vast superiority of marine artillery, they could now any of them be bombarded from the deep waters outside, without the possibility of resistance—a condition which, however unpleasant, they have in common with every open town on the coast of these islands and of the continent of Europe, because it is impossible to arm the coast with ordnance capable of answering the fire of vessels at a range of 5,000 yards, and a town on the shore is a much larger object than a ship at sea.

Trinidad, to which Mr. Froude now proceeded, is, after Jamaica, the largest of the British West Indies, by far the hottest, and one of the most flourishing. The vegetation is splendid in a temperature which even in midwinter exceeded that of an English hothouse.

'On the lawn, under the windows, stood a tree which was entirely new to me, an enormous ceiba or silk cotton tree, umbrella-shaped, fifty yards in diameter, the huge and buttressed trunk throwing out branches so massive that one wondered how any woody fibre could bear the strain of their weight, the boughs twisting in and out till they made a roof over one's head, which was hung with every fantastic variety of parasites.

'Vast as the ceibas were which I saw afterwards in other parts of the West Indies, this was the largest. The ceiba is the sacred tree of the negro, the temple of Jumbi the proper home of Obeah. To cut one down is impious. No black in his right mind would wound even the bark. A Jamaica police officer told me that if a ceiba had to be removed, the men who used the axe were well dosed with rum to give them courage to defy the devil.

'From Government House we strolled into the adjoining Botanical Gardens. I had long heard of the wonders of these. The reality

went beyond description. Plants with which I was familiar as *shrubs* in English conservatories were here expanded into forest giants, with hundreds of others of which we cannot raise even Lilliputian imitations. Let man be what he will, nature in the tropics is always grand. Palms were growing in the greatest luxuriance, of every known species, from the cabbage towering up into the sky to the fan palm of the desert whose fronds are reservoirs of water. Of exogenous trees, the majority were leguminous in some shape or other, forming flowers like a pea or vetch and hanging their seed in pods; yet in shape and foliage they distanced far the most splendid ornaments of an English park. They had Old World names with characters wholly different: cedars which were not conifers, almonds which were no relations to peaches, and gum trees as unlike eucalypti as one tree can be unlike another. Again, you saw forms which you seemed to recognise till some unexpected anomaly startled you out of your mistake. A gigantic Portugal laurel, or what I took for such, was throwing out a flower direct from the stem like a cactus. Grandest among them all, and happily in full bloom, was the sacred tree of Burmah, the *Amherstia nobilis*, at a distance like a splendid horse-chestnut, with crimson blossoms in pendent bunches, each separate flower in the convolution of its parts exactly counterfeiting a large orchid, with which it has not the faintest affinity, the Amherstia being leguminous like the rest.

'Underneath, and dispersed among the imperial beauties, were spice trees, orange trees, coffee plants and cocoa, or again, shrubs with special virtues or vices. We had to be careful what we were about, for fruits of fairest appearance were tempting us all round. My companion was preparing to eat something to encourage me to do the same. A gardener stopped him in time. It was nux vomica. I was straying along a less frequented path, conscious of a heavy vaporous odour, in which I might have fainted had I remained exposed to it. I was close to a manchineel tree.

'Prettiest and freshest were the nutmegs, which had a glen all to themselves and perfumed the surrounding air. In Trinidad and in Grenada I believe the nutmegs are the largest that are known, being from thirty to forty feet high; leaves brilliant green, something like the leaves of an orange, but extremely delicate and thin, folded one over the other, the lowest branches sweeping to the ground till the whole tree forms a natural bower, which is proof against a tropical shower. The fragrance attracts moths and flies; not mosquitoes, who prefer a ranker atmosphere. I saw a pair of butterflies the match of which I do not remember even in any museum, dark blue shot with green like a peacock's neck, and the size of English bats. I asked a black boy to catch me one. "That sort no let catchee, massa," he said; and I was penitently glad to hear it.' (Pp. 69–71.)

Trinidad has retained something of the character of its original French and Spanish settlers. It is still governed by the civil law of Spain. The population of 170,000 is a medley of English, French, Spaniards, negroes, and coolies.

About a fourth of the soil is under cultivation. The black peasantry have their cabins, with cocoa, coffee, and orange plantations squatted on the rich alluvial soil of the valleys, and they form the great majority of the population; but the work of the colony and its relative prosperity are the result of the importation of some 10,000 Asiatic coolies under indentures for five years. Here the ordinary conditions of society are inverted. The negro holds land in idleness; the coolie vindicates the dignity of labour. The two races are more absolutely apart than the white and the black.

'These Asiatic importations are very happy in Trinidad; they save money, and many of them do not return home when their time is out, but stay where they are, buy land, or go into trade. They are proud, however, and will not intermarry with the Africans. Few bring their families with them; and women being scanty among them, there arise inconveniences and sometimes serious crimes.

'It were to be wished that there was more prospect of the race becoming permanent than I fear there is. They work excellently. They are picturesque additions to the landscape, as they keep to the bright colours and graceful drapery of India. The grave dignity of their faces contrasts remarkably with the broad, good-humoured, but common features of the African. The black women look with envy at the straight hair of Asia, and twist their unhappy wool into knots and ropes in the vain hope of being mistaken for the purer race; but this is all. The African and the Asiatic will not mix, and the African being the stronger will and must prevail in Trinidad as elsewhere in the West Indies. Out of a total population of 170,000, there are 25,000 whites and mulattoes, 10,000 coolies, the rest negroes. The English part of the Europeans shows no tendency to increase. The English come as birds of passage, and depart when they have made their fortunes. The French and Spaniards may hold on to Trinidad as a home. Our people do not make homes there, and must be looked on as a transient element.' (Pp. 73, 74.)

If the demon has any access to this tropical paradise, it is in the shape of the Trinidad mosquito; 'for malice, 'mockery, and venom of tooth and trumpet, he is without 'a match in the world;' but we doubt whether even the mosquito is an enemy of black men. Yet, beautiful as it was, Mr. Froude 'could not help asking of what use 'such a possession could be either to England or to the 'English nation. We could not colonise it, could not 'cultivate it, could not draw a revenue from it. If it 'prospered commercially, the prosperity would be of French 'and Spaniards, mulattoes and blacks, but scarcely, if at 'all, of our own countrymen.' He might have added 'of 'Americans,' who are now engaged in exporting the bitu-

men of the celebrated pitch lake, which he declined to visit. The answer Mr. Froude himself supplies to this question in another place is that it is the duty and the honour of Great Britain to *govern* these possessions, inhabited by other races, in a spirit of justice and progress; that in the West Indies there is indefinite wealth waiting to be developed by intelligence and capital; but that the developement of these resources depends on the presence and influence of rulers as able as the administrators of our East Indian Empire. 'If we mean to keep the blacks as 'British subjects, we are bound to govern them, and to 'govern them well. If we cannot do it, we had better let 'them go altogether.' To consign a West Indian island to the self-government of the negro population, in its present state of enlightenment, is to abandon the island and the blacks themselves to social perdition.

'The English have proved in India that they can play a great and useful part as rulers over recognised inferiors. Even in the West Indies the planters were a real something. Like the English in Ireland, they produced a remarkable breed of men: the Codringtons, the Warners, and many illustrious names besides. They governed cheaply on their own resources, and the islands under their rule were so profitable that we fought for them as if our Empire was at stake. All that is gone. The days of ruling races are supposed to be numbered. Trade drifts away to the nearest market—to New York or New Orleans—and in a money point of view the value of such possessions as Trinidad will soon be less than nothing to us.

'As long as the present system holds, there will be an appreciable addition to the sum of human (coloured human) happiness. Lighter-hearted creatures do not exist on the globe. But the continuance of it depends on the continuance of the English rule. The peace and order which they benefit by is not of their own creation. In spite of schools and missionaries, the dark connexion still maintains itself with Satan's invisible world, and modern education contends in vain with Obeah worship. As it has been in Hayti, so it must be in Trinidad if the English leave the blacks to be their own masters.' (Pp. 97, 98.)

And he adds:—

'I, for myself, look upon Trinidad and the West Indies generally as an opportunity for the further extension of the English race in their special capacity of leaders and governors of men.'

This patriotic sentiment may be set off against the more gloomy observations of the author in many other places.

Mr. Froude touched at St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Martinique on his way to the Leeward Isles, and at Castries he saw visible signs of the military works now in progress there. But these were passing visits of a few hours. His

chief desire was to see Dominica—the scene of Rodney's great fight of April 12, 1782, lying between the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, and by all accounts the loveliest gem of the archipelago. Mr. Froude spent a fortnight at Roseau, and the chapters he has devoted to this little island are the most picturesque in his book.

'As to natural beauty, the West Indian Islands are like Scott's novels, where we admire most the one which we have read the last. But Dominica bears the palm away from all of them. One morning Mr. F—— took me a walk up the Roseau river, an ample stream even in what is called the dry season, with deep pools full of eels and mullet. We entered among the hills which were rising steep above us. The valley grew deeper, or rather there were a series of valleys, gorges dense with forest, which had been torn out by the cataracts. The path was like the mule tracks of the Alps, cut in other days along the sides of the precipices with remnants of old conduits which supplied water to the mills below. Rich odorous acacias bent over us. The flowers, the trees, the birds, the insects, were a maze of perfume and loveliness. Occasionally some valley opposite the sun would be spanned by a rainbow as the rays shone through a morning shower out of the blue sky. We wandered on and on, wading through tributary brooks, stopping every minute to examine some new fern or plant, peasant women and children meeting us at intervals on their way into the town. There were trees to take shelter under when indispensable, which even the rain of Dominica could not penetrate. The levels at the bottom of the valleys and the lower slopes, where the soil was favourable, were carelessly planted with limes which were in full bearing. Small black boys and girls went about under the trees, gathering the large lemon-shaped fruit which lay on the ground thick as apples in a West of England orchard. Here was all this profusion of nature, lavish beyond all example, and the enterprising youth of England were neglecting a colony which might yield them wealth beyond the treasures of the old sugar planters, going to Florida, to Texas, to South America, taking their energy and their capital to the land of the foreigner, leaving Dominica, which might be the garden of the world, a precious emerald set in the ring of their own Antilles, enriched by the sacred memories of glorious English achievements, as if such a place had no existence.' (Pp. 159, 160.)

We had already been made acquainted with the beauties of Dominica by Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave—another Ulysses, but without his bow—in the charming sketch entitled 'West 'Indian Memories,' and by way of variety we shall cite what he has to say on the island. Mr. Palgrave, who resided for three years at St. Thomas, points out that a singular and all-important distinction exists between the northern islands of the Leeward group and those south of the latitude of Guadeloupe. The rainfall, which is so abundant

in the latter, is wholly wanting in the former part of the archipelago. He declares that at the time he wrote the want of rain had lasted for nearly twenty years, and that in consequence Saba, Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, and Antigua had been condemned, with scarce an exception, to unproductive aridity. 'Poor grey islands, noble outlines of mountain 'and vale, stately blanks unfilled by the varied details of 'prosperity and life!' But the turning point of the West Indian climate, distinguishing the well-watered tropical region from the arid subtropical zone, lies about the latitude of Guadeloupe, and within that line lies Dominica. Mr. Palgrave's picture of the state of the island differs materially from that of Mr. Froude.

'Neither Dominica nor its capital can justly be described as unthriving, or devoid of hope for the coming years. With a climate of singular healthfulness, a rich volcanic soil, a copious rainfall, an industrious and intelligent population, and a surplus in the insular treasury, the fortunes of the colony are already on the rise; and the cultivation of coffee, in which it formerly excelled, and now has, fortunately, resumed, is a surer staff to lean on along the road of success than the bruised, if not broken, reed of sugar. It was in Dominica, and Dominica alone of all West Indian islands, that my eye was gladdened by the sight of the genuine, undegenerate coffee plant of Yemen, a very different shrub in leaf and general appearance, as in quality of produce, from the ordinary growth, West or South African in its origin, I believe, that constitutes the usual plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. Every one knows how superior the Arabian is in every respect to the South American berry; and the cultivation of the former, if rightly and intelligently carried out, cannot fail to prove for Dominica a mine of prosperity and wealth. Cocoa, too, flourishes here, or, rather, were proper care bestowed upon it, would flourish, scarce less vigorously than in Trinidad itself; the lime groves of Dominica already rival those of Montserrat; vanilla finds nowhere else a more congenial temperature or soil. Few, indeed, are the sources of well-being common to the western tropics, sugar to a certain extent excepted, that are wanting to Dominica, or, rather, in which she does not of herself abound and excel.' (Palgrave's 'Ulysses,' p. 169.)

Mr. Froude relates that he had the good fortune to meet in Dominica an English gentleman who has gone the right way to work there. Dr. Nicholls came out a few years ago as a medical officer. He is a man of energy, and of high scientific attainments. He became possessed of a small estate of twenty-five or thirty acres outside the town of Roseau. There he has succeeded in planting and growing limes as large as lemons, luxuriant coffee plants, and specimens of every tropical flower, shrub, or tree remarkable for

beauty or for its chemical properties. He sends his limes and coffee to New York, his citric acid to Europe; everything which he produces was turning to gold, and he already sees his way to clearing a thousand a year on that small patch of acres.

Both our travellers were taken to see the great wonder of the island, a 'boiling lake,' apparently in the crater of a volcano, not yet cooled or extinct, which lies at a height of 3,000 feet above the sea, on the ridge which forms the backbone of the island. When Mr. Froude reached this bad eminence, he declined to scramble down to the edge of the crater at the risk of meeting snakes and scorpions, and consequently saw nothing at all but a magnificent view soon interrupted by fog; so he sate down and ate his luncheon like a philosopher. Mr. Palgrave was more enterprising and more fortunate. But, in point of fact, Mr. Froude made the ascent to see the ghost of a lake; for in 1880, four years after Mr. Palgrave's visit, an earthquake opened a rift in the basin of the lake, through which its waters escaped, 'putting 'an end,' says Mr. Palgrave, 'it may well be feared an 'absolute one, to a truly wonderful and unique phenomenon 'of Nature.' What a warning to travellers in pursuit of local curiosities, to which we are bound to say that Mr. Froude usually displays a philosophical indifference, as when he refused to visit the pitch lake in Trinidad!

But it is time for us to leave the garland of islets which spans the eastern waters of this archipelago, and cross with Mr. Froude the breadth of the Caribbean Sea to reach the great islands that enclose the gulf to the north. The voyage is a long one. Few people realise the fact that it is as far from the Leeward Isles to Jamaica as it is from Southampton to Gibraltar—a voyage which proves, by the way, that military and naval forces concentrated at Port Royal are not within striking distance of the Antilles. In the north, however, lie the three important islands which belong, or have belonged, to the three principal maritime and colonial empires of the European Powers in the West Indies: Cuba, to Spain; St. Domingo, once the greatest colony of France; and Jamaica, one of the oldest possessions of Great Britain. Their fate has been different, and is singularly instructive. Spain, in spite of revolutions, corrupt governors, and what we conceive to be gross errors of policy, has succeeded in retaining, both in Cuba and in the Philippine Islands, the most populous and prosperous colonies which exist in the tropics—no inconsiderable remnant of a continental empire too wide for her grasp.

The independence of the South American states and of Mexico severed them from the mother country; but the Spanish race has established its language, its religion, and its manners in the western hemisphere to an extent second only to that of our own countrymen. France held in St. Domingo an island of great magnitude and surpassing fertility, the rival of Cuba, and one of the finest colonies in the world; but one of the first consequences of the wild theories of the Revolution of 1789 was the massacre of the white population and the total ruin of their property, an event passing comparatively unnoticed in the universal hurricane which overthrew the monarchy and the State. The attempt of Bonaparte to restore the authority of France cost him an army and left the island in the hands of the black population, who have made it what it is now described to be. England has held Jamaica for about two hundred and fifty years, and it has witnessed many strange vicissitudes of triumph and humiliation, of inflated prosperity and wealth followed by depression and decay, of the transformation from a European colony governed by whites, and guarded by jealous laws for their protection, into a commonwealth of negro descent, in which the whites are outnumbered and unprotected, and the future fate of the island is chiefly in the hands of a race of men without that spirit of initiation on which depend the civilisation and progress of the world. For in spite of all that can be said for the Africans, it must be admitted that these children of Ham are unprogressive. They lag far behind not only the nations of Europe, but the peoples of Asia; and we know of no exception to the rule but in cases in which the contact and example of white men have raised a few individuals above the level of their fellows. The comparative history of these colonies, similar in climate and soil, but differing in most other conditions, might furnish materials for a volume; and although the brief visit paid to them by Mr. Froude enabled him only to present us with a faint sketch of their actual condition, we are grateful to him for the remarks his passage suggested to him.

The vessel which conveyed Mr. Froude from Barbadoes to Jamaica touched for a single hour at Jacmei in Hayti, during which he was allowed to land, and he took a stroll through the town. That was all he saw of the great black republic, and his opinion of its condition is founded upon that very slight personal observation, corroborated by evidence from other quarters. Sir Spencer St. John's book has conveyed to the world a frightful impression of the state of the

island, which Mr. Froude is disposed to accept to the letter, and even to exaggerate. It is possible that in the depths of the forests Obeah rites are still celebrated, with the hideous abomination of human sacrifices; but the Haytians are not cannibals—we are not aware that the African negroes or their descendants are cannibals anywhere, and we have no right, even in jest, to lay that crime to their charge. They have retained a thin veneer of French civilisation—they have retained the language, the Catholic religion, and the currency of France; but they are a degenerate people, losing whatever of civilisation and industry they once possessed, and to the passing traveller the filth and smell of Jacmei were unendurable. We may take it as a fact that the Haytians have sunk far below the black population of the British West Indies, of Cuba, and of the Southern States of North America.

But the chief interest of the West Indian problem to an Englishman centres in Jamaica. There we possess an island capable of producing all the growths of the tropics, but still only occupied and cultivated in part, with a population of 700,000 blacks and 15,000 whites, a naval station of great importance within a moderate distance of the Isthmus of Panama, and traditions of law, language, religion, and government, which bear the full stamp of their British origin.

Mr. Froude describes his arrival in the harbour of Port Royal in a striking passage.

'I do not know that I have ever seen any scene more interesting than that which broke upon my eyes as we rounded the point, and the lagoon opened out before me. Kingston, which we had passed half an hour before, lay six miles off at the head of it, now inside the sand ridge, blue and hazy in the distance. At the back were the mountains. The mist had melted off, standing in shadowy grey masses with the sun rising behind them. Immediately in front were the dockyards, forts, and towers of Port Royal, with the guardship, gunboats, and tenders, with street and terrace, roof and turret and glistening vane, all clearly and sharply defined in the exquisite transparency of the air. The associations of the place no doubt added to the impression. Before the first hut was run up in Kingston, Port Royal was the rendezvous of all English ships which, for spoil or commerce, frequented the West Indian seas. Here the buccaneers sold their plunder and squandered their gains in gambling and riot. Here, in the later century of legitimate wars, whole fleets were gathered to take in stores, or refit when shattered by engagements. Here Nelson had been, and Collingwood and Jervis, and all our other naval heroes. Here prizes were brought in for adjudication, and pirates to be tried and hanged. In this spot more than in any other, beyond Great Britain herself, the energy of

the Empire once was throbbing. The "Urgent," an old two-decker, and three gunboats were all that were now floating in the once crowded water; the "Urgent," no longer equipped for active service, imperfectly armed, inadequately manned, but still flaunting the broad white ensign, and grand with the houses which lay behind her. There were batteries at the point, and batteries on the opposite shore. The morning bugle rang out clear and inspiriting from the town, and white coats and gold and silver lace glanced in and out as men and officers were passing to parade. Here, at any rate, England was still alive.' (Pp. 194, 195.)

But here, too, signs of the depression that lies over these islands were not wanting—some economical, some political. A moderate rise in the value of sugar, which it is to be hoped may now take place from the abolition of the pernicious system of bounties on home-grown sugar, and a little more enterprise in the introduction of other kinds of tropical culture, may materially improve the economical condition of the island. The political problem is more difficult. From the Gordon insurrection of 1853 down to 1884 the constitution of Jamaica was suspended by its own act. The Assembly, aware that if allowed to exist any longer it could exist only with the broad admission of the negro vote, surrendered its power to the Crown, and represented formally 'that nothing but a strong government could prevent the 'island from lapsing into the condition of Hayti.'

'The surrender was accepted. Jamaica was administered till within the last three years by a governor, officials, and council, all nominated by the Queen. No dissatisfaction had been expressed, and the blacks at least had enjoyed a prosperity and tranquillity which had been unbroken by a single disturbance. If the island has suffered, it has suffered from causes with which political dissatisfaction has had nothing to do, and which, therefore, political changes cannot remove. In 1884 Mr. Gladstone's Government, for reasons which I have not been able to ascertain, revived suddenly the representative system; constructed a council composed equally of nominated and of elected members, and placed the franchise so low as to include practically every negro peasant who possessed a hut and a garden. So long as the Crown retains and exercises its power of nomination, no worse results can ensue than the inevitable discontent when the votes of the elected members are disregarded or overborne. But to have ventured so important an alteration with the intention of leaving it without further extension would have been an act of gratuitous folly, of which it would be impossible to imagine an English cabinet to have been capable. It is therefore assumed and understood to have been no more than an initial step towards passing on the management of Jamaica to the black constituencies. It has been so construed in the other islands, and was the occasion of the agitation in Trinidad which I observed when I was there.' (Pp. 202, 203.)

Jamaica, therefore, was governed for about thirty years as a Crown colony, without disturbance and without reproach. It was placed under some of the most able and experienced governors in the colonial and Indian service, of whom it is sufficient to name Sir John Peter Grant. The present governor, Sir Henry Norman, is also a man of large Indian experience. Probably this system of government averted great evils, but its results were less beneficial than might have been anticipated, and they are now paralysed by the uncertainty attending the establishment of an extended negro suffrage. The consequence has been a decline in the loyalty and confidence of the white population, and a disposition to look, both commercially and politically, to the United States rather than to Great Britain. The American Government offered to open their markets to the West Indies by a reciprocity treaty, and some bitterness has been excited by the rejection of the offer. But on many grounds it is impossible for this country to allow its dependencies to enter into partial treaties with foreign states which would be at variance with the general treaties of commerce and navigation of the Empire. The Americans on their side now show no desire to acquire possession of West Indian islands. They are aware that the introduction into the Union of Spanish Catholics and British free negroes, numbering some millions, would be a source of embarrassment, and they wisely content themselves with looking to the improvement of commercial relations with those neighbours who do not interfere with their own political system.

Mr. Froude was received in Jamaica with the deference and liberal hospitality which he has met with from the authorities in all the colonies he has visited. Sir Henry Norman, the Governor, was absent on leave, but a very amiable and intelligent Colonial Secretary did the honours of Government House, and our traveller saw the island under official guidance, but not official guidance only. We shall not accompany him to the military quarters in the clouds at Newcastle or to the forts in the swamp of Port Augusta. He showed a decided reluctance to enter on the mysteries of sugar mills. We prefer to follow him on a private visit to the present owners of Cherry Garden, formerly the abode of the luckless Mr. Gordon, which he reached with some little difficulty by starlight. The place has a melancholy interest.

'It had been too dark when I arrived to see anything of the surroundings, and the next morning I strolled out to see what the place was like.

It lies just at the foot of the Blue Mountains, where the gradual slope from the sea begins to become steep. The plain of Kingston lay stretched before me, with its woods and cornfields and villas, the long straggling town, the ships at anchor in the harbour, the steamers passing in and out with their long trails of smoke, the sand-pit like a thin grey line lying upon the water, as the natural breakwater by which the harbour is formed, and beyond it the broad blue expanse of the Caribbean Sea. The foreground was like an English park, studded over with handsome forest trees and broken by the rains into picturesque ravines. Some acres were planted with oranges of the choicer sorts, as an experiment to show what Jamaica could do, but they were as yet young and had not come into bearing. Round the houses were gardens where the treasures of our hothouses were carelessly and lavishly scattered. Stephanotis trailed along the railing or climbed over the trellis. Oleanders white and pink waved over marble basins, and were sprinkled by the spray from spouting fountains. Crotons stood about in tubs, not small plants as we know them, but large shrubs; great purple or parti-coloured bushes. They have a fancy for crotons in the West Indies; I suppose as a change from the monotony of green. I cannot share it. A red leaf, except in autumn before it falls, is a kind of monster, and I am glad that Nature has made so few of them. In the shade of the trees behind the house was a collection of orchids, the most perfect, I believe, in the island.

'And here Gordon had lived. Here he had been arrested and carried away to his death; his crime being that he had dreamt of regenerating the negro race by baptising them in the Jordan of English Radicalism. He would have brought about nothing but confusion, and have precipitated Jamaica prematurely into the black anarchy into which perhaps it is still destined to fall. But to hang him was an extreme measure, and, in the present state of public opinion, a dangerous one.

'One does not associate the sons of darkness with keen perceptions of the beautiful. Yet no mortal ever selected a lovelier spot for a residence than did Gordon in choosing Cherry Garden. How often had his round dark eyes wandered over the scenes at which I was gazing, watched the early rays of the sun slanting upwards to the high peaks of the Blue Mountains, or the last as he sank in gold and crimson behind the hills at Mandeville; watched the great steamers entering or leaving Port Royal, and at night the gleam of the lighthouse from among the palm trees on the spit! Poor fellow! one felt very sorry *for him, and sorry for Mr. Eyre, too.* The only good that came of it all was the surrender of the constitution and the return to Crown government, and this our wonderful statesmen are beginning to undo.' (Pp. 266, 267.)

It cannot be doubted that Gordon was a political agitator, and that to agitate a population of 700,000 negroes is a perilous experiment. He would, if successful, have brought about nothing but confusion and black anarchy. It is the universal opinion of the white population that Governor

Eyre saved the colony from ruin. But it has always appeared to us that the Governor committed a fatal error in sending back Gordon to be tried and executed by court-martial in the proclaimed district, when he was arrested at Cherry Hill, and might have been tried by the Supreme Court at Kingston. Mr. Froude appears to be of the same opinion: his remarks on the whole of this painful transaction are extremely dispassionate and judicious.

We turn rather to a charming sketch of a retreat discovered by Mr. Froude at Mandeville, in the centre of the island, 2,000 feet above the sea, and ten miles from the end of a railroad fifty miles long. The Americans have found out the charms of the place as a winter's residence, and we hope our own countrymen, when they are tired of the Riviera, will explore it.

'After climbing a steep hill, we came out upon a rich undulating plateau, long cleared and cultivated; green fields with cows feeding on them; pretty houses standing in gardens; a Wesleyan station; a Moravian station, with chapels and parsonages. The red soil was mixed with crumbling lumps of white coral, a ready-made and inexhaustible supply of manure. Great silk-cotton trees towered up in lonely magnificence, the home of the dreaded Jumbi—woe to the wretch who strikes an axe into those sacred stems! Almonds, cedars, mangoes, gum trees spread their shade over the road. Orange trees were everywhere; sometimes in orchards, sometimes growing at their own wild will in hedges and copse and thicket. Finally, at the outskirts of a perfectly English village, we brought up at the door of the lodging house kept by the justly celebrated Miss Roy. The house, or cottage, stood at the roadside, at the top of a steep flight of steps; a rambling one-story building, from which rooms, creeper-covered, had been thrown out as they were wanted. There was the universal green verandah into which they all opened; and the windows looked out over a large common, used of old, and perhaps now, as a racecourse; on wooded slopes, with sunny mansions dropped here and there in openings among the woods; farm buildings at intervals in the distance, surrounded by clumps of palms; and beyond them ranges of mountains almost as blue as the sky against which they were faintly visible. Miss Roy, the lady and mistress of the establishment, came out to meet me: middle-aged, with a touch of the black blood, but with a face in which one places instant and sure dependence, shrewd, quiet, sensible, and entirely good-humoured. A white-haired brother, somewhat infirm and older than she, glided behind her as her shadow. She attends to the business. His pride is in his garden, where he has gathered a collection of rare plants in admired disorder; the night-blowing cereus hanging carelessly over a broken paling, and a palm, unique of its kind, waving behind it. At the back were orange trees and plantains and coffee bushes, with long-tailed humming birds flitting about their nests

among the branches. All kind of delicacies, from fruit and preserves to coffee, Miss Roy grows for her visitors on her own soil, and prepares from the first stage to the last with her own cunning hands.

'Having made acquaintance with the mistress, I strolled out to look about me. After walking up the road for a quarter of a mile, I found myself in an exact reproduction of a Warwickshire hamlet before the days of railways and brick chimneys. There were no elms to be sure—there were silk-cotton trees and mangoes where the elms should have been; but there were the boys playing cricket, and a market house, and a modest inn, and a shop or two, and a blacksmith's forge with a shed where horses were standing waiting their turn to be shod. Across the green was the parish church, with its three aisles and low square tower, in which hung an old peal of bells. Parish stocks I did not observe, though perhaps I might have done had I looked for them; but there was a schoolhouse and parsonage, and, withdrawn at a distance as of superior dignity, what had once perhaps been the squire's mansion, when squire and such-like had been the natural growth of the country. It was as if a branch of the old tree had been carried over and planted there ages ago, and as if it had taken root and become an exact resemblance of the parent stock. The people had black faces; but even they, too, had shaped their manners on the old English models. The men touched their hats respectfully (as they eminently did not in Kingston and its environs). The women smiled and curtsied, and the children looked shy when one spoke to them.'

'In the evening we sat out in the verandah in the soft sweet air, the husband and I smoking our cigars, and the lady not minding it. They had come to Mandeville, as we go to Italy, to escape the New England winter. They had meant to stay but a few days; they found it so charming that they had stayed for many weeks. We talked on till twilight became night, and then appeared a show of natural pyrotechnics which beat anything of the kind which I had ever seen or read of: fireflies as large as cockchafers flitting round us among the leaves of the creepers, with two long antennæ, at the point of each of which hangs out a blazing lantern. The unimaginative colonists call them gig-lamps. Had Shakespeare ever heard of them, they would have played round Ferdinand and Miranda in Prospero's cave, and would have borne a fairer name. The light is bluish-green, like a glowworm's, but immeasurably brighter; and we could trace them far away glancing like spirits over the meadows.' (Pp. 244–8.)

In this Arcadia grow the finest oranges in the world, the real apples of the Hesperides. They are sent to New York in profusion. One grower sent twenty thousand boxes of them last year, and made a profit of a dollar a box on them.

'Fortunes larger than were ever made by sugar wait for any man, and the blessings of the world along with it, who will set himself to grow oranges with skill and science in a place where heat will not wither the trees, nor frosts, as in Florida, bite off the blossoms.'

Few English travellers have visited the Spanish island of

Cuba with the advantages possessed by Mr. Froude. His intimate acquaintance with the language and the manners of old Castile, his familiarity with the history and policy of the Court of Spain, and perhaps a certain sympathy with the Spanish character, made him feel at home when he landed at Havana; and although his stay there was shorter than we could wish, he presents us with a very lifelike picture of a colony which is in some respects in advance of the country that gave it birth. Here, again, the dominant fact that the climate of Cuba is not injurious to the Spanish race, as the climate of the Antilles is to the Anglo-Saxon race, rules the destinies of the island. It is not a negro settlement, but a Spanish province. The white population is too numerous and too powerful to live in fear of the blacks. Emancipation has been carried without an indemnity, and apparently without loss, the blacks continuing to work for wages instead of food and maintenance. There is no jealousy, no race animosity, nor supercilious contempt of whites for 'niggers.' A large military force can be maintained here without mortality among Spanish soldiers; and a large military force was for several years necessary, not to protect the white population from the blacks, but to maintain the authority of the Crown of Spain against a revolt of the Havaneros themselves, Cuban Spaniards who fought desperately, and were for several years masters of half the island. The attempt to win their independence failed, America taking no part in it, and eventually the revolted colonists came to terms. These things may cause us to reflect on the contrast between the colonial policy of England and of Spain. 'The Spaniards,' says Mr. Froude, 'however 'inferior we may think them to ourselves, have filled their 'colonies with their own people, and are reaping the reward 'of it. We have so contrived that such English as had 'settled in the West Indies on their own account are leaving 'them.'

'Kingston is the best of our West Indian towns, and Kingston has not one fine building in it. Havana is a city of palaces, a city of streets and plazas, of colonnades, and towers and churches and monasteries. We English have built in those islands as if we were but passing visitors, wanting only tenements to be occupied for a time. The Spaniards built as they built in Castile; built with the same material, the white limestone which they found in the New World as in the Old. The palaces of the nobles in Havana, the residence of the governor, the convents, the cathedral, are a reproduction of Burgos or Valladolid, as if by some Aladdin's lamp a Castilian city had been taken up and set down again unaltered on the shore of the Caribbean

Sea. And they carried with them their laws, their habits, their institutions and their creed, their religious orders, their bishops, and their Inquisition. Even now in her day of eclipse, when her genius is clouded by the modern spirit against which she fought so long and so desperately, the sons of Spain still build as they used to build, and the modern squares and market places, the castles and fortresses, which have risen in and round the ancient Havana, are constructed on the old massive model, and on the same lines. However it may be with us, and whatever the eventual fate of Cuba, the Spanish race has taken root there, and is visibly destined to remain. They have poured their own people into it. In Cuba alone there are ten times as many Spaniards as there are English and Scotch in all our West Indies together, and Havana is ten times the size of the largest of our West Indian cities. Refugees have flocked thither from the revolution in the Peninsula. The Canary Islands overflow into it. You know the people from Teneriffe by their stature; they are the finest surviving specimens of the old conquering breed.

'The magnitude of Havana, and the fulness of life which was going on there, entirely surprised me. I had thought of Cuba as a decrepit state, bankrupt or finance-exhausted by civil wars, and on the edge of social dissolution, and I found Havana at least a grand imposing city —a city which might compare for beauty with any in the world. The sanitary condition is as bad as negligence can make it—so bad that a Spanish gentleman told me that if it were not for the natural purity of the air they would have been all dead like flies long ago. The tideless harbour is foul with the accumulations of three hundred years. The administration is more good-for-nothing than in Spain itself. If, in spite of this, Havana still sits like a queen upon the waters, there are some qualities to be found among her people which belonged to the countrymen and subjects of Ferdinand the Catholic.' (Pp. 291–3.)

Mr. Froude owed the reception which made his visit to Havana so pleasant, not to the Captain-General, but to the private acquaintances he fortunately made—men of good family and remarkable cultivation, real specimens, he says, of the superior men, who are now and then, Plato says, to be met with in foreign travel. In the plain bare rooms of the Jesuit College he found in the person of Father Viñez a man of science of no mean attainments, self-contained and self-supporting by the will and the liberality of the great Order to which he belongs. In the clubs, which are numerous, he met not a few of the descendants of the greatest families of Spain—nay, even the head of the great house of Sandoval. Somewhat exhausted by all this Cuban dissipation, our traveller took refuge in the calm of a marine suburb of Havana, where the sea washed the coral rock under his windows, and a boundless extent of tropical

country lay around him, where nothing was to be feared except the descendants of the famous Cuban bloodhounds, which now guard the farmhouses. And here, too, he contrived to meet people of originality and interest, who suggest to him a multitude of ingenious reflections, the end of which is (to use his own words) 'that no bottom of fact could be 'found, and we are all set drifting.' That which most endears Havana to the rest of mankind is the noble tobacco identified with its name, and not grown in any other part of the globe. But here, alas! there is a falling off. The consumption of cigars has outrun the supply of the finest brands. Even at the fountain-head, Mr. Froude failed to procure a supply of the perfect article.

We shall not dwell on the reflections with which Mr. Froude closes his work, and which are repeated more than once, and sometimes in inconsistent terms, in the body of it. In his eyes the problem is to create a state of things under which Englishmen of vigour and character will make their homes among these islands. And if that be unattainable, as we fear it is, by reason of the climate and the impossibility of white labour, he conceives that the black population will absolutely predominate, and, having lost the control of civilised authority, will relapse into the superstitions and habits of their ancestors. Without a high and progressive standard of religion and morality, industry and law, a people, whether white or black, is undergoing a process of deterioration and decline; and there is reason to fear that the West Indies are on that downward path. 'To the man 'of science the West Indies may be delightful and instruc'tive. Rocks and trees and flowers remain as they always 'were, and Nature is constant to herself; but the traveller 'whose heart is with his kind, and cares only to see his 'brother mortals making their corner of this planet into 'an orderly and rational home, had better choose some other 'object for his pilgrimage.'

ART. III.—1. *Sixteenth Annual Report of the Local Government Board*, 1886–7. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.

2. *Public Debts. An Essay in the Science of Finance.* By HENRY C. ADAMS, Ph.D., of the University of Michigan and Cornell University. New York: 1887.

3. *The Annual Local Taxation Returns: Year* 1885–6. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. London: 1887.

4. *Local and Centralized Government in Ireland.* By WILLIAM BAILEY. London: 1888.

5. *The Statesman's Year-Book for* 1888. Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE. London: 1888.

A LARGE measure of reform in the local institutions and government of this kingdom raises a vast number of questions, the most various, complicated, and difficult which can be submitted to Parliament. It may be doubted whether those who have echoed from mouth to mouth the cry of 'Local Government' have formed any clear conception of the magnitude of the task. For the question is social far more than it is political, and social questions touch more nearly the habits, interests, and opinions of every member of the community than any political question whatsoever. It touches boundaries as old as the Heptarchy; it touches rights and customs as old as the Conquest. The present perplexing anomalies of local government arise from the extreme antiquity of the stock on which modern appliances have been engrafted. We do not propose on the present occasion to enter upon this wide field of research and discussion which it will be the business of Parliament in this session to explore; and we shall not be surprised if several sessions are expended in the task. But there is one aspect of the subject on which we desire to throw some light—we mean the financial results of the uncontrolled local administration of public funds. The late lamented Sir Henry Maine said with truth that democratic government was the most difficult of any: we may add, speaking from the examples we are about to produce, that it is the most costly of any. Whilst the efforts of statesmen are directed to lighten taxation and to reduce the National Debt, it is demonstrable that, wherever the power of taxation is vested in a popular body, the public burdens increase with astonish-

ing rapidity. This is what we shall endeavour to prove in the following pages, and we think they will be read with interest and astonishment; for the lesson we wish to bring home to the mind of every reader is that local government, unless it be carefully controlled by the legislature and watched by the executive, leads to immoderate taxation, prodigality, and ruin.

The creation and rapid growth of municipal debt is one of the most noteworthy features of modern finance. The burden has attained large proportions in England. The amount of the outstanding loans of local authorities has increased by 86·6 per cent. in the decade 1874–5 to 1884–5. At Lady Day in the latter year the debt incurred by these bodies, most of which are of very recent establishment, amounted to nearly one-fourth of the national debt, having been only little more than an eighth of that public burden in 1875. The total receipts of the same bodies in 1884–5 amounted to 62 per cent. of the receipts at the Exchequer—that is to say, of the public revenue—and their expenditure was equal to more than two pounds per head of the population of England and Wales. It does not diminish the gravity of this fact to remark that a fifth of the amount—eight shillings out of forty—has been borrowed within the year, and that the debt per head, amounting to 6*l*. 6*s*., is increasing annually by a like amount. In the metropolis, if distributed over the 'Greater London' of the Registrar-General, the debt is 7*l*. 10*s*. per head, or about a year's rental. And if, for the sake of comparison with other cities, we regard the capital of the London water companies and gas companies as debt, the sum comes to nearly 14*l*. per head, or the rental of two years.

The actual figures, however, either of debt or of expenditure, are less interesting than the inquiries to which they give rise. What is the probable future of this vast expenditure? What is the effect of its application on the inhabitants of town and country? Is this large and ever-growing outlay an element of increasing wealth, or a source and indication of future embarrassment? The material and visible wealth of a city or a country is no doubt increased by the application of capital to the erection and adornment of public buildings and offices, commodious markets, stately parks, pleasure grounds, and open spaces; libraries and museums; baths and washhouses; and model residences for the artisan. The construction of sanitary works, if duly in accord with the latest discoveries of physical science, is an economy of the

highest order, for it secures a great extension of human life. The construction of immense works for the supply of water and of gas may be not only a sanitary gain, but a remunerative investment of money. But *est modus in rebus*. All these and many other objects of vicarious magnificence may be individually desirable. It does not follow that they are to be executed out of hand, without due regard to the proportion between annual cost and the financial convenience of the inhabitants. The feudal state with which the Ariosto of the North loved to surround himself at Abbotsford was charming to enjoy or to witness. But the weight of the cost was disproportionate to the financial strength of the new laird; and his country had to mourn for the results of the want of proportion. The fountain of poetry and of fiction which delighted the world might long have flowed fresh and bright from beneath the shelter of a humbler roof.

It is only by a somewhat careful inquiry that we shall be able to give a right answer to the question whether a state of things that has burdened every inhabitant of England and Wales, for municipal purposes, with an annual payment which has now become nearly as heavy as the incidence of the revenue derived from imperial taxation on every subject of the United Kingdom, is altogether safe. In the admirable compilation called 'The Statesman's Year-Book,' while the amount of local taxation is given there is no account of the incidence of local debt, so that the real weight of the local burdens may be easily overlooked.

This average debt of 6*l.* 6*s.* per head is distributed with a widely differing pressure. Of the metropolis we have spoken. The municipal urban sanitary authorities have incurred a debt of 9*l.* per head; while Birmingham owes 18*l.* 12*s.*, Manchester 18*l.* 18*s.*, and Bradford 22*l.* 16*s.* per head. The water capital is included in these three towns, and also the gas capital. Urban sanitary authorities which are not municipal have created debt to the amount of 3*l.* 10*s.* per head. Rural sanitary authorities have only borrowed 10*s.* per constituent. But there is a further debt, not distributed as yet between the different authorities, which is equal to the burden of another 1*l.* 14*s.* per head on the entire population of England and Wales. The total amount of the debts of the local authorities outstanding at the end of the year 1884–5 was 173,207,968*l.*

This large sum properly consists of five principal sections. In the first place, forty-four millions represents the cost of the waterworks and gasworks now in the hands of local

authorities. It is thus not debt, strictly speaking, but more or less remunerative investment of money, which is only a charge upon the ratepayers in the event of a deficit (such as actually occurs) on the cost of working and of interest. For the year 1884–5 the gas capital comprised in the above returned 6·4, and the water capital 4·3, per cent. of income after payment of working expenses. The parliamentary returns of gas and water works are too imperfect to allow of comparison between the cost of municipal and of private management in the cases of these important industries. The metropolitan gasworks, in 188(, earned a net return of 8·8 per cent., and the metropolitan water works a net return of 6·4 per cent. on their respective capitals. Twelve suburban gas companies earned an average of 8·3 per cent. on capital. The net return on capital to the authorities on the aggregate of the gas and water works in their hands is 4·64 per cent. per annum. At the same time they are paying 5·7 per cent. per annum for interest and sinking fund, so that the ratepayers lose about 400,000*l.* a year by the arrangement. It is clear that the profits on the works administered by the local authorities are reduced by the extravagant prices that have been paid, in many instances, to obtain possession of the property. It is, at all events, open to question whether the disadvantages of municipal management do not considerably overbalance the advantages. Town councils and sanitary authorities are destitute of the valuable experience acquired by the directors of the private undertakings. Amid the many calls on their time they have little opportunity of acquiring such experience. In their natural anxiety to obtain a profit, which will go in reduction of the rates, they have as much temptation as the directors of the companies to keep up their charges, and they do, in fact, usually keep them very high. And the wholesome check on such charges, which it is one of the functions of well-ordered local government to impose, is absent when the consulting bodies themselves become the contractors for supply. While, then, the capital invested in these works is partially self-supporting, and cannot be altogether regarded as adding to the burden of debt, there is good reason to conclude that the general wealth of the country is diminished, as to its earning power, by the transfer of gas and water works to local authorities.

A debt of 28½ millions has been incurred for harbours, piers, and docks. This, however, does not form a charge upon the rates. The subject is one that ought to be distinguished

from municipal government, and that should be directly under the control of the public administration. We had occasion three years ago * to call attention to the remarkable absence of any systematic account of our ports and harbours, 850 in number, and to the recommendations of the Select Committee on Harbour Accommodation. Much has since occurred to add force to our remarks. The returns of eighty-eight harbour, pier, and dock authorities are published by the Local Government Board. The aggregate expenditure during the year ending Lady Day, 1886, was 2,352,446*l.*, to which has to be added 602,195*l.*, expended out of loans. The ordinary receipts for the year exceed the expenditure by about 25,000*l.*, including in the latter about 1,140,000*l.* payment of interest and repayment of principal. While, therefore, there has been an increase of debt, that mode of borrowing each year enough to pay the year's interest, which is the great cause of financial danger, does not appear to be practised by the harbour authorities. The harbour authorities form a separate category, and should not be confounded with the sanitary authorities, who are the great accumulators of public debt.

We now come to what we regard as the proper functions of the local authorities, namely the provisions for the public safety and health. Under this head rank the expenditure for police, relief of the poor, pauper lunatics and lunatic asylums, police stations and gaols, cemeteries and burial-grounds, hospitals, fire-brigade, slaughterhouses, expenses under the Cattle Diseases Prevention Act, public lighting, and sewerage and sewage disposal. The outstanding loans effected for these purposes amount to 30½ millions sterling —a debt which, on sound principles of finance, ought to be rapidly extinguished. The annual expenditure under this head, in addition to interest on debt, amounts to a little over 16 millions, and the per contra receipts are so small that they are not distinguished in the Report of the Local Government Board. Allowing the usual rate of 5·7 per cent. for interest and redemption of debt, we have thus an annual expenditure of nearly 18 millions sterling, which must be directly borne by the country. It forms the main bulk of the charges which we consider that the local authorities should properly impose and disburse. Of these, the item which at present is in the most unsatisfactory condition is the last. A

* Edinburgh Review, July, 1885.

debt amounting to 16½ millions in 1885, and an annual expenditure of 916,000*l.*, would not be grudged for the keeping in a sweet and healthy condition our houses, streets, rivers, watercourses, springs, and wells, if only that essential object were secured. Unfortunately the very reverse is the case. The Metropolitan Board of Works, which—as being the oldest and the most important sanitary authority—ought to have set a good example to the country, has in many respects done exactly the reverse. It has spent 6⅓ millions on the main drainage of London, but has laid the invert of its 'low-level sewer' through Westminster twelve feet above the bottom of the Thames, and thus leaves the sodden subsoil of that important district practically undrained. The consequences of this error became painfully perceptible in the Houses of Parliament in the summer of 1886, and, after an expenditure of upwards of 13,000*l.* on the drains of the building, were not very much diminished in the summer of 1887. Their recurrence may be anticipated with some confidence, if with little satisfaction.

The provisions of Nature for the destruction of the noxious products of the vital process are founded on the principle of dispersion; the designers of the main drainage of London, on the contrary, adopted the principle of concentration. Considering that some five millions of human beings are housed on the metropolitan area, it is matter for wonder that this error has not been already punished by pestilence; and that the more so because, availing themselves of a discreditable hiatus in their Act of Parliament, the Metropolitan Board of Works for a long time steadily refused to make any attempt to mitigate the intolerable nuisances which they had created at Barking and at Crossness. The Conservators of the Thames—unfortunately advised to found their complaint on a shoaling of the channel (which they were unable to prove), rather than on a nuisance, against which they could have obtained an injunction—were foiled in their efforts to defend the river. It is impossible to describe in our columns the condition to which the Thames has been reduced. The language of Lord Bramwell has done some justice to it. During the past year a feeble and ill-counselled attempt at purification has been set on foot, which will involve the expenditure of probably another million in useless works. So far as the experience of last summer goes, the river will be made worse, rather than better, by the procedure adopted. Such, at all events,

has been the teaching of the experience collected at Northampton, Bradford, Clifton, Cheltenham, Windsor, and elsewhere, as was pointed out in April 1886.* The warning was disregarded; but the publication, during last summer, in the daily journals, of letters of complaint written in water dipped from the river show that it was neither unfounded nor inaccurate.

The cost incurred during 1886 for this inefficient treatment of the nuisance was 182,950*l.*; making, together with interest on the debt at 5 per cent., a cost of 2*s.* 4¾*d.* per inhabitant of 'London proper' for the year. This cost gives every promise of rapid increase. But it is not for a moment pretended that such an effluent as Parliament requires in the case of every other river in the country will be poured into the Thames by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The present state of the case is neither creditable nor safe.

The minor sanitary authorities throughout the country, although subjected to a pressure from the Conservators of Rivers from which the Metropolitan Board of Works has escaped, have been as sheep without a shepherd. Exposed to legal proceedings for that disposal of their drainage which, thirty years ago, was regarded as the most desirable, they have sought in vain for administrative guidance or counsel as to the course they should pursue. Some of them have consulted professional men, but have found as yet no Stephenson of sewage treatment. Others have adopted the plan of sending deputations through the country to see with their own eyes and realise by their other senses what was the result of the most vaunted methods of treatment. A deputation from Buxton recounted to their constituents the ill success that had attended their investigations. At Birmingham, where a debt of 7,000,000*l.* has been incurred by the urban sanitary authority (who provide gas and water), they found a twofold system in operation, which they considered a failure. No fish could live in the water contaminated by the Birmingham effluent. They visited Bilston, where the debt incurred for 23,000 people was only 14,600*l.*, but where the result of the expenditure was unsatisfactory. They went to Leamington, where the principle of a sewage farm had been adopted. They found that the cost was very heavy, and that 'the plan would not answer at all.' At Hertford they found a phosphate manure company at work,

* Proceedings of Institution of Civil Engineers, vol. lxxxv. p. 223.

but stated that the expense of the system 'would not do for 'Buxton.' Other expeditions fared no better; and want of knowledge, want of system, and attempts to introduce into one locality procedures that had failed in others are everywhere the rule. That the local authorities have been placed in so false and unfair a position is a natural and predicted result of the imperfect drafting of the Public Health Act of 1872. To throw on bodies of men like the local authorities the responsibility of solving, each for themselves, and without guidance or communication of the experience from time to time acquired, one of the most difficult physical problems of the day, was a burlesque upon statesmanship.

Thus, where the sanitary authorities have acted on their own lights, in the absence of any administrative aid or guidance, the results have not been happy. The main drainage of London, according to a statement of Sir J. W. Bazalgette in 1877, was then costing 1*s.* per inhabitant per annum, including interest on the capital expended. In 1886, according to the figures given in the Report of the Metropolitan Board of Works for that year, the cost had risen to 2*s.* 4¾*d.* per head. Further capital outlay is going on. At Birmingham, in spite of the imperfect sanitary results obtained, the cost per inhabitant is 3*s.* 5*d.* per annum. In Leeds it is 3*s.* 9*d.* In Manchester, where the rudest system is still employed, there is an annual outlay by the Health Committee of 5*s.* 2*d.* per inhabitant. At Windsor no expense has been spared, although a combination that has always failed elsewhere has been adopted. The consequence is a cost per inhabitant of 5*s.* 8*d.* per year, and such a condition at the outfall that the Datchet road is impassable in the summer when the wind blows from over the works. In the Wandle valley the land and works acquired and constructed have entailed a cost of 7*s.* 3*d.* per inhabitant per annum; and at Hendon 90,000*l.* has been laid out in land and works for a population of 11,000 persons, with a result, if possible, more offensive than in the case of Windsor. Thus far the independent action of sanitary authorities as regards the prevention of dangerous nuisance, and the restoration of the purity of our rivers, springs, and wells, has been a signal and very costly failure.

Differing in character from the necessary expenditure for purposes of public safety and health is the cost of improvements. The expenditure under this head amounts to nearly ten millions a year, besides the interest on sixty millions of

debt. The principal items are highways, street improvements and public roads, public offices and buildings, markets, bridges, parks, pleasure grounds, commons and open spaces, baths and washhouses, libraries and museums, artisans' and labourers' dwellings improvement schemes, and schools. All these, it may be admitted, are very laudable objects, although it may be questioned how far compulsory payments ought to be exacted for their promotion. As matter of public finance it is difficult to see how they can be justified, unless it can be shown that they are in the long run remunerative, or at least self-supporting. It is highly important that a budget should be annually framed, showing in detail the outlay and the income under each of the above-named heads.

As to the first of them, the accounts of the few remaining turnpike trustees show an expenditure of 65,000*l.*, of which 43,000*l.* is derived from tolls. Only 2,000*l.* is paid for interest on debt. The length of these roads, which are under the management of fifty-four different trusts, is not given in the annual local taxation return. The highway authorities of 14,568 rural parishes have spent 2,040,000*l.* on 17,420 miles of main road and 100,305 miles of ordinary highways, seven-eighths of which sum is provided by highway rates. The revolution in the internal traffic of the country caused by the introduction of the railway system has destroyed the formerly self-supporting character of our turnpikes. In 1837 the income from tolls on the turnpike roads amounted to 1,509,985*l.* In 1867 it had fallen to 889,922*l.* The cost of 2,105,000*l.* a year cannot be considered an extravagant sum for the maintenance of some 120,000 miles of inland roads, the importance of any portion of which, in the event of railway reverse or disaster, it is not easy to overrate. It is more correctly a national than a local duty. The annual cost of maintenance averages about 12*l.* per mile for the ordinary highways, and about 40*l.* per mile for the main roads. The good results of the admirable system of management introduced by the late Sir James Macadam and his father, who was the originator of what are called macadamised roads in this country, are still apparent in this branch of national expenditure.

It shows a want of discrimination between expenditures of a totally different character that in the summary of the Local Government Board the highway outlay is lumped together with that for street improvements. The loan debt

under this combined head is very nearly twenty-seven millions sterling, of which the road debts proper amount to less than 150,000*l.* The expenditure under the same official head was 5,440,000*l.* in 1884-5 (being 100,000*l.* less than in the previous year), of which the annual cost incurred for street improvements is more than 3,300,000*l.* Against this there is no item of receipt stated, though it may be supposed that the 'receipts from real and funded property,' amounting to nearly 1,200,000*l.* a year, are to some extent swelled by the improvements in question. This shows a great blot in the system of local supervision. No item of cost can be either more tempting or more dangerous to incur than that of street improvements. The burden of debt already existing is considerable; the annual cost is half as much again as that of maintaining the highways. It is essential to sound administration that there should be a budgetary account of these improvements, showing not only capital expenditure and annual outlay, but also returns. On the face of the accounts of the Local Government Board the expenditure in question might be regarded as incurred for purely decorative purposes; and although we cannot suppose this to be actually the case, the silence observed as to the necessity, the utility, or the self-supporting character of this very large item of apparently uncontrolled expenditure is anything but reassuring. With the 26,800,000*l.* thus standing to the debit of street improvements we rank the sums of 3,751,000*l.* for public buildings and offices; 3,532,000*l.* for artisans' and labourers' dwellings improvement schemes; 2,441,000*l.* for parks, pleasure grounds, commons, and open spaces; 375,000*l.* for libraries and museums; 562,000*l.* for baths and washhouses; 3,112,000*l.* for bridges: amounting in all to over 40,000,000*l.* The annual expenditure on these objects comes to 4,172,000*l.* The receipts are undistinguishable in the report of the Local Government Board. With these items has to be grouped the debt of 4,997,000*l.* for markets, on which the annual expenditure comes to 250,000*l.*, which ought to be covered by the $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions received for tolls, dues, and duties, but of which the details are only given for five towns. Here also we class schools, on which a debt of upwards of 16 millions sterling was outstanding in September 1885, and on which there was an outlay, for the United Kingdom, of 8,777,377*l.* in 1886, only 578,646*l.* of which is the produce of school fees and books, &c., sold to the children in England. As to the effect of the system on

the rural population, the question is beside our present line of inquiry. But, as far as the local finances are concerned, we have here one of the most serious burdens, being even larger in amount than the payment for relief of the poor of England and Wales. We must observe that the report of the Local Government Board for 1886-7 only summarises the returns to the year 1884-5. We have before us the annual local taxation returns for the year 1885-6, which are the last issued. But the summaries which they contain are by no means adequate for bringing down such statements as those of the Local Government report a year later.* In the table of loans with which we have been dealing the debt of the School Boards is stated at 14,876,000*l.*; while in the detailed return it is noted that on September 29, 1885, it amounted to 16,036,090*l.* Thus although, following the calculation of the Blue Books, we have taken the numbers of the population as given in the census of 1881, the expenditures will in almost every instance be considerably higher than those cited from the report of the Local Government Board; and thus the figures which we have given per unit of population will be generally under the present amount. The Local Government report is dated June 1887, so that it might be naturally thought that its intelligence would at least have come down to September 1885.

There remains an undistributed debt of nearly 10 millions sterling, as to which the foregoing remarks as to the needs of exact budgetary statement very forcibly apply.

The local debt of England, then, to Lady Day, 1885, as summarised in the reports of the Local Government Board, falls, according to our view, under the following heads, against each of which we have placed, as far as can be distinguished, the expenditure of that year for the respective objects:—

* Since this was written, Part VII. of the Local Taxation Return, containing the summaries, has been issued—in December 1887. It is full and clear, and only requires that the areas and populations to which the various items of expenditure refer should be stated, to make it a State paper of the first value. 'The returns for 1885-86,' the summary states, 'have appeared at earlier dates than those for the previous 'year. Further efforts will be made with the same object; and it is 'trusted that the result may be that it will be found practicable to pub- 'lish the returns with greater expedition in future years.' We are glad to see that the President of the Local Government Board thus far endorses our view of the matter.

	Debt in millions of £	Annual Cost: millions of £
Property held by authorities in waterworks, gasworks, and harbours	72·50	5·57
Internal communications . .	·15	2·10
Legitimate expenditure for health and public safety . . .	30·50	14·15
Expenditure which ought to be self-supporting	60·50	8·65
Unclassed expenditure, and interest and sinking fund . . .	9·55	24·52
	173·20	54·99

The receipts from which the above expenditure was defrayed are derived from the following sources:—

	Millions of £	Cost per head £	s.	d.
Loans	11·14		8	3
Rates and taxes	29·28	1	1	2½
Tolls and dues	5·81		4	3
Other receipts, including those on property	8·76		6	3½
	54·99	2	0	0

The above rates per head are about 5 per cent. too high for the year 1884, the totals being divided by the numbers of population for 1881. But as the taxation increases much more rapidly than the population, they must be more than 5 per cent. too low for the burden of 1887, and it is more accurate thus to give the cost than to attempt to estimate the relative growth of different classes of the population.

A comparison of the above figures with those representing the incidence of the taxation authorised by Parliament for imperial purposes gives the startling information that the burden of local expenditure, incurred without administrative control, is more than double that borne per unit of the population of the United Kingdom for the civil government and service of the country, including the collection of the revenue. The amount of the whole incidence of taxation for the year 1884–5 is as follows:—

	s.
Civil government	16·07
Service of debt	16·43
Land and sea forces	17·00
Total national expenditure . .	£2 9 6

Not that a much stricter economy is characteristic of national than of local expenditure, when directed to the same class of objects. The House of Commons has of late shown but little regard to its veritable *raison d'être*, the guardianship of the public purse. Those men must have long memories who can recall to mind much that has passed within its walls by way of criticism of estimates, apart from mere matter of party tactics or of personal attack. The cost of civil government has increased by about 29 per cent. in the decade 1876–1886, or at more than twice the rate of the increase of population. If we add together the cost of civil government, the revenue of English and Welsh local authorities, and the cost of collecting the national revenue for the year 1884-5, we obtain a total of 83,900,000*l.* From this sum, however, have to be subtracted the contributions made by the Treasury in aid of local expenditure, which are stated in the statistical abstract at 5,594,000*l.* It should be noted that the annual expense of education has increased in the five years terminating in 1885 more than five times as fast as the increase of the population. Nearly one-tenth of the amount of the revenue of the United Kingdom was expended in the year in question on education.* We have seen no estimates of the value obtained *per contra.* It is instructive to compare this enormous expenditure, now amounting nearly to nine millions a year, and rapidly extinguishing all spontaneous and self-supporting forms of education (with the exception of the craft of the crammer), with the poor pittance of 1,575,000*l.* a year, which we recently took occasion to show † is the outside net sum which the parochial clergy derive from the tithe rent-charge. How strangely illogical a people must they be who feel convulsed throughout the country by a question of perhaps a quarter of a million sterling for the support of the national clergy, at the same

* The London School Board alone has incurred a capital expenditure of 7,444,000*l.*, and a total expenditure, from November 29, 1870, of 19,843,031*l.*, less 673,664*l.* repaid on account of loans. The solicitors of the Board had received up to March 1886, 180,783*l.*, including upwards of 45,000*l.* for counsels' fees.

† Edinburgh Review, No. 341, p. 69.

time that they pay no heed to the portentous growth, both in debt and in annual expenditure, of educational schemes, to characterise which we should be glad to be provided with any other adjectives than untried, new-fangled, and unfounded on any basis of practical experience.

The subject of public debt has been, as was mentioned in our January number, recently inquired into with considerable ability by Mr. H. G. Adams, Ph.D., of the University of Michigan, and Cornell University, in the United States. The entire volume, which is named at the head of the article, will repay study; but it is especially interesting at the present moment from the fact that, as stated by the author in his preface, 'in one respect it differs from works 'upon the same subject by German or French writers, for 'it recognises a distinction between national deficit financiering and local deficit financiering, and lays down rules 'for the latter not in complete harmony with rules applicable to the former. This peculiarity in structure was 'imposed upon the essay by the fact that, being addressed 'to Americans, it was obliged to conform to the charac- 'teristic features of American public law.' From this point of view Mr. Adams gives an explanation of how it came to pass, as a sort of by-product of the republican Constitution of the United States, that the notorious repudiation of State debts (which the Federal Government have not thought fit to devote any of their inconveniently large revenue to extinguish) was rendered possible. Apart from this, the chief difference pointed out by Mr. Adams between national and state debts consists in the propriety of adopting a means of rapid extinction for the latter. It is to the portion of the volume relating to municipal or local debt that we wish to direct the attention of our readers.

'So far as the United States is concerned, the danger of public borrowing, here brought to view, is more fully realised in matters of municipal control that in the management of State or Federal affairs. The facts that pertain to local treasury management are indeed appalling. It is not too much to say that every rule laid down by the science of finance has been disregarded by American cities. Demands have been made for unnecessary purposes; demands for necessary purposes have been made in excess of the requirements of economical expenditure; while the entire business has been so veiled behind municipal bonds and suppressed contracts that the public is kept in general ignorance of what is going on. Out of a total city indebtedness of $682,000,000, as reported by the census of 1880, the sum of $122,000,000 is traceable to the funding of floating debts. There is, of course, a legitimate use that can be made of floating debts; but in

city administration their use has been, for the most part, illegitimate. Without charging criminal corruption upon city officials, one may say that the true interpretation of this large sum of floating obligations is, that those in authority have engaged in public duties while yet the citizens were ignorant of the fact. One cannot suppose that this would have been permitted had every increase in expenditure entailed an immediate increase in the tax levy. The great danger to self-government in the United States lies in municipal corruption, and municipal corruption is in a large measure traceable to the manner in which cities have used their credit. For American readers, the reference to local government is a pertinent illustration of a most dangerous political tendency of deficit financing.' (P. 25.)

And not, we may add to these wise and candid words, by any means to American readers alone. The inhabitants of cities in America are returned, in the census of 1880, at 11,318,547, being 22·5 per cent. of the population of the United States. The town population of England and Wales —i.e. the inhabitants of districts and sub-districts which include the chief towns, and who reside over about one-tenth of the area of the kingdom—were 15,444,808 in 1881, or about 60 per cent. of the aggregate population. The debt incurred by the American authorities in 1880 was 154,400,000*l.*; that incurred in 1884 by the English authorities was 173,200,000*l.*, of which only about 1,500,000*l.* was incurred by rural, and 20,000,000*l.* by urban and rural, authorities. From 1870 to 1880 the American debt has increased by 112 per cent. From 1874 to 1884 the English debt has increased by 86·6 per cent. The authorities who were called into independent existence in 1872, with the main object of americanising our institutions, have not limped very far behind their Transatlantic models. But the eleven millions of city ratepayers in America consist of the residents in towns of a population of 7,500 and upwards. For towns of a smaller size and minor civil divisions there exists a further indebtedness of 57,880,000*l.* The number of the latter portion of the population is not stated by Mr. Adams.

A comparison of the principal items for which these heavy local debts have been incurred is extremely interesting. Of the American debt 15·6 per cent. has been raised for the construction of railways, and 3·2 per cent. for that of canals, navigation, and water power—matters untouched by our local authorities. On the other hand, 16·5 of the English debt goes to the construction of harbours, docks, and piers, and 8 per cent. to that of gasworks, which matters do not appear in the American accounts. On waterworks the

English authorities have spent 17·8 and the American municipalities 13·0 per cent. of their respective aggregate loans. On sewerage and sewage disposal the English authorities have laid out 9·6, and on school building 8·5 per cent. of the borrowed resources, against 1·9 and 1·2 per cent. respectively in America. But the citizens of the United States have been more magnificent in the matter of public buildings and parks and pleasure grounds than the subjects of the Queen, the respective proportions of loan expenditure being 4·3 and 3·6 per cent. in the former case, and 2·1 and 1·4 per cent. in the latter. For street improvements, on the other hand, the old country has been more lavish, having spent 15·5 per cent. of their borrowed money on that object, against 7·7 per cent. in the American towns. It can hardly be doubted that a sense of practical utility dominates the objects of the chief American expenditure, whatever may have been the honesty of its outlay. On the other hand, we fear that the element of fad is by no means absent in the control of the English expenditure. On the whole, omitting the outlay on railways, canals, waterworks, and gasworks, the American municipalities have spent on those objects, the support of which they consider to be rightly thrown on the urban residents, the sum of 50¼ millions for 11,318,000 persons; while the English authorities have spent on the same objects, for 15,440,000 persons, the amount of 70⅕ millions. To this, however, the latter authorities have added about 20½ millions for poor law purposes, care of lunatics, gaols and police, markets, model artisans' houses, and other minor items, which seem to be differently regarded in the United States. Some of these items, however, as well as those of the undistributed debt for 'other purposes,' apply to the entire population of the country, although chiefly pressing on the urban ratepayers.

Whether we may regard it in the light of a consolation or of a warning, it is worthy of note that some of our neighbours are greater adepts in getting into debt than ourselves, and further, that their success in this endeavour appears to be to some extent proportionate to what they call the freedom of their institutions; that is, to giving executive power to bodies whose proper functions are consultative, and removing any kind of check on their proceedings. Mr. Adams tells us (p. 357) that the city of New York 'was 'mulcted of $15,000,000 in a single year by a corrupt ring

'of officials; and it is estimated that one half of the present 'debt is due to extravagance and fraud.' That debt now stands at $90·71, or more than 18*l*., per head. The debts of Rockland, of $129·88; of Portland, of $127·84; of Bangor, of $157·87; of Elisabeth, New Jersey, of $195; and of Bath, a little town of 8,000 inhabitants, of $216·69 per head, are cited by the American statist, with the remark that property rapidly deteriorates under the pressure of such burdens, and that 'cities otherwise very advantageously 'situated under these circumstances cease to grow.'

Paris, however, bears the bell in respect of debt.

'In France the departments were wholly free from debt until the rise of the Second Empire, and the communes were but moderately burdened. But with Napoleon III. came lavish expenditure of borrowed money throughout the entire country. By the year 1869 the communes, exclusive of the city of Paris, were indebted to the sum of 524 millions of francs; in 1872 these obligations had increased to 710,800,000 francs; and in 1876 to 757,400,000 francs. The debt of Paris grew with significant rapidity upon the establishment of the Imperial Government; nor can it be said that the establishment of the Republic has in any degree checked the tendency. In 1865 the indebtedness of the capital city was but 60,000,000 francs; in 1872 it had increased to 1,130,000,000; and by 1880 had attained the enormous figure of 2,295,000,000 francs. The principal branch of municipal expenditure at the present time is chargeable to the account of interest and sinking fund, demanding annually nearly a hundred millions of francs.' (P. 347.)

The population of Paris is given by Mr. Keltie * as 2,344,550 in 1886, which gives an incidence of debt of nearly 1,000 francs, or 40*l*. per head, the incidence of the national indebtedness being 38*l*. per head. The rateable value is stated at 24,000,000*l*., or more than 10*l*. per head. The city budget for 1888 shows an expenditure of 129 francs per head. Small wonder that the more ignorant and more violent of the Parisians should have endeavoured to relieve themselves from the burden imposed by Imperial and Republican extravagance by burning down with petroleum the long lines of palaces constructed by the easy process of running into debt. Wild and mad as are the views of the Communists, they are hardly more so than what are euphemistically called the principles of the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, and we shall do well to lay to heart the lesson read us by the French and the American republics as to the innate extravagance of local authorities in any provisions

* The Statesman's Year-Book, 1888, p. 88.

that Parliament may be called on to make with reference to the latter.

By the side of this prodigious sum the modest debt of the metropolitan authorities in England, amounting to 35,856,494*l.* in March 1885, shrinks into insignificance. It is true that it has increased by 27 per cent. in five years, or considerably more than twice as fast as the population; but what is that compared with the Paris figures? There is some difficulty in apportioning this sum per head, owing to the varying boundaries of the eleven sets of metropolitan authorities who contribute to its amount. The 'London 'proper' of the census contained 3,814,571 inhabitants in 1881; the 'greater London' in the same year, held 4,764,312. Sir J. W. Bazalgette, who is unlikely to have understated the population provided for by the main drainage of London, put it at 4,000,000 for the year 1884. On these estimates the local debt in that year was a little under 9*l.* per head, and the annual expenditure 3*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* per head—large figures, and calculated to raise no small apprehension as to the future, but far from being so full of menace as those above cited for Paris.

'It is a significant fact,' says Mr. Adams, 'that municipal 'debts have grown more rapidly than taxable property or 'population.' It is something more than significant: it is in this disproportionate growth that the danger of the case lies.

'According to the report of the Pennsylvania Commission, a carefully prepared table, showing the increase of population, taxable valuation, taxation, and indebtedness of fifteen of the principal cities of the United States, from 1866 to 1875, exhibits the following results:—

Increase in population	70·5 per cent.
Increase in taxable valuation . . .	156·9 ,,
Increase in debt	270·9 ,,
Increase in taxation	363·2 ,,

Public Debts, p. 345.

Mr. Adams further gives (p. 345) a remarkable table showing the difference in the growth of those several statistical items in twelve large and twelve small cities in America. In the former, population increased 88, valuation 74, taxation 86, and debt 187 per cent. in ten years. In the latter the corresponding rates of increase were 42, 121, 108, and 98 per cent. The smaller cities owed \$26·50, the larger \$36·50 per inhabitant. In the five years from 1879–80 to

1884-85, in England and Wales, the corresponding rates of increase were as follows:—

	In the Metropolis	In the rest of England
Increase in population . .	11·3 per cent.	6.5 per cent.
Increase in valuation . .	18 4 „	6·6 „
Increase in debt . . .	26·5 „	26·5 „
Increase in taxation . .	25·1 „	13·0 „

It is interesting to compare the above table with those drawn up by Mr. Adams. His figures have to be halved, to compare with our own, calculated as they are for a period of five years only, which is as far back as the report of the Local Government Board enables us to trace the movement. In England and Wales the rate of increase in the metropolitan has been nearly double that in the non-metropolitan population. The rate of increase in valuation has been a third more than that in population in the metropolis; and has advanced *pari passu* with the growth of population in the rest of England. The increase in taxation has been rather more than double that of population in the metropolitan, and a trifle under double in the non-metropolitan districts; and the increase of debt, which more than doubles in twenty years, is 'approximately the same in the metropolis 'as in the remainder of the country taken altogether.'

It is the statement of an American writer cited by Mr. Adams, that 'every increase in the population of a 'city, and enlarged area of assessment, should normally 'result in a decrease of debt *per capita*, and a decrease in 'taxation; because both the natural increase of the popula- 'tion, and the increase in taxable valuation of properties, 'would naturally create economies in all the services ren- 'dered to a great city which the municipal administration 'undertakes to supply.' This dogma, which is taken from the 'Cyclopedia of Political Science,' article on 'Administration 'of American Cities,' by Simon Sterne, is an admirable example of the bogs and pitfalls into which those writers and speakers are wont to fall who attempt to treat political science by 'the high *priori* road.' When induction has done its work, when facts have been adequately collected and intelligently co-ordinated, deduction may be with safety attempted. But when the basis of the argument is jumped to, the more logical the form of treatment adopted, the more mischievous the result. Mr. Sterne bases his dictum on what seems to him normal and natural. If he had taken

the trouble to acquire some knowledge of the actual facts, of the relation of which he attempts to lay down the law, he would have found that they were exactly the reverse of those which he considered must exist. As to the increase of area of assessment, we are not at this moment in possession of enough facts to allow of the expression of an opinion. But as to the increase of population, it is the fact, alike in the United States, in France, and in England, that hitherto it has been invariably accompanied, in urban localities, by a much more rapid increase in both debt and taxation. It may be said such ought not to be the case. Perhaps not; but unfortunately it is the case.

Mr. Adams offers his explanation, not of the theory, but of the facts.

'When a city or a town doubles its population, its original personality is largely lost. It has changed its character as a city, and is no longer confined to the wants it once felt, nor amenable to the rules that once controlled its councils. As localities come to be more and more densely settled, not only are new duties imposed upon their governments, but the performance of accustomed duties requires greater care and expenditure. The extension of the police department, for example, must be proportionately more rapid than the growth of a city in numbers, for density of population breeds crime. The same is true of the health department: disease springs from filth, and filth is the natural consequence of crowded quarters. Cleanliness cannot be expected where many people are packed together, unless made the care of the government; and the difficulty of keeping a city clean is increased as tenement-houses multiply. In a small town the demand for water may be cheaply met; but double the numbers and a sufficient water supply frequently becomes the occasion for great expense. Dirt roads and surface drainage do not answer for populous cities. New wants, also, are developed by growth. A country village, where land is cheap, and each house may be surrounded by its grass-plot, is in no need of a public park; but in a densely crowded city these breathing places are essential for morals as well as health. There are, too, many forms of gratification which lie beyond the purse of a small community, but which may be enjoyed, at slight expense to each citizen, when large numbers combine in paying for them. Such are public libraries, the higher grades of education, public driving parks and boulevards, city decorations, and the like. It seems, then, that the legitimate needs of a growing city extend at a more rapid rate than the growth itself. The natural result of an increase in population is to create new wants and to demand an extension of the tax levy.' (P. 350.)

So far as a justifiable increase in the expenditure of municipal bodies is concerned, some of the main elements of

the augmenting cost of urban life are here well brought under notice. But it is as to increase which is not justifiable that the chief precautions should be taken. Apart from that heroic rascality which is ever on the prowl, and which finds well-stocked preserves under the slack-handed protection of the local committee called public authorities, there is a less obvious, but perhaps more general, source of danger.

'In new and rapidly developing communities there is always an opportunity for men who have secured an interest in the soil of a particular locality to make large sums of money if only the tide of migration may be allowed to come their way. The motives which lead men to select one spot as a home rather than another are frequently very slight, and sometimes without basis. A good pavement on the street, a fine school-house, a public park, an imposing court-house, or any public work that indicates what men call enterprise, will be apt to prove more persuasive than the boast of a slow town that her finances have been conservatively managed. Land agents must be furnished with fitting topics of eloquence; and if Nature has bestowed her bounties with equal hand, so that one locality is very like another, these subjects of discourse must be artificially provided. In this manner it comes about that the bonding of a town, and the expenditure of the money procured in showy works, is the occasion of actual gain to those who speculate in real estate; for the public burdens are in the beginning but slightly increased on account of the money borrowed. The money is expended so as to allure settlement, and this secures a market for real property at constantly enhanced prices.

'The mischief of such a procedure would not be so great if confined to a single town, but there is no reason why neighbouring localities may not adopt the same tactics with the same end in view. In such a case it is known that success depends upon the comparative excellence of the showing, and there consequently springs up local rivalry in the building of public improvements, and in lending public credit to private corporations. It is true that this policy may be carried so far as to defeat itself, for the settler is not blind to the fact that the bonds of a city are an incumbrance upon any property he may acquire within its limits. But whether successfully managed or not, it results in a great increase of unnecessary debt; and it cannot be denied that many of our smaller cities and towns can trace the origin of their debt to the agitation of speculators in local estate.' (P. 354.)

Mr. Adams cites the testimony of the Pennsylvania Commission of 1878 as to the speculative origin of the undue accumulation of debt in most of the cities of that State, and their conclusion that in many of these cases owners of property need more protection against themselves than against the non-property-holding class. How this needed self-protection is to be given in accordance with *à priori*

republican principles, Mr. Adams feels a natural difficulty in suggesting.

In fact, it is all very well to inquire into the origin and danger of public debts, and to write essays on the 'science of 'finance;' but to arrive at any truly philosophical comprehension of the subject it is necessary to dig much deeper. The question of the effect on all human institutions of the steady, unchecked, resistless growth of population is one that has never yet received adequate and useful treatment. The speculations of Malthus and his followers on this point were of an academical rather than of a statesmanlike nature, and, like all deductions from assumed arithmetical data, have little relation to practical human life. The fact of the increase is undoubted. Its rate differs among different races and in different countries. At the present time the rate of national increment is so disturbed by migration that urban populations grow at the cost of the rural districts of the country; and the latter, in not a few instances, show actual decline in numbers. Next is the observation that, up to a certain point, increase in numbers means increase in wealth, power, and national welfare. The question for the State anatomist to determine is, where is this point to be found? There is no doubt that this question would be answered in a very different manner at the present time from that suggested by Aristotle, whose views of the natural limit of the numbers of a self-ruling city were very low, as being based on the experience of his day. On early views the growth of great cities would be limited by the inability of urban residents to produce, in so far as production was at that time regarded. The riches of the earth, the air, the sea, the subterraneous world, are not primarily developed by the dwellers in cities; and thus, according to the old ideas of productive labour, the city residents must be far poorer than the country population. This natural view, which still dominates the dicta of modern political economists, is, however, the reverse of true. The city resident, as a rule, is richer than the country resident of equivalent standing in the social scale. It is true that with the increase of density of population the idle, criminal, dangerous classes increase in a disproportionate ratio. But even this terrible corrective does not alter the fact that, per unit of the population, the metropolitan resident is half as rich again, judging by the rent that he pays, or the rateable valuable of his property, as the country resident. The wealth of Lancashire, with 1,831 inhabitants per square mile, is incomparably greater than that of the

rural wilds of Wales or of Scotland, to say nothing of Galway, with its 97 souls per square mile, where the decline since 1841 has been 45 per cent. The reason of this is that the foundation of wealth is human industry, and that the more this industry is directed to ministering to the higher wants of human life the more productive it becomes, even when measured by the rude scale of money value. The provision of food and of shelter, which in earlier periods comprehended the main categories of human wants, now forms but a small part of the production of the working bees of civilised life. True it forms the basis of all, and for that reason its decline should be a subject of the most anxious watchfulness. But the means of life secured, the fuller, the higher, the more imaginative the demands of society for the produce of human toil, in art, in science, in lofty and elevated teaching, the greater is the response of human energy, and the more rapid the increase in human wealth.

Were all men industrious, whether with the hand or with the brain that directs the hand, the fact that energy and variety of demand form the first springs of national production, and thus of national wealth, would be too plain to need enforcement. It is in the existence of a mass of those who will not or cannot work, or whose work consists in the robbery of their fellows, that the complication of civilised life comes in. And so long as that great danger of the nation is not looked in the face, so long as it is left to settle itself, under the grim sanction appealed to by the political economist—'extinction of the surplus mouths by starvation'—so long may we expect the perils of the social order to multiply and to magnify. Small wonder that men with better hearts than heads, or more reasoning power than knowledge of the facts on which reason should be based, have rushed in to settle with petroleum and with dynamite the question that the statesman has resigned to the peddling helplessness of the *doctrinaire*.

The progress of these American cities, bounding joyously into debt with the direct aim of attracting more residents, is the reverse of the medal held up to view in some of the old countries of Europe, including the United Kingdom. Increase of population, the American feels and knows, is to a certain extent increase of wealth. He does his utmost to double the natural increment due to birth, and to attract ready-made citizens by migration. Surplus population, our theorists tell us, is the source of poverty; over-production is ruin. Emigration is the remedy for this plethora of the

human race which a certain school of opinion holds to be the source, not of wealth, but of poverty. Political doctors, as a rule, are but political Sangrados.

The outspoken honesty with which Mr. Adams endeavours to trace to its true source the municipal extravagance of which he gives such ample proofs is refreshing to meet with. We must not be accused, in quoting his language, of any want of courtesy or respect for the great nation in the hands of which lies so much of the future of the human race. Neither is it for us to express an opinion as to the absolute justice of his independent censure. But if such a fact as the robbery of New York in a single year to the amount of three millions sterling by a corrupt ring of officials be substantiated, few impartial persons will think the language used by Mr. Adams too strong. Leaving that responsibility on his shoulders, we shall be doing good service to our countrymen in showing them a glimpse of the result, in the freest of countries, of the system of local rule which is now in course of introduction into the United Kingdom.

'The mistake which the people of the United States have 'been making since 1840 lies in supposing that the business 'of government may be honestly carried on while strict 'justice and common honesty are not demanded by prevalent 'business sentiment.' These words deserve to be writ large, and laid to heart. In the United Kingdom, as is no doubt natural under the different circumstances of an old as compared with a new country, the evil action thus noted in the United States has wrought from above rather than from below. It is impossible, we may say, for the business either of local authorities, or of private manufacturers and traders, to be honestly carried on so long as public opinion fails to pass signal condemnation on every attempt to prostitute the course of legislation, or to crook the sword of justice, for party or for personal ends. And no portion of such an anti-patriotic policy is more reprehensible, in the judgement of history, than the persistent attempt to give controlling power to the voice of violence, and to divert the main care and thought of the working man from that industry which ennobles him, to that persistent chatter which seeks to convert him into a tool.

'A private business is managed to secure profit; and, other things being equal, the higher the price obtained for any services rendered, the higher will be the profit secured. The rule of private financiering is to maintain the price of goods, or services, at the highest figure which has no tendency to curtail profitable business. But the rule of

public financiering conforms to an altogether different principle. It is the aim of government to render its service at the lowest possible cost consistent with efficient service. Price equals cost. This must be the case, for the State has no motive in acquiring riches. The officers of the State are in receipt of salaries which, speaking roughly, may be said to correspond to the profit secured by the managers of private business.'

Mr. Adams goes on to point out that the functions of government are usually carried on as a strict monopoly, and that the machinery of audits and public accounts is intended to ensure fairness between the public officer and the public whom he serves. 'Any deviation from fairness, in taking 'more for his service than his salary, is called corruption.' In private business, on the contrary, monopoly is impracticable, and the only guarantee for fair treatment lies in that freedom of competition which tends continually to bring down the price of sale towards the cost of production.

It follows from this view that the inducements offered for men of ability and of industry by private business are so much more tangible and substantial than those held out by the State in America for the public service, as to ensure the employment of inferior persons for public duties. Mr. Adams does not overlook considerations of social distinction, the desire to obtain and to exercise power, the pleasure of well discharging the duties of a responsible position, and the like; but he holds that these powerful motives are wanting to the service of the State, as compared with private industry. To secure the best results, he is of opinion that the inducements offered for a choice of career should, as nearly as possible, be of equal strength in both domains of activity.

'If the importance of the State is so emphasised, and the allurements in the form of social position or emoluments of office are so strong, that the best talent of the people is drawn into the public service, a powerful and efficient government will probably be established, but a very poor society. It is believed that Prussia is now suffering from the dearth of talent and vigorous common business enterprise, and that she must continue to suffer in this manner until the State relaxes her hold upon the brilliant and talented of her youth. A German sewing-machine is but a bungling affair, made after the abandoned models of American patterns; but German cities are, as a rule, well governed.' (P. 370.)

In the United States, on the contrary, society has developed in the opposite direction. The great prizes there fall to the lot, not of the servants of the State, but of individual

enterprise. The civil service is so poor that an officer has no social position in a country where wealth is not only great, but where the institutions are such as to ensure the highest consideration for mere wealth by the rigid exclusion of those hereditary and territorial distinctions which no wealth can command, and which thus form the most wholesome counterpoise to the unabashed worship of Mammon.

'The salary paid by the State is nothing when compared with what men of ordinary talent may secure either as profit if engaged in business on their own account, or as wages of superintendence if working for a private employer. It is, therefore, no occasion for surprise to learn that in this country we have very perfect sewing-machines, but poorly administered cities.

'One cannot fully appreciate this view of the case without calling to mind the possibilities of acquiring wealth in a rapidly developing industrial society. The atmosphere of such a society is intensely commercial, and not only do men of ability and energy refuse to consider a public position as desirable for themselves, but they regard with supercilious condescension one who is willing to assume public office.

'What does our candidate see in the office to which he has been elected? He will not long remain an incumbent before discovering that the position which he sought as a dignity brings with it no honour. What he thought to be a place of responsibility and power proves to be the centre of no great influence, demanding little beyond the perfunctory duties of a ministerial office. He finds that there is small demand for the exercise of judgement, and narrow play for the developement of manly faculties. He also learns, through the sinister suggestions of those whose personal interest he does not forward, that his tenure of office is insecure. And, last of all, he finds that his salary does not suffice to keep his family in a respectable condition, and that the gratitude of republics does not extend to provision for their servants against sickness and old age.

'Such are the conditions of public life in most of the municipalities of the United States, and what may be observed as the result is altogether what might have been expected. The incumbents of local office are usually men of indifferent ability, and, if not actually depraved, are at least of a colourless character. Among city fathers of this sort there appears from time to time the shrewd, yet unscrupulous, man who, for personal aggrandisement, assumes complete control of public affairs. This is the explanation of "rings" and "jobs," and this is the reason why public plunder by means of bonds, which has been the favourite method for the last twenty-five years, is but an accident in the developement of corrupt practices. Corruption was suggested by the spirit of speculation that permeates all business methods, and invited by the weakness of municipal control. Following the line of least resistance, this spirit of dishonesty which pervades

commercial communities made its appearance in the form of dishonest issues of bonds.'

The gigantic and organised robberies at which Mr. Adams does little more than hint, are; however, by no means confined to municipal authorities. Wherever the expedient of a committee is allowed to depart from the functions of consultative advice to assume the executive, such consequences are pretty sure to follow. The most violent, the most ignorant, and the most corrupt members will generally be found to rule the board, partly because the strong incentive of personal interest keeps them ever at work, while the mere servant of the public slumbers, partly from the dislike of men of refinement and of real knowledge to expose themselves to the attacks of the trading politician. Speaking of the railways of the United States, Mr. Poor, the editor of the 'Manual of Railroads,' says: 'It is in the immense increase of fictitious capital that is to be found the cause of the general distrust which prevails, and the enormous decline in the price of railroad securities.' From 1879 to near the close of 1883 a most singular delusion rested upon the public as to their value, and this delusion was taken advantage of on a vast scale by able and unscrupulous adventurers. Out of an aggregate capital of 1,500 millions sterling, the figures cited by Mr. Poor indicate a fictitious creation, that is to say, a robbery of the public, to the amount of 100 millions sterling in these four years. It is both our hope and our belief that there is but little ground for applying censure such as this to the majority of English public or private authorities. Still ugly stories are whispered—ugly expenditure is manifest. Human nature is much the same on both sides of the Atlantic; and we cannot but regard with extreme anxiety the result of the endeavour—openly avowed by a certain party—to introduce among ourselves the machinery which has been found to work so mischievously in America.

There is another factor in the case to which Mr. Adams has not alluded—no doubt from a natural unacquaintance with the fact that it is not everywhere alike potent. We refer to that absence of specially directed education which is a feature of American institutions, and which, at an enormous expenditure, we are doing our utmost to introduce at home. This leads to, or at all events is inseparably connected with, the transfer of executive power from the hands of the specialist to those of the amateur. In a new country —boundless in resources, vast in extent, teeming with energy

and talent, often rising into genius—there is much room for the triumphant success of the Jack-of-all-trades. Still that indomitable agent is but the product of an early stage of civilisation, and of a transition state of society. No point in national dynamics is more certain than the truth that excellence and efficiency of work are promoted by division of labour. Human life is short, and the portion of it set aside for education is shorter still. If that time is frittered away in acquiring that kind of education which is chiefly profitable to crammers, the nation, as well as the students, will suffer. The range and accuracy of those branches of education which form the basis of all systematic instruction are extremely limited. The moment very soon arrives in the life of a child when some view of its future career in life ought to underlie any direct teaching—ought to direct, what is more important, a systematic training. Special subjects, such as make the pride of the crammer, that lie outside the field of the acquisition likely to be practically useful to the child, involve much more than mere loss of time in pursuit. As far as they are remembered—which is not often very far—they tend to confuse the attention, and to weaken the grasp of those matters which are to form, for that child, the main surrounding realities of life. The opinion is daily becoming more prevalent that standards and subjects of education which tend, at the best, to fit a boy to become a clerk in an office, or a petty tradesman, with the involved possibility of his eking out his daily toil on the platform of a mob meeting, are not calculated to promote the growth of a sturdy, healthy, single-eyed peasantry, from whom the defenders of the country by sea and land, the skilled artificers —masons, carpenters, bricklayers, miners—the ploughmen and herdsmen, cattle-breeders and fishermen, the workers in all honest and skilful crafts, are to be recruited. The endeavour to impose literary tests by way of securing such education as would really aid young men to advance in any of these honourable and necessary callings is grotesque. The best that can be said of such teachings would be that they can do no harm—a view that will be directly opposed by many of those who have looked most closely into their working; or that they may hereafter provide a solace for the hours of rest—a view which is inconsistent with the intense hatred of the subjects of cram which usually attends the exertions of the crammer.

It may be said that the great prosperity of the United States affords an argument in favour of general rather than

of specially directed education. But the argument requires to be clinched. Great as is the progress made by a young, proud, and energetic people, whose country has as yet room and to spare for the decupling of their numbers, it does not follow that that progress might not have been greater if it had been possible to enforce more thoroughly either the obligations of morality, or the lessons of positively acquired science. A rail-splitter, it will be said, makes an admirable governor of men. An energetic personality does much to overcome great disadvantages, and grows stronger by the victory. But it does not follow that a trained statesman would not have known so to pilot the bark of state as to avoid the terrible curse of civil war, without impairing the unity and grandeur of the nation. And it must be observed that it is in this very power of surmounting obstacles that the American nation developes its highest characteristics. Nowhere are to be found so many admirable contrivances made of wood as in the United States. True, most of them can be made better and cheaper in metal, but it was the cost and difficulty of obtaining metal that developed the genius of the worker in wood. There is all the difference in the world between a very scanty and a very artificial education; and the difference is in favour of the former. For if the pupil have in him the stuff of which strong men are made, he will follow up the elementary instruction he has acquired by that self-education which is the most golden of all. If he have not, there is little harm done. But the artificially crammed student will be pervaded, first, by a sense of his own very competent and universal knowledge; and secondly, by a disgust towards those subjects on which his teachers thought that they had most chance of gaining credit for his proficiency. That this view is, at all events, that of the American nation, may be deduced from the following fact. The United Kingdom has incurred a debt of twelve shillings per inhabitant of England and Wales for building schools, libraries, and museums. The United States have incurred a debt of two shillings per inhabitant for these purposes.

The suggestions of Mr. Adams as to the steps which it will become necessary to take in order to prevent the urban residents of the United States from being overborne by the weight of municipal debt, are in close accordance with the views we have ventured to express.

'It seems essential,' he says, 'that civil service rules of the strictest sort should be applied to all cities and towns. For all duties of a perfunctory sort a tenure of office during satisfactory service, and a

suitable pension at the close of a definite period of service, should be established. Only under such conditions can a career be opened for men who undertake public duties; and until a satisfactory career is provided, none but shiftless men will present themselves for local office. . . . It seems also necessary that the element of personal responsibility be introduced into the management of municipal offices. No government can reasonably expect to be well carried on that divides the duties entrusted to it among a number of independent boards. The office of mayor is an office that demands independence and force of character in the incumbent.'

It requires that, no doubt, but it also requires something more—a trained and educated ability for the discharge of special and important functions. We are glad that the concluding remarks are not made by any European writer, who might be suspected of want of sympathy for the vigorous youth of the American nation.

'The common objection to this entire view of the case is that, after all, the true reason why men of ability and honesty do not care for public office lies in the fact that the constituency which they must serve is degraded and fickle. There is, indeed, much truth in this statement, but so far as true it strengthens the position which this essay assumes, for it shows in a yet clearer manner the fact, already brought to light, that the question of municipal corruption is but a phase of the general social question of the day. The peculiar form of political corruption which we have described is the flower and fruitage of our own generation; it is the natural result of endeavouring to manage a society according to the dogma of *laissez faire.* This state of affairs, which is the growth of years, cannot be changed at once; but the evils complained of will certainly remain so long as we presume to think that the best thing to be done with a public officer is to lay him on the shelf out of the way of doing harm.'

It is highly instructive to find a writer, who speaks of that popular sovereignty which American constitutional law recognises with much the same unconscious faith as a scientific man displays if he speaks of the laws of gravitation, thus plainly and honestly pointing out that cancerous growth which seems to have made more rapid progress in the new than in most parts of the old world. The underlying truth is that when nations govern themselves they will fall into disaster unless they first learn to educate themselves. In past history the failure of the popularly ruled states to remember this primary axiom of civilisation has usually been avenged by the sword of war, or by the intolerable yoke of foreign conquest. A fresh danger, or a fresh self-inflicted scourge, is the outcome of the modern science of finance, a term which too often only covers the plague of public impro-

vidence. We see communities exercising the fullest power of delegating authority to popularly elected magistrates, with the result of burdening themselves with a financial load which everywhere menaces, and in some places has already arrested, local growth and developement. Elisabeth, New Jersey, 'has ceased to grow,' under the debt of 36*l.* per inhabitant. The state of Paris, under its load of 40*l.* of debt per head, is a perpetual menace, not only to the welfare of France, but to the peace of the world. Such are the results of amateur and untrained guidance, whether of the vessel of the state, or of the numerous cockboats which she carries on deck in fair weather, and allows to drift each after its own fancy in foul.

The present is not the proper occasion for any attempt at a theoretic essay on national government. But at a moment when the phrase 'local government' is in every mouth, when a profligate and mendacious use of the term has led the State to the verge of great danger, and has ruined alike ancient party organisations and personal reputations, it is of no slight importance to call attention to the inherent danger of making over the functions of government to untrained and unchecked depositaries of power. The danger suggested by a study of the growth of municipal debt is little short of general bankruptcy. The means of avoiding this danger, so far as the efforts of the legislator or the force of public opinion are concerned, lie in the sound course of making proper allowance for the activity of ordinary human motives in those entrusted with power over their neighbours. That the trained man should be employed in the special work required is a rule of which none but the ignorant or the corrupt can impugn the importance. That bodies formed for consultative work, and primarily charged with the defence of the public from the exactions which a competent and skilled executive is but too likely to seek to enforce, cannot themselves be trusted with executive power, is the lesson of past as well as of contemporary history. Europe has not forgotten the paralysing effect of the presence of the delegates of the Convention or the Directory with the armies of the first French republic. It is not in accordance with human nature to expect that the two opposite duties of providing objects of expenditure, and of checking and rightly proportioning the amount of expenditure, can be safely entrusted to the same hands, more especially when the depositary of such power takes the form of a committee, and of a committee composed of inexperts.

How far the very candid testimony of Mr. Adams as to the proficiency shown by the Germans in the art of government is in all respects deserved, we are not prepared to say. But one thing is indisputable, and that is that the pressure of the iron heel of French invasion forced on the Prussians as a nation the necessity of constant, anxious, unsparing study of the means to prevent a recurrence of the scourge. And out of that study have grown the victorious German army, and the re-erection, amid all the discordant howls of republican theorists, of the ancient throne of the German Empire. Let anyone form what opinion he will of that vast change in the face of Europe, it is impossible to deny that the resolved effort of a nation to re-create itself has met with a signal and a deserved success. It may be true, as Mr. Adams says, that the Germans do not make such good sewing-machines as the Americans, but their cities, the honest republican admits, are better governed. An inviolable frontier, a peaceful and well-ordered country, and that true and equal freedom which consists in the unquestioned and active sovereignty of law, are, in the opinion of honourable and right honourable theorists in our own island, as nothing compared with unimpeded facilities for talking in public, and for coming together in crowds, in the most central, and therefore the most inconvenient, localities, to listen to violent and unrestrained oratory. Such is not our opinion. Such, Mr. Adams tells us, is not the opinion of educated America. Such is not the lesson to be drawn from the last duel between semi-feudal Germany and unresting, revolutionary France. We have now been inquiring what light is to be thrown on the subject by the facts of national arithmetic, and the reply is such as to speak for itself, although it has to be pushed yet further, into a deeper, broader, and fuller analysis of the true factors of national welfare.

Apart from that need for special training for special functions which it may take long for public opinion to apprehend, and longer for any appreciable application of the principle to follow, there are some safeguards which it is in the power of legislation to erect, and which it is the duty of the statesman to propose. Not the least important of these is the letting in the clear light of day on the proceedings of all national servants, imperial or local, by the full publication of audited accounts. We have made good progress in this direction of late, but very much yet remains to be done. Thus, with reference to some of those

important industries which are, in England as in the United States, occasionally carried on by municipal authorities, it is possible, from the annual returns of local taxation, to ascertain the financial outcome of corporate management. But it is not possible, from the absolute refusal of private companies to furnish those returns which are necessary for the wise counsel of the State, to compare these results with those obtained by private enterprise, and thus to see what manner of stewards of the public purse are the municipal authorities. That Birmingham should have spent twice as much per inhabitant on waterworks as London has done may possibly be matter of unavoidable necessity, but it is essential that any person who has to vote on a water bill should be informed of the actual facts and circumstances of the case. Referring to figures that are now some three years old, we find that the corporations of Birmingham, Manchester, and Bradford charged respectively 7·7, 7·7, and 9·3 per cent. on the rateable value of their constituents for water, while London was paying to its water companies rather less than 4½ per cent. on that value. The cost of the waterworks for the supply of London is lower than is the case in any great English town, with those rare exceptions where extraordinary resources exist. Measured by the million gallons of annual supply, that cost is not quite half the annual expense of the six largest English towns, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bradford, and Sheffield. The fact that on repeated occasions the Metropolitan Board of Works has made violent efforts to wrest the supply of water from the companies, whose operations, however faulty, compare so favourably with those conducted by the sanitary authorities of our large towns, is not calculated to inspire confidence in the counsels of Spring Gardens. In 1878 the Metropolitan Board of Works applied to Parliament to authorise the compulsory purchase by them of the property of the eight different companies now supplying water to London, by a Bill which, if passed, would have involved the expenditure of 25 millions in the purchase, and another 25 millions in the proposed remodelling, of those undertakings. This measure gave no prospect of any improvement either in the quantity or quality of the supply, while it would have increased its cost by 60 per cent. It would have extended the jurisdiction of the Board from an area of 118 to one of 533 square miles. Concurrently with this snatch at the dividends of the water companies, a second and wholly inconsistent Bill was brought in at the same

time by the same Board for the introduction of a double supply, by means of which two gallons of water, which were necessarily to be subjected to the fouling influences from which domestic supply most suffers, were to be doled out in the back kitchen, at the same time that thirty gallons per head were to be conveyed, by another set of pipes, to the other parts of the house. It is true that these two discreditable Bills did not long survive the searching analysis of the advisers of the water companies.* But this did not prevent the introduction of a Bill by the Corporation of London in 1884, involving a like breach of public faith. This Bill received the same exposure, and was thrown out by a large majority, though supported by the Government of the hour.

It would be barely possible for frivolous and vexatious measures of this nature to be brought before Parliament, if anything in the form of a clear annual budget of public works were prepared by the Local Government Board. The Local Taxation Returns form an important step in this direction, but it is but one step out of several that are essential. From these returns, as summarised in Part VII., it is possible to learn, as before shown, that the net result of the transfer of gas and water undertakings throughout the country has been a considerable loss to the ratepayers. It is also possible to contrast the 5·9 per cent. earning of the gasworks and the 4·3 per cent. earning of the waterworks, thus transferred, with the dividends of the London gas and water companies, of which special returns are laid before Parliament. But it is not possible to take the next important step, which is to compare these figures with the earnings and profits of the gas and water companies which throughout the country are managed by their own directors. The gas companies are allowed to refuse information on this subject. As to the water companies and undertakings, there are no annual returns at all; and in the last return made as to urban water supply the companies were as reticent of information as are the gas companies. Thus, instead of being able to say positively that these works, in the hands of the authorities, yield such and such inferiority of result to like works in private hands, we are reduced to the argu-

* The London Water Supply. An Examination of the alleged Advantages of the Schemes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and of the inevitable Increase of Rates which would be required thereby. London: Spon, 1878.

ment that such must be the case, first, from comparison with the London accounts which are published, and, secondly, from the fact that the municipalities have paid such large sums for compulsory purchase. In the famous ruling case of the compulsory purchase of the Stockton and Middlesborough Waterworks by the corporations of those towns, under an Act of Parliament passed in 1876, the purchasers had to pay (under award) not only twenty-five years' purchase of the statutory dividend of the company, but further sums, by way of compensation and of assumption of debt, which raised the former figure by nearly 70 per cent. in addition. The capital expended by the Birmingham Waterworks Company was 672,000*l.* The undertaking was purchased by the corporation on terms equivalent to a payment of 1,365,297*l.* At Cardiff the premium paid by the corporation was 200 per cent. over the cost of the works, or 300*l.* per each 100*l.* of waterworks stock. At Derby, where the net profits of the waterworks had for some time not exceeded 6,890*l.* per annum, the corporation undertook to pay annuities rising from 10,720*l.* to 11,840*l.*, together with a bonus of 12,000*l.*, and to accept a bonded debt of 43,300*l.* It is thus not surprising to find that at Birmingham the gross revenue from the waterworks amounted in 1883 to only 5·9 per cent. on the capital, out of which 2·2 per cent. was required for working expenses, leaving the corporation 2 per cent. out of pocket, as compared with the average payment of the local authorities for interest and sinking fund. At Cardiff the gross returns were 6 per cent., the expenditure 1·6 per cent., on the water capital. At Derby the corresponding percentages were 5·2 and 1·4. The corresponding charges on the ratepayers were in 1883 respectively 7·4, 6·7, and 5·3 per cent. on the rateable value, so that a high price is paid for water, in addition to the annual loss in cash entailed by the policy of the authorities.

It is not our intention to insinuate that any parallel is to be found among the municipal authorities of England to that shameful corruption which Mr. Adams states to be so prevalent in the United States. Nor do we wish in any way to be hard upon, or to speak disrespectfully with regard to, the English sanitary and other local authorities. Pitchforked into a highly responsible position as they were by the Act of 1872, without administrative counsel or guidance, and with a careful avoidance of that organisation of their medical and engineering officers which would have been the first

step to efficiency, they have in many instances no doubt deserved the gratitude of their constituents. The mere fact of the occurrence of the pilgrimages of exploration before referred to shows a desire on the part of the enquirers to collect for themselves those data with which a proper administrative system would have supplied them. Only a certain amount of *personnel* was available in the country in 1872 for the construction of the new boards. All that could be done to keep off those boards the men whose services would have been of most value—county magistrates, retired officers or professional men, and persons of leisure and education, the natural elements of a county senate —was done by the enactment as to the members of the first sanitary authorities. The country medical practitioners were among the first to declare the futility of expecting effective services at their own hands, in the absence of such an organisation as should ensure the transmission to a superior medical officer of copies of their reports to the local boards. The engineering aspect of the case, that is to say, the physical, economical, and financial elements of the problem, was absolutely ignored in the Act. The discharge by the Government of those functions which only a central authority can perform is perfectly consistent, as is shown in the case of the relief of the poor, with allowing the broadest margin for the proper action of local authorities. The central authority alone has the means of acquiring and of communicating that information which must be the basis of all really efficient local action. It is the duty of such a central authority to define those great principles in accordance with which all sanitary measures must be framed, to make clear the actual state of positive knowledge attained on sanitary matters, and to furnish every local body with a normal sketch plan by which its efforts should be guided. At the present moment no sanitary authority, if pressed, as some of them are, to incur considerable outlay, knows whither to turn in order to derive the slightest help from the experience obtained during fifteen years by the expenditure of more than twenty millions of money. Under these circumstances it might have been, and indeed was, anticipated, that the general outcome of the action of the local boards, even if we must not term it a costly failure, would be both more expensive and less useful than the results which might have been attained by a wiser organisation.

It is not, however, to be denied that, apart from the odious imputation already rejected, the local authorities

created in 1872 present but too faithful a reflex of the disastrous minor executives of the United States and of France.

The statistics published by the Local Government Board as to municipal finance disclose several facts which it is of cardinal importance to bear in mind in attempting any modification of the existing legislation on the subject.

In the first place, the expenditure now incurred under the control of local authorities, for local purposes, is two and a half times as much per individual as the entire cost of the government of the country, with the deduction of the defence of the empire and of the service of the National Debt.

This expenditure is increasing more than two and a half times as rapidly, and the loan debt incurred is increasing more than three times as rapidly, as the population.

Of the expenditure little more than one-fourth, and of the debt little more than one-sixth, are incurred for the plainly necessary services of the public safety and the public health, including the relief of the poor.

Rather more than one-fourth of the debt has been incurred in the purchase or provision of undertakings for the supply of gas and water, on the aggregate of which the interest, redemption, and working costs considerably exceed the income, while at the same time the charges for gas and water supply form a much heavier burden on the rateable value of property in the towns supplied by the local authorities than is the case, so far as information is accessible, in those supplied by private companies.

The debt per head, and the expenditure per head, very materially increase with the increase of the area or population governed by a single local authority, and are, with few exceptions, much the heaviest in the metropolis, notwithstanding the division of the rate expenditure of the metropolis among eleven independent authorities.

The comparison which Mr. Adams has aided us to draw between the increase of municipal debt in the United Kingdom and in the United States is signally instructive. But while he has shown whither, and at what rate, the extravagance of independent and irresponsible local authorities tends, he has presented no such illustration of the safeguard afforded by the enactment of controlling rules and organisations for the guidance of the minor bodies as can be found in England. The heavy burden which the rapacity of Henry VIII. and his courtiers first imposed on the country—the terrible problem of the support of the helpless poor—

was long one of our most unmanageable sources of national expense. In no item of public outlay was there so much room for leakage, such temptation for increase. Yet such has been the result of controlling law and proper organisation, that our 647 boards of guardians, and the overseers of the poor of 14,827 parishes, have actually reduced the incidence of the sum spent in relief of the poor from 6·9*s.* per head of population in 1871 to 6·1*s.* per head of population in 1885; an economy which has been attained (in spite of an increase in the cost of individual maintenance) by a positive reduction of 28 per cent. in the number of paupers, in face of an increase of 20 per cent. in the population. When this financial result is contrasted with the increase above shown to characterise the expenditure and the debt of the local authorities *en masse*—the former at two and a half times, and the latter at three times, the rate of the increase of the population—we may form some idea of the gratitude that should be felt by the country to the framers of the legislation of 1872. We devoutly trust that the lesson may be read aright by the legislators of 1888.

ART. IV.—*Journal du Corsaire Jean Doublet de Honfleur, lieutenant de frégate sous Louis XIV.* Publié d'après le manuscrit autographe, avec introduction, notes et additions, par CHARLES BRÉARD. Paris: 1884.

FROM the days of Ulysses to those of Allan Quatermain, tales of voyage and adventure have had an exceeding charm for readers of all ages and of both sexes; and not the less, perhaps, when they leave probability and possibility quite on one side. 'These damned books,' said stout old Major Bellenden, 'put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won; and I never knew anybody that cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes.' Raddlebanes would make but a poor figure alongside of Sir Henry Curtis or Umslopogaas; and an imagination cloyed with such diet may think but little of Jean Doublet; but for those who can still endure the trammels of human nature, this story of an old corsair offers much that is charming and entrancing. Love, in strict moderation; fighting, a good deal; adventure, from cover to cover; ice and storm and shipwreck; pestilence, famine, battle, murder, and sudden death are all here; pirates and prisons, land-rats and water-rats, come

before us in rapid and continuous succession. In no book that we are acquainted with is there anything like an equal quantity of diverse and credible adventure. But, then—Is it true? It is impossible to answer the question categorically; but we may say with certainty that much of it is true; that much more, which seems somewhat doubtful, is, at any rate, founded on fact; that none of it is wholly and wilfully false; and that the inaccuracies or even errors, gross as they sometimes are, are faults of memory, not of intention. Notwithstanding the title, the book is not a journal, nor does it in itself profess to be one, but to be written in the author's old age, as he says himself—'to 'satisfy my family and my intimate friends, who have often 'entreated me to leave them some such account of my 'voyages. I have been as truthful and exact as my memory 'has allowed me, and have carefully examined all that 'remains to me of my journals, most of which have been 'lost in the various misfortunes that have befallen me.' Every one knows what tricks memory, under such circumstances, is capable of playing, and how, in the course of frequent telling, adventures grow from noteworthy to extraordinary, and from extraordinary to marvellous: it may very well be that some of these have gone through such a process. But the most puzzling and the most questionable thing about the narrative is the utter disregard of time. The sequence of events is often demonstrably wrong, and the dates are put in at a haphazard which the editor has frequently not been able, and sometimes not at sufficient pains, to correct. Honest as we believe the 'Journal' to be in respect of fact, in respect of date it is of no authority at all.

Jean François Doublet was a sailor almost from the cradle. According to his own chronology—which in purely personal matters it is impossible to check—he was born at Honfleur in November 1655, and when a little over seven years old embarked as a stowaway on board a vessel commanded by his father, and bound for the Newfoundland fishing. On discovering him the father would fain have sent him back, but the ship was by that time in blue water, and no opportunity occurred. So in this rude life the boy served his apprenticeship, with short intervals at home or at the Jesuits' College at Quebec. He had been for a couple of years in Canada when, in May 1667, father and son sailed as passengers in a ship bound for France. They were attempting, it would seem, to pass through the Straits of

Belle-Isle, when they were caught in the ice: the ship was badly nipped, and sank suddenly a few days later, giving her crew barely time to jump out, but not to save either clothes, provisions, or shelter. A couple of small sails, a ham or two, and a bag of biscuit, were all they had to trust to. A few light spars enabled them to set up a tent big enough to house their bread and a moiety of the men, who took it by turns to sleep in it. They managed to kill some seals and gulls, which they had to eat raw, being without fire or means of cooking. It was not till the fourteenth day that a ship came in sight, and even then it was some time before they could attract her notice. At last their despairing signals were happily seen, and a boat was sent to rescue the sufferers.

'My poor father,' says the narrator, 'was taken on board half dead, and with him the captain and six others, including myself. The boat was then sent back for the rest, and when all were rescued the ship sailed for the Great Bank. We lost eight men on the ice, and three died within two days after their rescue. The ship which thus saved our lives was a Dutch vessel, fishing for cod, and not finding any more, and being only half full, was making for the Green Bank. If the weather had not cleared when it did, in less than half an hour she would almost certainly have been caught by the ice, as we had been. The addition of twenty-six men to her crew threatened to compel them to return home, though not more than half full. We told them to give us only three or four ounces of bread a day, and a couple of glasses of beverage. But these poor men insisted that we should fare as they did; so, to help them in their fishing, we took alternate watches, day and night. And God blessed them, so that we caught from seven to eight hundred cod a day; and in twelve days the salt was all used, and the ship on her way to Nantes. There my father, who had lost everything, borrowed sufficient to take us home.'

In such like experiences Jean Doublet grew to manhood; but though he professes to narrate the incidents of his career in regular succession, it is equally impossible to follow his chronology and to rectify it. We can, indeed, correct isolated dates when he gets into the recognised domain of history; as, for instance, when he tells how he was at Portsmouth in December 1669, and met there Engel de Ruyter, then bringing home the body of his father, who was slain in the battle of Agosta; and how they were introduced to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was not the king's mistress till the autumn of 1671.* The story may very well be true in the main, but must be relegated to December 1676. He

* Evelyn's 'Diary,' October 9, 1671.

was one day, he says, in company with young Ruyter, when they heard that the duchess had arrived in the town; and as he boasted of some acquaintance with her mother, the Countess de Kéroualle, Ruyter persuaded him, notwithstanding his dress, to go with him and pay their respects to the queen of the hour. They found her surrounded by a glittering train; but Ruyter's name was itself an introduction, and the duchess, pleased to find one who could talk of her mother and her Breton home, was very gracious. As they took their leave she said familiarly:—

'"Look here, you must come and dine with me to-morrow; mind you don't disappoint me." We could not, says Doublet, very well refuse her invitation, so we went. After dinner we had coffee, and the card-tables were then brought in. The duchess asked M. Ruyter if he had seen London and the court; he answered that he had not. "And you?" she said, turning to me. "No, Madame." "No, really? Then now that you are so near you ought to go." We both excused ourselves, saying that we could not leave our ships, lest the wind should come fair. "Oh, nonsense," said she; "it's only a matter of a few days. I will lend you my coach and coachman, and you can stay at my house. What! you call yourselves young men!" So by her pretty manner she overcame our reluctance, and then settled herself to cards, which gave us an opportunity of leaving without being noticed. We both rather wished to get off going to London, for I had no money, and Ruyter (like all of his nation) objected to the expense. He said that if his government were to hear of it he should be disgraced, on which I told him that his father's name would protect him, and that he had the pretext of going to confer with his uncle, their ambassador; but that for me I had neither money, nor credit, nor any pretence of business. However, I would not leave him in the lurch if he would pay three-fourths of the expense. He was mean enough to say that I must pay the half, but at last we agreed that he should pay two-thirds. This being settled, I borrowed 10*l.* from a certain Mr. "Smits," and so we started. Having arrived in London, M. Ruyter, much to my shame, did not scruple to make use of the duchess's coach, in which we went to "Withals," "St. Jemes," and "Winsorts," and was horribly mean in everything. We were ten days away, and on our return went to thank the duchess for her kindness.'

On the passage homewards to Havre, Doublet and other vessels in company were captured by three Ostend privateers, who carried him in and turned him adrift on shore, with nothing but some miserable rags to cover his nakedness and protect him from the winter's cold. He implies that he begged his way back to Havre. It was not the first time he had been reduced to beggary. On an earlier occasion, assigned—rightly, it would seem—to 1672, when homeward

bound from Newfoundland, his ship was captured off Brest by a Flushing privateer, but off Dunkirk was recaptured by two English frigates and brought into the Downs.

'As England and France were at that time allied against Holland, we thought,' he says, 'that we should be much better off; but, on the contrary, we were stripped for a second time, more thoroughly than before, and thrust down into the cable tier, where we were kept for six days, with nothing to lie on but the wet, muddy cables, so that we might not know what goods they appropriated, our captors being well aware that they would have to give up the prize in consequence of the alliance between the two crowns; but they did not suspect that I had a copy of our bill of lading in my breeches pocket. On the seventh day we were landed from the Downs in a sorry state, and walked thence into Dover. We went there on to the quay, and seeing a stout gentlemen I begged him of charity to give us the means of getting some supper and a passage home to France.'

The stout gentleman ordered his servants to take them away and give them something to eat and drink; he would see them later on. Towards nightfall he sent for them, and began—'Where do you belong to? Where do you come 'from? Why are you here? It seems to me you must be 'idle vagabonds.' Doublet had meantime learned that his interrogator was the Duke of York, and answered—'No, 'your Grace; I am of good family and a near relation of the 'captain with whom I was taken. I was the clerk and 'second pilot: these my companions were the surgeon and 'the gunners, and we had not been put ashore from the 'Downs more than four hours when I had the honour of 'speaking to your Royal Highness.' He went on to tell his story, which the Duke listened to. 'Oh, oh!' he said, 'I 'did not know of this. What was your ship laden with?' I pulled the bill of lading out of my pocket, and he gave it to an officer who stood by, saying 'Why was I told that 'there was nothing in her but sugar and cotton? Go and 'rest yourselves, my lads; make a good supper and get to 'bed.' The following day they had new clothes given them, and in the evening the Duke again sent for Doublet. 'I 'understand,' he said, 'that when the Dutch captured you 'they took everything that was worth having and carried it 'to their own ship.' 'Pardon me, your Grace,' answered Doublet; 'their boats made only two passages to our ship 'to carry off our men and bring some of theirs: the wind 'then got up and separated us; and no one else was on 'board except your people.' 'That will do,' said the Duke; 'to-morrow I will send you to France in a yacht which is

'going to take over some horses for the Dauphin.' 'I learnt 'afterwards,' adds Doublet, 'that the two English captains 'were cashiered and imprisoned.' Unfortunately no names are mentioned; and as the Calendar of State Papers for this date has not yet been issued, it would be difficult to verify the truth of the story, which, however, there seems no reason to doubt. It was not the only interview which Doublet had with his Royal Highness. He was destined to meet him again, under very different circumstances, some sixteen years later. His story, which, with the usual correction of the date, seems likely enough, is a tiny but interesting contribution to English history. He says:—

'Towards the end of September, 1688, there was much talk of the probability of war, of naval preparations in Holland, and that King James's friends and great lords were going over to the Prince of Orange. Several boats from our fleet were sent to look into the English ports and see what was going on; perhaps, too, to help in saving the queen and the Prince of Wales. M. de Vaux-Mimars, a lieutenant of the navy—a man with only one arm, the other being paralysed—asked me to go with him in his boat. One evening, after dark, we had put into the Downs, and I had gone for an hour into a coffee-house, when I heard a report that the king, finding himself abandoned, had fled. I went back immediately to tell this to M. Mimars, and he determined to return at once to our own coast, which we made at Ambleteuse in Picardy. Almost at the same moment we were aware of an English boat close to us steering for the same place; and when it reached the shore we saw four gentlemen, one of whom the others as well as the sailors treated with great respect. As he was preparing to leave the boat, M. Mimars and myself went into the water over our knees to receive him; but one of the officers of the boat jumped in bareheaded and took him astride on his shoulders (*à fourchet, sur son épaule*), while Mimars supported one of his hands. When he had landed he asked Mimars who and what he was, and being told said he would remember him. We accompanied him to the inn, where he stayed only whilst post-horses were being got ready, and set off with two of his gentlemen, on which we, on our part, took our boat back to Dunkirk.'

We know from James's own Memoirs that this landing at Ambleteuse was at three o'clock in the morning of Christmas Day (4 Jan. 1689, N.S.)* Doublet, however, having put it in the previous September, goes on to say that 'in October the king declared war against Holland alone, 'and authorised private individuals, his subjects, to cruise 'against it.' It was, in fact, not till the beginning of

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 170.

March that war was declared, in the first instance by Holland, by England not till two months later (May 7–17), though practically it began some days earlier, the battle of Bantry being fought on May 1–11. The point of immediate interest, however, is that there really was a period of several weeks during which France was at war with Holland and not with England; and it is to this interval that Doublet assigns an exploit of equal daring and ingenuity. There is no reason to doubt the essential truth of the story, which is, besides, corroborated by Renneville,* who tells it evidently from an independent source, and with considerable difference in the details. In England, under the peculiar relations of the two countries, we could scarcely expect it to be noticed, though at any other time the incident would necessarily have given rise to a more or less important diplomatic correspondence: it does, however, seem strange that there should be no mention of it in the Plymouth Records, even though, according to the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, these are curiously barren in matters of historical interest. But notwithstanding this, and putting on one side the extraordinary confusion of dates and places, we think that Doublet's story is entitled to credit.

He had, he tells us, taken early advantage of the authorisation to fit out privateers; had gone for a cruise in a cockle-shell (*bicoque*) named the 'Princesse de Conti,' and after sundry adventures, which, in such a career as his, are scarcely worth referring to, anchored, under Ostend colours, off a small town about a league from Plymouth.† Landing there, he learnt that there was in the port ‡ a Dutch vessel of 600 or 700 tons, carrying forty guns, but with her lower tier encumbered with bales of merchandise, and with few men in proportion. The thing seemed worth enquiring into; so he set off to the town,§ and turned into a public-house for a pint of beer. There he met the Dutch captain, whom—by the extraordinary length of his nose—he remembered to have met before in Portugal. He now passed

* Histoire de la Bastille, vol. iii. p. 325. This is a work of no authority in itself, but may be accepted as corroboratory evidence.

† Probably Cawsand. Doublet calls it 'Ramshed,' which suggests Rame Head; but there is there no town, no recognised anchorage, and it is not in Plymouth Bay.

‡ He calls it Saltache, which ought to mean Saltash; but this does not agree with further particulars or the local details. He more probably meant Sutton Pool, or perhaps Catwater.

§ 'Au bourg de Saltache,' probably Plymouth, by the Barbican.

himself off as belonging to Bruges, as having been wrecked, as waiting for a passage home, and wound up by asking the Dutchman to give him one to Holland, whence he could get to Bruges without difficulty. 'I don't know,' answered the Dutchman, 'when I shall sail; but I shall not 'start without a convoy, for my ship is worth more than '400,000 florins.' 'You are well armed,' said Doublet. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but my decks are so lumbered that the 'heaviest guns are useless, and I have only thirty-eight men.'

By this time it was getting dark; and Doublet, having learnt all he wanted, left his companion and returned to the 'Princesse de Conti' as quickly as possible. He had two English officers, Lawrence and Wilkinson, whom he told to hail a fishing boat to come alongside and sell their fish. This boat had only three men on board, who were nothing loth to go into the cabin, where, drinking good French brandy to the health of the Prince of Orange and to the confusion of all French papist dogs, they speedily got dead drunk. In that happy state, they were left to take care of the 'Princesse de 'Conti,' whilst Doublet, taking his whole crew of twenty-eight men into the fishing boat, went away in her; passed Drake's Island, Lawrence answering the sentry's hail; passed the citadel; passed the fort at the entrance of the harbour, and so, without any hindrance, alongside the Dutch ship, which they straightway boarded. There was only one Dutchman on deck, and he was overpowered before he could give the alarm. All the rest, being below, were secured separately; the captain alone offering any resistance. Ten of them were then brought on deck and compelled to help in making sail. It was just five o'clock when the cables were cut and the vessel gathered way, Lawrence, who knew the port perfectly, acting as pilot.* On arriving at the 'Princesse de Conti,' Doublet left the prize in charge of Lawrence, transferred the prisoners to his own ship, roused up the sleeping drunkards, revived them with a glass of brandy, paid them for their fish, gave them his anchors as a present, cut his cables, and made sail. And so, not without some minor adventures—such as beating off a Dutch frigate—on the way, the 'Princesse de Conti' and her prize got safely into Dunkirk four days later. He learned afterwards, he says, that three of the sentries and the old fisherman were hanged on the charge of

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* The topography of the 'Journal' is here altogether inexplicable. We can only suppose that it was written from a confused recollection of an imperfect knowledge.

having assisted him. This was, of course, only hearsay, and does not appear probable. In France the affair made some noise, and brought Doublet to the notice of the Marquis de Seignelay, who sent for him, questioned him about it, and promised him an employ in the King's service.

It would seem that the first duty which devolved on him in this capacity was the carrying a secret messenger and a packet of letters to the Duke of Gordon, who was holding Edinburgh Castle for King James.* He accordingly sailed with an Ostend passport, a crew of ten Flemings, a young Irishman named Welch,† as his chief officer; the messenger, disguised as a pilot and under the name of Dromer; and a cargo of apples, as an apparent business; together with a letter of credit to purchase a homeward freight of coals and lead. On arriving at Leith he was promptly taken before Mackay, commanding for the Prince of Orange, who examined his passport, and gave him leave to go about his business. So, in company with Welch and Dromer, he went to Edinburgh, handed the letters over to an agent who undertook to convey them into the castle; and leaving Dromer to follow his own plans, Doublet and Welch returned to their ship. But the next afternoon Gordon dressed the castle with flags and fired off several guns. Mackay, interpreting this as meaning that the besieged had received some good news, naturally suspected the strangers and sent on board to seize Doublet and Welch and lodge them in the guard-room, where, on their arrival, they found Dromer, who had also been arrested. In the evening he had them before him; examined, and cross-examined, and re-examined them; but not being able to make out anything against them was on the point of permitting them to return on board their ship when, as bad luck would have it,

'A merchant named Kinston, whom I had formerly known in Spain, recognised me, and greeted me in a friendly manner. He was asked

* The capture of the Dutchman at Plymouth must have been about the end of March, 1689; and Edinburgh Castle capitulated on June 14 (O.S.); so that the possible date of Doublet's voyage to Leith is fixed within tolerably narrow limits. The 'Journal' puts it in January, 1691, which M. Bréard seems to accept, and further confounds the confusion by a note to the name of the Duke of Gordon: 'Le duc de Gordon-Oneill, fils du général Félix Oneill et petit-fils 'd'Henriette Stuart, de la famille de Balzac d'Entragues.'

† A native, rather, of St. Malo, son of an Irish father. See 'St. Malo illustré par ses Marins, par Ch. Cunat,' p. 248.

where he had seen me. "At Cadiz," said he. "We have often drunk together;" he was then in command of a fine vessel—a French ship. "What," said Mackay, "he is a Frenchman, and calls himself an Ostender!" Then another man, named Smits, came and shook hands with me, and asked me how I was. He, too, was interrogated as to where he had known me. "I should think I did know him," said Smits; "his name's Doublet; he captured my ship off Ostend a year ago, and carried her into Dunkirk."'

All this seemed very suspicious to Mackay, who sent the prisoners back to the guardroom till the next evening, when he had them again brought before him, and questioned Doublet, laying stress on the fact of his having been recognised as a Frenchman.

'"I neither denied it," said Doublet, "nor changed my name. Look at my passport and letter of credit." "How is it, then, that you now hail from the Spanish Netherlands?" "I could explain that better in private," I answered. "No, no," he cried; "we'll have no secrets. We are here in council." So with a sigh I began: "Four months ago I had the misfortune to fight a duel with a naval officer, who was left on the ground. You know how severe the French laws are against duelling. I fled to Ostend, where the governor and the English consul took me under their protection, and sent me here to earn my living until they could find some employment for me." Upon which Mr. Charter * and several officers said, "That seems likely enough."'

Mackay, however, was not quite convinced, and detained Dromer whilst he sent the other two, with a pilot, whose name is given as 'Willem Fischer,' to bring their vessel into the basin, a thing they had no intention of letting him do if they could help it. Welch proposed to make an end of Fischer and put to sea: Doublet preferred gentler means, set him down to a bottle of brandy in the cabin, and locked him in; then going on deck, cut the cable, and made sail. An English frigate, lying close by, opened fire on his little vessel, but would not venture to follow, as her captain was on shore; and so Doublet, running the gauntlet of her guns and those of the port, pushed out to sea, and in due time arrived at Dunkirk. There he found himself likely to be in trouble for having abandoned Dromer: he, however, pointed out that, so far as Mackay knew, Dromer was only a pilot, and that Fischer would exchange against him. The matter

* Possibly Charteris. It was on this 'Charter' that he had the letter of credit. He calls him 'maire d'Edembourg,' which is a blunder, but one which a Frenchman might easily fall into. No name at all resembling this is on the list of Lords Provost.

was, in fact, so settled, and Dromer was brought home, though a good deal the worse for the rigorous imprisonment which he had suffered.

It must have been immediately after his return from Leith that Doublet was employed in picking up intelligence on the English coast, in the course of which service he was ordered to see if he could not get hold of some person of position whose information might be better worth having. He accordingly anchored off Weymouth under Ostend colours, and cleverly kidnapped the collector of customs, who was enticed on board on the chance of a private trade in contraband wares. When this man—whose name appears in the Journal as 'Thomas Fisjons'—was handed over to Seignelay and Tourville, at Berteaume, he was found to have in his pocket-book a detailed list of the English fleet and signals, and also, to their great disgust, a French list equally detailed. After due examination, Doublet was ordered to take M. Fisjons back again; Seignelay telling him that Fisjons pledged his word that no harm should happen to him in the event of their meeting an English ship. Doublet had perhaps not the same confidence in Fisjons' word or power, and therefore asked for a spare boat and four English sailors out of prison, so that, he said,

'when I am near the coast of England I may put them all into the boat, and then stand off. My plan,' he tells us, 'was thought well of, and the minister ordered for me four dozen of champagne, a dozen of Malvoisie, some bottles of liqueur, sausages, polonies, hams, smoked tongues, patties, a couple of sheep and some fowls to feed my Englishman on the way. But I kept him only two days, sending him on shore near Torbay, with some bottles of champagne, whereat he was very well content, embracing me at parting, and throwing on the deck thirty golden guineas.'

From the known motions of the fleet and of M. de Seignelay, M. Bréard places this incident in the end of July or beginning of August, 1689.

The most important, the most easily verified, and the most certainly true of all Doublet's recorded adventures is, however, his capture of the 'Scarborough' frigate on the north coast of Ireland on July 18–28, 1694. The date given in the 'Journal' is wrong, of course; and the cruise is spoken of as lasting from September 26 to November 6, 1693; but the French official correspondence, quoted by M. Bréard in an appendix, is in entire agreement with the minutes of the court martial in our own Records. We have here then a fair test of accuracy; and the more so as the story is one

which would probably strike most English readers as intrinsically improbable. We are happily not accustomed to give easy credence to the story of the capture of an English man-of-war by an equal, if not an inferior force.

It was apparently in the spring of 1694 that Doublet fitted out, at St. Malo, the 36-gun frigate 'Comte de Revel,' of which he owned an eighth part, and, cruising to the southward, fell in with a large English convoy off Cape Finisterre. Another Malouin privateer agreed to stand by him, and he accordingly attacked, but, not being supported, was beaten off with very great loss. 'We had,' he says, 'a great number killed and maimed; several of our guns dismounted; 'our sails and rigging cut to pieces, and more than three 'feet of water in the hold. Luckily the English commandant called his fleet together and made all sail away from 'us.' So he made the best of his way to Brest, and, having refitted and filled up his ship's company, again put to sea, and, crossing over towards the Scilly Islands, fell in with Du Guay-Trouin, at that time commanding the 'Diligente.' * He was on board dining with Du Guay, when a large ship came in sight: he returned at once to the 'Comte de Revel,' and both made sail in chase. It was to no purpose, however; and the following night, in bad weather, the two separated. Du Guay, a few days later, fell in with the English squadron, and was captured May 2-12, 1694; whilst Doublet, going northwards, and being joined by the 'Etoile,' of 18 guns, must have cruised for some weeks on the north coast of Ireland. It was not till the morning of July 18 that he sighted the 'Scarborough,' of 40 guns and 200 men, in the neighbourhood of Tory Island.† She was a fine fast-sailing new ship, and, though to leeward, gained rapidly on the 'Comte de Revel,' whose men, looking at her through their glasses, fancied that she carried 50 guns. Doublet snatched the glasses out of their hands and threw them overboard, saying, 'You see she is gaining on us: we cannot avoid 'fighting her; and if we fly they will be all the bolder. In 'my opinion, we ought to attack, and they will share the fear.' Then, seeing his men still disheartened, he ordered wine to

* Doublet says the 'François;' but Du Guay-Trouin did not command her till the end of the year.

† The 'Journal' does not imply that the cruise continued so long; but the dates of Du Guay's capture, and of the 'Scarborough's,' are very positively fixed. It is, however, quite possible that the meeting with Du Guay was in another cruise, and when Du Guay was really in command of the 'François.'

be served out, and drank to the health of the king. Most of the men echoed him, 'Vive le Roy!' and he added, 'Let 'us maintain the honour of our flag like brave men. 'Another glass round, and prepare for victory. It is not 'guns which win the battle; it is stout hearts. They have 'only ten guns more than we; and if we attack, they will 'be half beaten to begin with.' Doublet's account of what followed is worth quoting in something like his own words:—

'I bore up and steered straight for the enemy, the "Etoile" following us leisurely. They were lying by for us, under topsails, on the starboard tack, and, expecting us to attack on that side, had moved over three of their heavy guns. But when I was pretty close to, I kept away a bit, passed under their stern, firing my whole broadside, gun after gun, and then came to the wind under his lee, so as to hamper his manœuvring. Our musketry, keeping up a hot fire, cut the maintopsail halyards, and yard and sail fell. We redoubled our fire, and after an hour's combat our enemy surrendered. We had lost only one man, who had his head shot off; they, on the other hand, had twenty-four killed, among whom was the captain, M. Kilineword (Killingworth). The "Etoile" did not second me in any way, but having been present as a witness she shared in the prize. After I had taken the ship her surviving officers and men begged me to put them ashore on the coast of Ireland, from which we were not more than three leagues distant, representing that the wounded men must infallibly die if I tried to carry them to France. As doing so would rid me of a considerable embarrassment, I granted their request, for which I have been much praised by their countrymen, and then sailed with my prize for Port Louis.'

The French official account, however, says that he brought in the lieutenant and eight or nine others, who remained in the ship. It offers so marked a testimony to Doublet's real good faith that we append to his account of this action the deposition of Richard Scott, the 'Scarborough's' gunner, as sworn to before the court-martial held to enquire into the loss of the ship:—

'On the 18th of July last, between three and four in the morning, cruising N.E., distant about eight leagues from the island of Tory, we espied two sail about three leagues to windward of us, one of which proved to be the "Count-ourveil," a French ship of thirty-six guns, the other the "Star" of twenty-two guns. They immediately bore down upon us. We, keeping our ship close upon a wind, put all things in readiness to fight; and about six, the "Count-ourveil" came under our lee quarter and gave us a broadside. We engaged for near the space of an hour, in which time the captain was killed, and the master mortally wounded. Then Lieutenant Fountaine took up the sword and went into the steerage and called deponent to him, asking him if he would give his consent to strike, to which this deponent replied,

"I will never consent to that as long as the ship is able to swim." Then the lieutenant ordered him to go betwixt decks and turn the men up to their quarters, and in the meantime gave orders to strike the colours. Deponent in four minutes turned up about twenty men, and, coming upon deck and finding the colours struck, made all the haste he could to hoist them again; but the lieutenant laid hold of him and commanded the men to heave him overboard if he offered to do it any more. . . . During the engagement the "Star" never came up with us, and fired only some of her chase guns and some small shot at us.'

The court, after hearing this and several other witnesses to the same effect, pronounced 'that the loss of the ship was 'occasioned purely through the cowardice of Lieutenant 'Peter Fountaine, who took upon him the command of the 'ship after Captain Killingworth and the master were 'killed; and that the gunner behaved himself as a very 'good officer.' It has always seemed curious that no further notice was taken of Mr. Fountaine's misconduct. M. Bréard's extract from the French archives seems to suggest that, having been carried to France, he thought it safer to remain there; but all that we know is that he was not tried and hanged in England.

Historical incidents, however, such as we have been speaking of, make up but a very small part of this old corsair's quaint reminiscences. Many of the most interesting of them relate to his meetings with Sallee or Algerine pirates, whose vessels by no means confined their cruises to the Mediterranean—as is, perhaps, very commonly supposed. On one occasion, having been wrecked and cast ashore destitute near San Lucar, Doublet had accepted the command of a small vessel bound for the Canaries. She was of seventy tons burden; had one gun (a three-pounder), ten swivels, and some blunderbusses; thirteen men, a boy, and a passenger—sixteen all told, and her name was 'Saint-'Antoine.' The day after they sailed they sighted a settee which, from the number of oars she was pulling, Doublet conjectured to be a Sallee cruiser. Sallee or not, he judged it was as well to be prepared, and accordingly loaded his gun, his swivels, and his blunderbusses up to the muzzle with ball, grape, and small shot; got ready what muskets, pistols, and pikes they had on board; surrounded the helm with a screen of mattresses, slung the mainyard in a chain, and so waited the event. As the stranger approached, doubt gave way to certainty; turbans could be seen on board, and Moors. The men of the 'Saint-Antoine' were

wild with terror, which took the form of vows to attend church barefoot on the first opportunity. Doublet more practically got up a barrel of powder, lighted a match, and called out, 'If any one fails in his duty, I will kill him and 'fire the powder; better die than be the slave of these 'barbarians.' At this time the settee, having come within pistol shot, fired her broadside of eight guns and thirteen swivels, but without doing much damage. Doublet reserved his fire, waiting for them to attempt to board. Fortunately a breeze sprang up, the 'Saint-Antoine' answered her helm, and paid off just as the settee was ranging alongside; at the same moment Doublet fired into the thick of the crowd—everything, the gun, the swivels, the blunderbusses, and the muskets. Many were killed; many fell into the water, and were there shot; three only gained the deck of the 'Saint-'Antoine,' of whom Doublet shot one; a second sprang overboard, and was shot in the water; the third jumped down the hatchway, and hid himself in the hold. Meantime, Doublet having got his armament all loaded again, steered straight for the pirate, and, when within pistol shot, fired with the same happy precision as before. A third discharge reduced them to cry out for quarter; and, adds Doublet, 'if I had had thirty men, I would have taken her; 'but with fifteen and a boy, the risk was too great. We were 'fortunate enough in escaping as we did.' They had only one man at all badly wounded, and he, when they arrived at Teneriffe, was taken in hand by a French surgeon settled there. 'This cost me,' says Doublet, '125 piastres; but 'our Moor—the fellow that had jumped down the hatch-'way—paid it, as I sold him for 325 piastres to a resident, 'who had a brother a slave in Morocco, and hoped to make 'an exchange.'

It was during this stay at Teneriffe that M. Thierry, the French consul with whom Doublet had contracted an intimacy, found himself dying. He begged Doublet to take a note of his last wishes, and then proposed to him to marry his daughter, who was thirteen years old, and would be left very well off; he looked with horror, he said, on the chance of her marrying a Spaniard. Doublet seems to have consented; and, at Thierry's dictation and in Thierry's name, wrote to the Marquis de Seignelay, praying that he (Doublet) might succeed to the consulship. The same night Thierry died, and the next day he was buried with much pomp. In the evening Doublet attempted to console the widow and her daughter; but the widow, putting his endeavours on

one side, told him that she did not mean to carry out her husband's wishes as to his marrying her daughter; but that if he liked she would marry him herself: she was only forty-two, and intended to marry again. Doublet, who, according to his dates, was at this time twenty-eight, did not at all fancy the widow's proposition; and, when a few days, or rather nights, later her affection grew more demonstrative and exacting, he fled from the house and got out of the island with all possible haste.

Another of his piratical experiences refers, not to himself, but to the family of Dom Antonio Garcia, a Portuguese whom he met at Sallee, and who told him the painful story. Garcia was the son of the lieutenant-governor of Larache, which had been taken by the Moors, and, contrary to the capitulation, had been detained in slavery. The father had died shortly afterwards; but he and his wife had been employed in the emperor's garden, where they lived quietly enough for many years, and had two daughters and a son. When the elder girl was fifteen years old, the emperor demanded her for his seraglio. Garcia told him that God had made him master of their bodies, but not of their souls, and that the girl belonged to her mother. To which the emperor replied by an order to send her in that very evening. On recovering from the shock of first hearing this, the wife asked her daughter if she would not die as a martyr in the Christian faith rather than deny her God and become a Mahometan. 'Dear mother,' replied the girl, 'kill me 'yourself before such a misfortune happen to me, lest I 'should not be able to resist the threats and tortures.' Then the mother, taking a large knife, cut and slashed her daughter all over the face, saying, as she did so, 'Suffer, for 'Jesus Christ;' and the poor girl, neither weeping nor crying out, kept saying, 'Again, dear mother; yet again!' till she was terribly disfigured. And when the emperor knew of it, he ordered Garcia to have a hundred blows on the soles of his feet; the mother to have two hundred on the belly, under which torture she expired; and the younger girl, then ten years old, to be put into the seraglio, where she died of grief within a few days. Six months afterwards the emperor took Garcia back into favour, reinstated him in his old post in the garden, permitted him to educate his son as a Christian, and employed him as a confidential interpreter. 'Assuredly,' adds Doublet, as a conclusion to the story, 'this Garcia was a man of parts, and very prudent.'

At one period of his life Doublet was engaged in the slave

trade, his experiences of which were more horrible than usual, leading him in the end to remark that he had learned that 'those who engage in that trade never profit by it.' He did not, however, arrive at this conclusion till a strange series of misfortunes had ruined his own venture. His story is that he had taken on board 560 negroes at Whydah, and in company with the 'Badinne,' which also had a full cargo, and two or three smaller vessels, prizes which they had picked up on the way, sailed thence on November 15, 1704. On December 1 they touched at Cape Lopez to fill up with wood and water, and were still there on the 7th, when in the evening Doublet told the chaplain he could celebrate mass early the next morning, being the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The priest accordingly began at five o'clock hearing the confessions. Breakfast was meanwhile got ready, and being a festival,

'I gave orders,' says Doublet, 'for a glass of brandy to be served out to all hands. Two men were sent to draw the brandy from a cask, which we had on tap; and one of them, contrary to most positive orders, took the candle from the lantern and held it near the bunghole, when the vapour caught fire, and communicated it to the brandy. The wretched fellow, instead of instantly closing the hole, even if he had had to sit on it, ran for water; but before he could get back, the cask exploded with a dull sound like that of a mine. I was at the time with the chaplain, who was putting on his vestments. We started up: I ran to see what was the matter, and found the whole crew crying "Fire!" and jumping into the boats. I could not make them come out; but snatching up a sword I laid about me, wounding several, and so forced some of them to get buckets of water. But in spite of all we could do the fire gained on us: it broke out in several places, and ran up the rigging; the yards fell down on deck, and I was left to myself. With much difficulty I got to the forecastle and ran out on the bowsprit, from which I let myself down into a small boat, with six men in it. I then ordered them to pull ahead, where we lay, about a pistol-shot off, whilst our guns, which were all loaded, were discharging themselves, as the fire reached them, so as to compel the "Badinne" to cut her cables and get under way. And just then the fire reached the magazine, and the ship blew up with a terrific report. . . . It was a fearful thing to see the negroes and negresses swimming about, many of them with chains on their legs, and the sharks, which crowded round, devouring them. All the boats collected together, and we picked up about a hundred, most of them badly burnt. I myself got on board the "Badinne," nearly naked.'

Excitement, vexation, and exposure brought on a serious illness, which was aggravated by bad and scanty provisions; so that after fifty days Doublet was put on shore at Grenada more dead than alive. Some two months later he was able

to go to Cape François, and thence to Léogane, where he had a relapse, and, being considered at the point of death, received the last sacrament:—

'And having made my will, I fell into a swoon, so that for more than six hours I was without sense, pulse, or movement. They put a looking-glass before my mouth, but could find no trace of breath: the surgeon opened a vein in my foot, but no blood came. They supposed I was dead . . . and sent to have a grave dug for me. They had laid me out, and were sewing me into my shroud, when a gush of blood—black and putrid—from the nose and mouth relieved the brain. "He isn't dead!" they cried, and immediately ripped open the shroud and laid me on a mattress.'

And so he came happily to life again, and two months later was beginning to look about for a passage to France, when just in the nick of time he made the acquaintance of a merchant, the consignee of a French ship which had brought out a cargo of wine, cloth, and other merchandise, for which he could find no sale. This man was bewailing his bad luck when Doublet said:—

'I can put you up to disposing of your cargo advantageously. You must take your ship to Havana, where a relation and very good friend of mine is manager of the company of the "Assiento," and commissioner for our king. French ships are not allowed to trade or even to put in there, except in case of necessity; so what you have to do is to take care that there is a case of necessity: that your ship is leaking, and the men at the pumps when the officers of the port come on board to see what is the matter. You will then ask leave to go into harbour for repairs, and once inside; you will have no further difficulty.'

The advice took the merchant's fancy, and was duly acted on. Doublet was offered a free passage to France; and thus, after a lucrative though unauthorised trade at Havana, he reached home in safety.

Independent of his stories of adventure or romance many of this old seaman's observations of manners long since extinct, or of people not yet reduced to the dead level of civilisation, have an interest of their own. Among these may be counted his description of the old nautical ceremony on entering the Baltic, akin to the longer lived but now fast dying-out visits of Neptune on crossing the line:—

'Being near Cape Kullen,' he says, 'where sailors are wont to baptise those who have not passed the Sound before, there was great preparation amongst my company, who were all Flemings. It is the custom amongst these and all northern people to duck the strangers by tricing them up to the main-yard arm, and letting them fall from

it three times, however cold it may be. Then a glass of brandy is given them, and they agree to pay towards a general feast, the amount being charged against their wages on the ship's books. On this occasion neither my ship, my passenger, nor myself had passed before. I gave two barricoes of wine to be let off the baptism, except by a glass of sea-water, and to save the ship from having her figure-head cut off, according to the old usage.'

His visit to Shetland was but short, and his opportunities for information were scanty: of course things would strike him in their most unfavourable aspect; but allowing for this, his account of what a stranger could see or fancy he saw two hundred years ago is, perhaps, not very highly coloured:—

'The people,' he says, 'are all as mangy as dogs: they live almost entirely on fish and bad bread made of barley or oats. They have some flocks of sheep and goats; and of their mixed wool they make stockings and clothes. Their towns are wretched villages, consisting of low hovels in which they and their cattle herd together. Their horses are no bigger than donkeys, with large heads and badly shaped bodies; so also their oxen and cows. They catch a great quantity of cod, which they dry without salt, by the cold, and which they call stock-fish: the heads and bones of these they dry thoroughly and pound and give to their cattle instead of corn. In the whole country there is not a tree big enough to make a broomstick.'

The description of St. Kilda is still less flattering, though it does not differ so grotesquely from the state of things there at a much later date. It was in 1696, Doublet tells us, that he anchored there for water, and one of his men, an Irishman, captured and brought off to him a native who called himself the governor.

'This man,' he says, 'was dressed in a sort of chasuble, without sleeves, belted in round the waist with a strap of bull's hide; no breeches, stockings, or shoes; a little woollen cap on his head, his hair uncombed, filthy in the extreme and stinking of smoke, dung, and sea-birds. He seemed quite at his ease; said there were thirty-two families on the island, who all lived in caves; that they caught fish and dried them by the cold in winter; sometimes they were able to grow a little barley; that they paid tribute to a Scotch lord, who sent over a boat every year at Easter, with a clergyman to administer the Lord's Supper, and to marry or baptise, if there was occasion. He thought we were English, and sold us two little oxen, no bigger than a calf a year and a half old, for five crown-pieces. . . . I have been a good deal about the world, and have seen all sorts of savages, Moors, and negroes, but have never seen such poor and wretched creatures.'

The introduction of a resident clergyman and the efforts of

philanthropists have, no doubt, improved the island, and ameliorated the condition of the inhabitants, who are now, according to recent accounts, clean, decently dressed, and even good-looking; * but as late as 1799, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham wrote: †—

'The view of this village is truly unique. Nothing in Captain Cook's voyages comes half so low. The natives are savages in due proportion. The air is infected by a stench almost insupportable, a compound of rotten fish, filth of all sorts and stinking sea-fowl. Their dress is chiefly composed of a coarse stuff made by themselves, somewhat like tartan. . . . A total want of curiosity, a stupid gaze of wonder, an excessive eagerness for spirits and tobaccos, a laziness only to be conquered by the hope of the above-mentioned cordials, and a beastly degree of filth, the natural consequence of this, render the St. Kildian character truly savage.'

Doublet's account may, therefore, be taken as fairly representing the first impressions of a stranger in 1696; but as to the oxen which he says he bought, the natives had a different story, and told Mr. Martin, who visited the island in 1697, that the people of a ship who had been there the year before, and communicated by an interpreter who spoke bad Irish, were not Christians, for they worked on Sunday; they 'took away some of their cows, without any return 'for them except a few Irish copper pieces;' and they insulted their women.‡ Doublet does not seem to have been on shore himself, and it is probable enough that some of his men might behave badly if an opportunity offered, or that they thought silver crowns would be thrown away on such savages and substituted copper pennies; but, in any case, Doublet himself was not likely to know anything about it.

The 'Journal,' as now printed, ends in 1707; the editor, for some reason not stated, having decided not to publish the concluding part, an account of a voyage to the Pacific during the years 1708–11, in command of the 'St. Jean-Baptiste,' from which Doublet brought home bullion to the amount of 635,000 piastres, or about 140,000*l.* After this he resolved to tempt the waves no more; obtained a post as *capitaine-exempt* of a company of the Swiss guards of the Duke of Orleans; told his yarns, and wrote and gossiped, and lived happily with his family till he died, at the age of seventy-three, in December, 1728.

We have already said that his journal is both interesting

* 'St. Kilda,' by George Seton. 1878.

† Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham, vol. i. p. 105.

‡ Martin's 'Late Visit to St. Kilda' (1698), p. 88.

and amusing; and that, notwithstanding its topographical inaccuracies and chronological errors, we believe it to be both honest and truthful, and in the main trustworthy. As a study of language, too, it has a peculiar charm. There is, perhaps, no conceivable blunder in grammar or orthography which the old corsair does not commit—a fault, if it is one, for which he humbly begs pardon :—'Veu que je 'n'ay eu aucunnes études que celles pour ma profession de 'naviguer. . . . Ainssy ayez la bonté de pardonner mes 'deffauts tant sur les mots mal apliquées et discours mal 'arangées ainssy qu'à l'ortografe lesquels je vous suplie de 'coriger.' M. Bréard has thought it better not to comply with this request, and we think he has acted wisely. The grammatical confusion is frequently so great that to correct it would involve rewriting the sentence, and would take from the quaint narrative much of its singular charm; whilst to correct the spelling alone would be but to render the incongruities of grammar more marked and ridiculous. As to the writer's character, the journal, being such as we have described it, speaks for itself, and M. Bréard has very fairly summed it up :—'Doublet was intrepid, intelligent, 'and eager for dangerous enterprises; prompt in decision, 'fertile in resource, and skilful in execution; zealous in his 'duty, careful to maintain exact discipline, severe without 'being rigid; of a courage bordering on rashness, full of 'good sense and integrity.' If we add to this that he appears to have had a pleasant sense of humour, and a large fund of vanity not unmixed with self-conceit, the picture cannot be considered overcharged, nor the estimate exaggerated.

ART. V.—*The Life and Letters of the late Charles Darwin, F.R.S.* With an Autobiographical Chapter. By his Son, FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S. Three vols. 8vo. London: 1887.

IT is with much satisfaction we welcome the appearance of the three goodly volumes in which Mr. Francis Darwin has done his best to set fully before the public what manner of man his world-renowned father really was. We feel satisfaction at the way the editor has accomplished his labour of love; at the simple, kindly, enthusiastic, and eminently loveable character portrayed in these pages; and at obtaining at last, and once for all, authentic and indis-

putable evidence with respect to various moot points in a personality which has exercised so wide an influence in Europe and America, and marked an epoch in the pursuit of natural history. There is no human characteristic which more surely attracts the sympathies of all rightly constituted minds than family affection, and for this virtue both Mr. Charles Darwin and his relatives were conspicuous. The affection and esteem he entertained for his father have been rewarded by the warmest attachment on the part of his own children—an attachment merited not only by the attractiveness of his nature, but also by repeated acts of notable kindness and generosity. The affection of his son, the editor of the book we are about to consider, is unmistakeably displayed in its pages, to which it adds a peculiar charm. We have spoken of Mr. Francis Darwin's work as a 'labour of love,' and a most laborious task it must indeed have been. The work of reading through the enormous mass of letters sent to the editor by his father's many friends, and of selecting from amongst them such as he deemed it desirable to publish, must alone have been an undertaking which required great assiduity and perseverance. It is one which could not have been carried through (as it has been) successfully, save under the impulse of some powerful motive, such as the filial piety which is so pleasingly evident throughout the work.

The 'life,' nevertheless, will be to many readers a disappointing one, from the paucity of incidents described in it; it is a record of extreme monotony. This drawback was, however, inevitable, partly on account of the persistently bad health which afflicted our illustrious naturalist, from his return home after the 'Beagle' voyage to the end of his life, and partly on account of the devotion of almost the whole of his energies to one idea—the promulgation, illustration, diffusion, and support of his theory of 'the origin 'of species by means of natural selection.' Moreover, there is a good deal of apparent repetition in the work, owing to its not being arranged in chronological order, but in a series of separate subjects. Thus, after an account of the Darwin family and a short autobiography, we have an interesting chapter of 'reminiscences' by the editor. Next comes a series of chapters containing letters illustrating his life from 1828 to 1854, interrupted by a separate chapter concerning his religious views. The second volume is devoted to an account of the elaboration, publication, and first results of his book on the 'Origin of

'Species,' embracing a period extending from 1837 to 1862. It contains a chapter written by Professor Huxley on the 'reception' of that work. The third volume begins by describing Mr. Darwin's succeeding publications, including his 'Descent of Man,' from 1863 to 1882, apart from his botanical works. It then reverts to matters botanical, beginning with the year 1839, and describing the successive publication of his books on orchids, climbing and insectivorous plants, and upon plant movement. A brief chapter of less than five pages concludes the work, with a short account of the illness and death which gently terminated a life as replete with scientific activity as its many sufferings rendered possible even to one so exclusively devoted to the cause of biological science as was Charles Darwin. There are four appendices, respectively giving an account of his funeral, a list of his works, an account of his portraits, and a catalogue of his many scientific honours and degrees. Not least creditable to the editor is a copious and carefully prepared index. The work is illustrated by three portraits of Charles Darwin, a facsimile of his handwriting, and woodcuts of the exterior of his house at Down, and the interior of his study.

The earliest records of Mr. Darwin's family show them to have been substantial yeomen of North Lincolnshire, the first known ancestor, William Darwin, having lived about the year 1500 at Marton, near Gainsborough. His great-grandson, Richard Darwyn, inherited land at Marton, and by his will, dated 1584, 'bequeathed the sum of 3*s.* 4*d.* 'towards the settynge up of the Queene's Majestie's armes 'over the quearie [choir] doore in the parish church.' His son was appointed Yeoman of the Royal Armoury at Greenwich in 1613, by James I., with a salary of 33*l.* a year, and his son served as a 'captain-lieutenant' in Charles I.'s army, and during the Commonwealth became a barrister at Lincoln's Inn, and married the daughter of Erasmus Earle, serjeant-at-law, whence came the name of his great-grandson, Erasmus Darwin, who promulgated his own views about the origin of species, and was the grandfather of the hero of these volumes. Charles Darwin's father, Robert Waring Darwin, was born in 1766, and lived till 1848. He early settled at Shrewsbury as a medical man, and got into good practice with extraordinary rapidity. He took great pleasure in his garden, but it is interesting to be told by his grandson, the editor, that 'it is incorrect to describe Dr. 'Darwin as having a philosophical mind; his was a mind 'especially given to detail, and not to generalising.' It is

also interesting and very pleasing to read that 'Charles 'Darwin had the strongest feeling of love and respect for 'his father's memory. His recollection of everything that 'was connected with him was peculiarly distinct, and he 'spoke of him frequently, generally prefacing an anecdote 'with some such phrase as "My father, who was the wisest '"man I ever knew," &c.' His reverence for him was great. Mrs. Litchfield (a daughter of Charles Darwin) has described him as saying, with the most tender respect, 'I 'think my father was a little unjust to me when I was 'young, but afterwards I am thankful to think I became 'a prime favourite with him,' his words being accompanied by an 'expression of happy reverie, as if he were reviewing 'the whole relation, and the remembrance left a deep sense 'of peace and gratitude.'

The second son of Dr. Darwin, the subject of the memoir we are reviewing, was born on February 12, 1809. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when eight years old, the same year in which he began to go to a day school at Shrewsbury. Already, he tells us in his Autobiography, 'my taste 'for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was 'well developed; I tried to make out the names of plants, 'and collected all sorts of things—shells, seals, franks, coins, 'and minerals. . . . The passion for collecting was very 'strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters 'or brothers ever had this taste.' In the summer of 1818 he was sent as a boarder to Dr. Butler's school at Shrewsbury, and remained there till he was sixteen. 'Early 'in my schooldays,' he says, 'a boy had a copy of the '"Wonders of the World," which I often read, and dis'puted with other boys about the veracity of some of the 'statements; and I believe this book first gave me a wish 'to travel in remote countries.' He afterwards acquired a great passion for shooting and angling. He continued collecting minerals, and he must have observed insects with much care, as he was greatly struck, when in Wales, on seeing some which are not found in Shropshire. 'I almost 'made up my mind,' he continues, 'to begin collecting all 'the insects which I could find dead, for on consulting my 'sister I concluded that it was not right to kill insects for 'the sake of making a collection. From reading White's '"Selborne," I took much pleasure in watching the habits 'of birds, and even made notes on the subject.'

His school he regarded as quite useless to his education. He had no facility for verse-making, to which especial at-

tention was paid, but he got by heart the lessons of the previous day with great facility, learning forty or fifty lines of Virgil or Homer whilst he was in morning chapel. The sole pleasure he derived from his studies was from some of the odes of Horace, which he greatly admired. He also read the then recently published poems of Byron and Scott, as well as Thomson's 'Seasons' and the historical plays of Shakespeare. He intensely enjoyed Euclid, which he was taught by a private tutor, and also chemistry, his devotion to chemical experiments procuring him the school nickname of 'Gas,' and a rebuke from the headmaster for wasting his time on 'such useless subjects.'

In 1825 he was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, and soon after, he tells us—

'I became convinced from various small circumstances that my father would leave me property enough to subsist on with some comfort, though I never imagined I should be so rich a man as I am; but my belief was enough to check any strenuous efforts to learn medicine. . . . Dr. —— made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. It has proved one of the greatest evils in my life that I was not urged to practise dissection, for I should soon have got over my disgust, and the practice would have been invaluable for all my future work. . . . I also attended regularly the clinical wards in the hospital. Some of the cases distressed me a great deal, and I still have vivid pictures before me of some of them; but I was not so foolish as to allow this circumstance to lessen my attendance. . . . I began attending some of the poor people. . . . At one time I had at least a dozen patients, and I felt a keen interest in the work. My father, who was by far the best judge of character whom I ever knew, declared that I should make a successful physician—meaning by this one who would get many patients. He maintained that the chief element of success was exciting confidence; but what he saw in me which convinced him that I should create confidence I do not know. I also attended on two occasions the operating theatre in the hospital at Edinburgh, and saw two very bad operations, one on a child, but I rushed away before they were completed. Nor did I ever attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so, this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year.'

At Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of Dr. Grant, several years his senior, who afterwards slumbered so many years in the chair of zoology at University College, London. Darwin speaks of him as having a dry and formal manner, but with much enthusiasm beneath the surface; he adds that

'one day, when we were walking together, he burst forth in high admiration of Lamarck and his views on evolution. I listened in silent

astonishment, and, as far as I can judge, without any effect on my mind. . . . Nevertheless it is probable that the hearing rather early in life such views maintained and praised, may have favoured my upholding them under a different form in my "Origin of Species."'

There was then, at Edinburgh, a society of students, termed the Plinian Society, for reading and discussing matters of natural history. There, in 1826, Charles Darwin read his first paper, wherein he showed that the so-called 'eggs' of the sea-mat (*Flustra*) had a power of movement and were larvæ.

After having spent two years at Edinburgh, his family, perceiving he did not like the thought of becoming a physician, proposed that he should enter the Church. Thereupon, he informs us,

'I asked for some time to consider, as from what little I had heard or thought on the subject I had scruples about declaring my belief in all the dogmas of the Church of England; though otherwise I liked the thought of being a country clergyman. Accordingly I read with care Pearson on the Creed, and a few other books on divinity; and as I did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible, I soon persuaded myself that our Creed must be fully accepted.' (P. 45.)

He accordingly went to Cambridge and took his degree, as to which he remarks:—

'In order to pass the B.A. examination it was necessary to get up Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness, but not, of course, in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book, and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as did Euclid.'

During his first two terms at Cambridge he lived at a lodging in Sidney Street, but for the rest of the time he had rooms on the south side of the first court of Christ's College. Mr. Francis Darwin tells us, what we can well believe, that his father found no difficulty in living at peace with all men in and out of office. Amongst those in office were to be found examples of the easygoing ways of half a century ago. At evening chapel 'the Dean used to read alternate 'verses of the Psalms, without making even a pretence of 'waiting for the congregation to take their share; and when 'the lesson was a lengthy one, he would rise and go on with 'the canticles after the scholars had read fifteen or twenty 'verses.' The chapel music was a source of pleasure to Charles Darwin, for he tells us that he used often so to time

his walks as to be able to hear, on week days, the anthem in King's College Chapel, and that he sometimes hired the chorister boys to sing in his rooms. But he followed at Cambridge no pursuit with so much pleasure and eagerness as collecting beetles.

'One day,' he tells us, 'on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue, so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.' (P. 50.)

When on a visit to London (February, 1829), in a letter to his relative, W. D. Fox, he says:—

'On Monday evening I drank tea with Stephens; his cabinet is more magnificent than the most zealous entomologist could dream of; he appears to be a very good-humoured pleasant little man. Whilst in town I went to the Royal Institution, Linnean Society, and Zoological Gardens, and many other places where naturalists are gregarious. If you had been with me, I think London would be a very delightful place; as things were, it was much pleasanter than I could have supposed such a dreary wilderness of houses to be.'

He was a member of a Cambridge club for dining together once a week, called the Gourmet Club, the other members of which were: a great friend of his, Mr. J. M. Herbert, late County Court Judge for South Wales; Whitely, of St. John's, now Honorary Canon of Durham; Heaviside, of Sidney, now Canon of Norwich; Lovett Cameron, of Trinity, now Vicar of Shoreham; Blane, of Trinity, who held a high post during the Crimean war; Lowe (brother of Lord Sherbrooke), of Trinity Hall; and Watkins, of Emmanuel, now Archdeacon of York.

Amongst those at Cambridge who exercised an important influence over his future career were Professors Sedgwick and Henslow. The former introduced him to the practical study of geology, making an excursion with him from Shrewsbury into Wales to Capel Curig. Professor Henslow, a man so much beloved by almost all who knew him, soon gained from Darwin feelings of esteem and regard, which endured throughout his life. He tells us in his Autobiography that Professor Henslow's 'knowledge was great 'in botany, entomology, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology.' Yet 'he was free from every tinge of vanity or other petty 'feeling.' Indeed 'his moral qualities were in every way 'admirable, and though his temper was imperturbably good, 'with the most willing and courteous manner, yet he could

'be roused by any bad action to the warmest indignation 'and prompt action.' During his last year at Cambridge Darwin read with care and profound interest Humboldt's 'Personal Narrative,' and also Sir J. Herschel's 'Introduc-'tion to the Study of Natural Philosophy.' And he tells us that 'no one or a dozen other books influenced me nearly so 'much as these two.'

In the year 1829 doubts arose in his mind as to the possibility of his taking orders. On this subject his friend Mr. Herbert is quoted as saying:—

'We had an earnest conversation about going into holy orders; and I remember his asking me, with reference to the question put by the Bishop in the Ordination Service, "Do you trust that you are "inwardly moved by the Holy Spirit, &c.," whether I could answer in the affirmative, and on my saying I could not, he said, "Neither can I, "and therefore I cannot take orders."' (P. 171.)

In a few years this intention was definitely abandoned.

We have before spoken of his liking for music. Towards the end of 1829 he writes:—

'The music meeting at Birmingham was the most glorious thing I ever experienced; and as for Malibran, words cannot praise her enough. She is quite the most charming person I ever saw. We had extracts out of several of the best operas, acted in character. De Begnis acted "Il Fanatico" in character, and kept the whole theatre in roars of laughter. I liked Madame Blasis very much, but nothing will do after Malibran, and a person's heart must have been stone not to have lost it to her.'

As to Mr. Darwin's degree, he stood tenth of the poll in the list of January, 1831. On the 24th of August of the same year he received, on his return from a geological tour in North Wales, a letter from Professor Henslow informing him of the opportunity which then offered for his becoming naturalist to H.M.S. 'Beagle,' under Captain Fitzroy, then about to start on her memorable voyage of exploration and discovery. Upon the offer being formally made to him he was most eager to accept it, but nevertheless at first declined to do so, in deference to the opinions of his father, acquiescing with ready obedience in a parental wish so contrary to his own inclinations. In writing to Professor Henslow on the subject he says:—

'As far as my own mind is concerned, I should, I think *certainly*, most gladly have accepted the opportunity which you so kindly have offered me. But my father, although he does not decidedly refuse me, gives me such strong advice against going, that I should not be comfortable if I did not follow it.' (P. 195.)

By the aid of his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, his father's scruples were overcome, and he immediately began to prepare with zeal and alacrity for that voyage which was the turning point of his life, and by which the course of his future career was settled. His charming account of this expedition in his 'Journal of Researches' has become an English classic, and its wide diffusion dispenses us from giving any account of the voyage itself, though a few remarks must be made about matters which reflect light on Mr. Darwin's character.

The 'Beagle' left the English shores on the 27th of December, 1831, and returned to Falmouth on the 2nd of October, 1836. The vessel was small (but of 235 tons), and his quarters were exceedingly cramped. He suffered extremely from sea-sickness, yet such were his courage, enthusiasm, and amiability, that he accomplished an enormous amount of scientific work and gained the warm goodwill of his shipmates, including the captain, who began by being somewhat prejudiced against him. The present Admiral Sir James Sullivan, K.C.B., was second lieutenant during the voyage, and subsequently remained throughout Mr. Darwin's lifetime one of his best and truest friends.

Though not actually ill after the first three weeks of the voyage, he was, nevertheless, constantly distressed when the vessel pitched at all heavily; and, writing from the Cape of Good Hope in June 1836, he says: 'It is a lucky thing for 'me that the voyage is drawing to a close, for I positively 'suffer more from sea-sickness now than three years ago.' And Admiral Lort Stokes thus expresses himself about Darwin:—

'Perhaps no one can better testify to his early and most trying labours than myself. We worked together for several years at the same table in the poop cabin of the "Beagle." It was often a very lively end of the little craft, and distressingly so for my old friend, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness. After perhaps an hour's work he would say to me, "Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it;" a stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labours for a while, when he had again to lie down.'

The 'Beagle' letters give ample proof of his strong love for home and all connected with it, from his father down to Nancy, his old nurse, to whom he sometimes sends his love. His delight in home letters is shown in such passages as— 'But if you knew the glowing, unspeakable delight, which I 'felt at being certain that my father and all of you were 'well, only four months ago, you would not grudge the

'labour lost in keeping up the regular series of letters.' His longing to return is expressed in such words as:—

'It is too delightful to think that I shall see the leaves fall and hear the robin sing next autumn at Shrewsbury. My feelings are those of a schoolboy to the smallest point; I doubt whether ever boy longed for his holidays as much as I do to see you all again. I am at present, although nearly half the world is between me and home, beginning to arrange what I shall do, where I shall go during the first week.'

The effect of this voyage upon his mind was doubtless greatly to stimulate and develope his power of observation, and necessarily to more or less starve, in proportion, his other powers and inclinations. This is, more or less, his own estimate, for he tells us: 'Looking backwards I can 'now perceive how my love of science gradually prepon-'derated over every other taste.'

One very interesting feature in his letters is the surprise and delight with which he heard of his collections and observations being of some utility. It seems only gradually to have occurred to him that he would ever be more than a collector of specimens and facts, of which the great men were to make use. Even as to the value of his very collections he appears to have had misgivings, for in 1834 he wrote to Professor Henslow: 'I really begin to think that my collections were 'so poor that you were puzzled what to say; the case is now 'quite on the opposite tack, for you are guilty of exciting 'all my vain feelings to a most comfortable pitch; if hard 'work will atone for these thoughts, I vow it shall not be 'spared.'

On his return home one of his very first letters was addressed to Captain Fitzroy, in language expressing hearty feelings of regard, which was no evanescent sentiment produced by temporary excitement. Ten years later another letter shows both his affectionate remembrance of his old captain, and also the regard with which he had early inspired the latter. He says: 'Farewell, dear Fitzroy; I often think 'of your many acts of kindness to me, and not seldomest on 'the time, no doubt quite forgotten by you, when, before 'making Madeira, you came and arranged my hammock 'with your own hands, and which, as I afterwards heard, 'brought tears into my father's eyes.'

After Darwin's return home his great concern was the publication of the scientific results of his labours, which was not completed till the year 1846, when the third part of the 'Geology of the Beagle' appeared. A description of the mammalia of his collection by the late Mr. G. H. Water-

house, with a notice by Mr. Darwin of the habits and distribution of the species, appeared as early as 1839.

In the beginning of that year he married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, daughter of Joseph Wedgwood, of Maer, and granddaughter of the founder of the Etruria works. At first they took lodgings at 12 Upper Gower Street. He was then strong enough to go into general society, and he saw a good deal of various more or less distinguished men, such as Robert Brown, Buckle, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Humboldt, about all of whom he says a few words in his Autobiography. He saw more of Sir Charles Lyell, however, than of any other man. both before and after his marriage. It was in the year 1839 that he made the acquaintance of his great friend Sir Joseph Hooker, who did more than anyone else, except perhaps Professor Huxley, to encourage him and propagate his views. Hooker was then on the eve of accompanying Sir James Ross on his Antarctic expedition, and he thus records his impressions at that time:—

'My first meeting with Mr. Darwin was in Trafalgar Square. I was walking with an officer who had been his shipmate for a short time in the "Beagle" seven years before, but had not, I believe, since met him. I was introduced: the interview was of course brief, and the memory of him that I carried away, and still retain, was that of a rather tall and rather broad-shouldered man, with a slight stoop, an agreeable and animated expression when talking, beetle brows, and a hollow but mellow voice; and that his greeting of his old acquaintance was sailor-like—that is, delightfully frank and cordial.' (Vol. ii. p. 19.)

Mr. Darwin's health soon began to decline, and forced him into greater retirement. As early as October 1839, he writes to say that he and his wife 'have given up all parties, 'for they agree with neither of us.' His first child was born at the end of that year, and he at once began to make observations upon it which were afterwards embodied in his work on the 'Expression of the Emotions.' The parental fervour of his amiable nature is amazing. A few months later, writing to Mr. Fox, he says of his infant: 'He is so 'charming that I cannot pretend to any modesty. I defy 'anybody to flatter us on our baby, for I defy anyone to 'say anything in its praise of which we are not fully con-'scious.'

During three and a half years he worked intermittently at 'Coral Reefs,' being constantly interrupted by ill health. As to this publication, he tells us:—

'No other work of mine was begun in so deductive a spirit as this, for the whole theory was thought out on the West Coast of South

America, before I had seen a true coral reef. I had, therefore, only to verify and extend my views by a careful examination of living reefs. But it should be observed that I had, during the two previous years, been incessantly attending to the effects on the shores of South America of the intermittent elevation of the land, together with denudation and the deposit of sediment. This necessarily led me to reflect much on the effects of subsidence, and it was easy to replace in imagination the continued deposition of sediment by the upward growth of corals. To do this was to form my theory of the formation of barrier reefs and atolls.' (Vol. i. p. 70.)

In September, 1842, he left London with his family and settled at Down, where for the rest of his life he resided. The house was a quarter of a mile from the village, standing close to the road, but with eighteen acres of land annexed to it. The village is a secluded one, in an angle between two of the larger high roads, one leading to Tunbridge and the other to Westerham and Edenbridge. It stands between 500 and 600 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by quiet rural scenery of straggling woods capping chalky eminences. Darwin's choice of it was rather the result of despair than of actual preference—despair produced by the weariness of house-hunting. One charm was its quietness, and it would have been difficult to find a more retired spot so near London. In 1842 a coach drive of some twenty miles was the only means of access to Down, and no railway has even yet approached it closely. On settling there Darwin hoped by going up to town for a night every two or three weeks to keep up his communication with scientific men. But these visits cost him so much exertion that they were gradually discontinued, and in his later years all regular scientific intercourse with London became an impossibility.

In this retreat the rest of his life was almost continually passed and all his work was done. He was absent from home on an average but for five weeks in each year for even the first twelve years—from 1842 to 1854. For a knowledge of his appearance, habits, and manners of everyday life during all his later years, we are indebted to the valuable chapter of reminiscences written by his son. He was about six feet high. His face was ruddy, his eyes bluish grey under deep overhanging brows, with thick bushy projecting eyebrows. He wore a full beard and squarely cut moustache, and in later life was bald. When excited with pleasant talk his whole manner was wonderfully bright and animated, and his face shared to the full in the general animation. His

laugh was a free and sounding peal, like that of a man who gives himself sympathetically and with enjoyment to the person and the thing which have amused him. He often used some sort of gesture with his laugh, lifting up his hands, or bringing one down with force. He walked with a swinging action, but indoors his step was often slow and laboured. He wore dark clothes of a loose and easy fit; a short cloak commonly out of doors, and often a shawl over his shoulders indoors; and he suffered both from chilliness and heat. He rose early and took a short turn out before his breakfast at 7.45. He then worked till 9.30, when he came into the drawing-room for his letters, and heard them and some part of a novel read aloud as he lay on the sofa. At 10.30 he returned to his work till twelve or a quarter past, when his day's work was mainly over. He then went out of doors, whether wet or fine, first calling at his greenhouse to see to his experiments, and afterwards taking either a walk or a ride on a quiet cob, till after an accident the latter exercise was discontinued. He lunched on returning home, and was very fond of sweets. He drank very little wine, but enjoyed and was revived by the little he did drink. After his lunch he read the papers, lying on the sofa in the drawing room—almost the only non-scientific matter which he read to himself. All else he had read aloud to him. His paper finished, he proceeded to write his letters, sitting in a huge horsehair chair by the fire, his paper supported on a board resting on the arms of the chair. He also dictated part of his correspondence from rough copies of his own writing. When his letters were finished, about three in the afternoon, he rested in his bedroom for a time, lying on a sofa, smoking a cigarette, and listening to a novel or other book not scientific. He was very fond of snuff. At four o'clock he came downstairs for another short walk. From 4.30 till 5.30 he worked again, and then came to the drawing room for relaxation till about six, when he again went upstairs for another rest, with novel-reading and a cigarette. At half-past seven came dinner, though in his later years Mr. Darwin only took tea with an egg or a small piece of meat during the family meal. When it was finished he never stayed in the room, and used to apologise by saying he was an old woman, who must be allowed to leave with the ladies. After dinner he played two games of backgammon with his wife with much animation, and then read some scientific book to himself. He would finally lie on the sofa and listen to music till about ten, going to bed at half-past.

His nights were generally bad, and he often lay awake or sat up in bed for hours, suffering much discomfort.

In money and business matters he was remarkably careful. He kept accounts with exactitude, and balanced them at the end of the year as a merchant might do. He had a curious fancy economy in paper, keeping the blank sheets of letters received and writing on the backs of his old manuscripts. He was wonderfully liberal and generous to all his children in the matter of money, and this generosity was the more admirable because of his carefulness as to business matters generally. In his later years he adopted the generous and most kind plan of dividing his surplus income at each year's end amongst his children. He had great respect for business capacity in other men, was humorously proud of the money he had saved, and felt satisfaction in what his books brought him. He was extremely fond of novels, and took a vivid interest in both plot and characters, never being willing to know beforehand how a story finished. He did not enjoy any story with a tragical end, and for this reason did not keenly relish George Eliot's novels, with the exception of 'Silas Marner,' which he often warmly praised. The novels of Walter Scott, Miss Austen, and Mrs. Gaskell were read and read again.

It was a sure sign that he was not well when he was idle at any times other than his regular resting hours, for as long as he remained moderately well there was no break in the regularity of his life. As head of a household he was much beloved and respected; he always spoke to servants with politeness, and was hardly ever angry with them. The presence of visitors excited him, and made him appear to the best advantage. He had much dread of repeating his stories, and was always careful to endeavour not to do so. His relations with the people of his village were very pleasant; he always treated them with courtesy, and took interest in what concerned their welfare. Mr. Brodie Jones, the vicar of Down, thus gives his testimony with respect to Mr. Darwin:—

'On my becoming vicar of Down, in 1846, we became friends, and so continued till his death. His conduct towards me and my family was one of unvarying kindness, and we repaid it by warm affection. In all parish matters he was an active assistant; in matters connected with the schools, charities, and other business, his liberal contribution was ever ready, and in the differences which at times occurred in that, as in other parishes, I was always sure of his support. He held that

when there was no really important objection, his assistance should be given to the clergyman, who ought to know the circumstances best, and was chiefly responsible.' (Vol. i. p. 143.)

He was very economical of his time, as was shown in the way he tried to curtail his holidays. He would often say that saving the minutes was the way to get work done, and he would often persevere to the very limit of his strength, sometimes suddenly stopping in the midst of a dictation with the words, 'I believe I mustn't do any more.' A bad workman notoriously complains of his tools. Darwin, not only uncomplainingly but by preference, used tools so simple and rude that many good workers would call them bad. His natural tendency was to employ simple methods and few instruments.

Such was his everyday life. Thus in the sweetest harmony of family relations, with 'troops of friends' and general esteem, the years glided gently and peacefully on, save for occasional disquietude from controversy and anxiety as to the acceptance and diffusion of his views. Working ever on and ever loving work, he produced a succession of publications which here can be but briefly glanced at, though they must by no means be passed over in silence, as otherwise the reader would be furnished with a very inadequate conception of Charles Darwin's life.

After concluding his labours connected with his explorations in the 'Beagle,' he began, in October 1846, to work at 'Cirripeds' (barnacles), the final publication taking place in 1854. His next work was that which has procured him his worldwide celebrity—his book 'On the Origin of Species 'by Natural Selection,' which appeared in November 1859. It was the product of more than twenty-two years' thought and labour, for the extracts from his notebook of 1837 give distinct expression to evolutionary views. The essential idea of his special form of the theory of evolution was suggested to him in October 1838, when he happened to read for his amusement Malthus's work on 'Popu-'lation.' He had been already well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which takes place between organisms, by long-continued observations on the habits of plants and animals, and it at once struck him that favourable variations would thus tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones be destroyed, and so far species would be formed. Nevertheless, he was so anxious to avoid undue haste that it was not till June 1842 that he allowed himself the satisfaction of writing an abstract of his theory.

Thenceforward he carried on an active correspondence with naturalists, especially Hooker and Lyell, and continually developed and perfected his theory and the arguments by which he supported it. Early in 1856, Lyell advised him to write out his views pretty fully, which he at once proceeded to do in great detail, with the intention of ultimately publishing a very voluminous work on the subject. But his plans were overthrown by the reception, early in the summer of 1858, of an essay 'On the Tendency of Varieties to 'depart indefinitely from the Original Type,' by Mr. Alfred Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago—an essay which contained exactly the same theory as that which Darwin had excogitated. The result was, as everybody interested in the subject knows, that a joint paper was read before the Linnean Society by Messrs. C. Darwin and A. Wallace entitled 'On the Tendency of Species to form 'Varieties; and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species 'by Natural Means of Selection.' In January 1859, Darwin wrote to Sir J. Hooker:—

'I inclose letters to you and one for Wallace. I admire extremely the spirit in which they are written. I never felt very sure what he would say. He must be an amiable man. Please return that to me, and Lyell ought to be told how well satisfied he is. These letters have vividly brought before me how much I owe to your and Lyell's most kind and generous conduct in all this affair.'

The wonderful success of the 'Origin of Species' almost as soon as it appeared is a matter of notoriety which needs but to be briefly referred to here. The first small edition of 1,250 copies was sold on the day of publication, and a second edition of 3,000 copies soon afterwards, and it has been translated into almost every European language, including Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, and Russian. In January, 1860, he began to arrange his notes for his 'Variation of Animals 'and Plants under Domestication,' which was not, however, published till 1868. In 1862 appeared his charming work 'On the various Contrivances by which Orchids are fer-'tilised by Insects.' The work which completed the statement of his views, before given in the 'Origin,' and which was entitled 'The Descent of Man, and Selection in relation 'to Sex,' appeared in 1871; his book on 'The Expression of 'the Emotions in Man and Animals' in 1872. The 'Move-'ments and Habits of Climbing Plants' appeared in a separate form in 1875, and was followed in 1876 by his work on the effects of 'Cross and Self-Fertilisation in the Vegetable 'Kingdom,' and in 1877 by that on 'The different Forms

'of Flowers in Plants of the same Species.' Mr. Francis Darwin assisted his father in his work on the 'Power of 'Movement in Plants,' which was published in 1880, while in the following year came out Charles Darwin's last work, but by no means his least important or interesting one, which has for its title 'The Formation of Vegetable Mould 'through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their 'Habits.'

During most of these years, more or less constant ill health interrupted his labours. But within the last ten there was a considerable improvement, and he was able to work more steadily. Every now and then, however, he suffered pain or uneasiness in the region of the heart. Yet he had no serious or permanent trouble of the kind until shortly before his death, although there was naturally some loss of physical vigour after he had attained the age of sixty. He then wrote to his old friend Sir James Sullivan, saying: 'My scientific work tires me more than it used to 'do, but I have nothing else to do, and whether one is worn 'out a year or two sooner or later signifies but little.' Two years afterwards he wrote to Sir Joseph Hooker: 'I am 'rather despondent about myself. . . . I have not the heart 'or strength to begin any investigation lasting years, which 'is the only thing which I enjoy, and I have no little job 'which I can do.' He also wrote to Mr. Wallace: 'Every- 'thing tries me, even seeing scenery; . . . what I shall do 'with my few remaining years of life I can hardly tell. I 'have everything to make me happy and contented, but life 'has become very wearisome to me.' Yet he was able to do a good deal of experimental work during the autumn of 1881, but towards the end of that year he was clearly in need of rest. On December 13 he was seized with a sort of faintness, and during the last week of February and the beginning of March attacks of pain in the region of the heart, with irregularity of the pulse, became of daily occurrence. On March 7, when he was walking alone at a short distance from his house, he had another seizure, and this was the last time he was able to reach his favourite walk in his garden. Shortly afterwards his illness became obviously alarming; he suffered from distressing sensations of exhaustion and faintness, and seemed to recognise with deep depression the fact that his working days were over. He gradually recovered from this condition, and became more cheerful and hopeful, as the last letter of the very many given in these volumes shows. It is as follows:—

'Down, March 27, 1882.

'My dear Huxley,—Your most kind letter has been a real cordial to me. I have felt better to-day than for three weeks, and have felt as yet no pain. Your plan seems an excellent one, and I will probably act upon it, unless I get very much better. Dr. Clarke's kindness is unbounded to me, but he is too busy to come here. Once again accept my cordial thanks, my dear old friend. I wish to God there were more automata * in the world like you. Ever yours,

'CHARLES DARWIN.'

No especial change occurred till April 15, when he was seized with giddiness while sitting at dinner in the evening, and fainted in an attempt to reach the sofa. On the 17th he was again better, and, marvellous to relate, recorded the progress of an experiment in which his son Francis was engaged, in the temporary absence of the latter. During the night of the 18th, he had a severe attack and fainted, consciousness being restored with great difficulty. He seemed to recognise the approach of death, and said, 'I am 'not the least afraid to die.' All the next morning he suffered from terrible nausea and faintness, and hardly rallied before the end came, about four o'clock on Wednesday, April 19, 1882.

On the Friday following a letter signed by a number of members of Parliament, headed by Sir John Lubbock, and followed by Mr. Mundella, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Henry Holland, Lord Arthur Russell, and fourteen others, was addressed to the Dean of Westminster asking that he might be buried in the Abbey, and, in deference to a very general wish to that effect, the family, who had desired that the remains of their illustrious relative should rest at Down, gave up their first-formed plan, and a widespread desire of both friends and generous opponents was fulfilled. The funeral took place on April 26, and was attended by a crowd of personal friends and distinguished admirers, and by the representatives of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia—a probably unique manifestation of cosmopolitan esteem for a private student of science. The pall-bearers were Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Huxley, Mr. James Russell Lowell, Mr. A. R. Wallace, the Duke of Devonshire, Canon Farrar, Sir Joseph Hooker, Mr. William Spottiswoode, the Earl of Derby, and the Duke of Argyll; and his ashes repose within a few feet from those of Sir Isaac Newton.

A playful allusion to an hypothesis favoured by Professor Huxley.

Such appear to us to be the most interesting facts respecting the parentage, birth, life, and death of Charles Darwin; but an article on the subject in this Journal would be utterly incomplete without the expression of our own opinions respecting his work, and the nature of his influence at first and ultimately. This task has become a necessary one, owing to the new material this publication has brought to light, and we should be false to our convictions if we remained silent on the subject. Our object, however, is not only to express our deliberate judgement with respect to the Darwinian theory, but also to portray more fully and accurately the character of the man.

We have already directed special attention to those feelings of family affection which are so especially attractive, but in beginning this summary of our estimate of his character we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of adding one or two more references. Thus in writing to Hooker in 1865 he says: 'I do not think that anyone could love a father 'more than I did mine, and I do not believe three or four 'days ever pass without my still thinking of him.' A little earlier, during one of his illnesses, he writes: 'Unless I 'can work a little, I hope my life may be short, for to 'lie on a sofa all day and do nothing but give trouble to the 'best and kindest of wives and good dear children is dread- 'ful.' The warmth of his sentiments towards personal friends, as well as relatives, is displayed in another letter, in which he says: 'Talk of fame, honour, pleasure, wealth— 'all are dirt compared with affection.' What wonder if such sentiments called forth all the ardour of his chosen friends in return? His sympathy for suffering mankind is conspicuously displayed by his zeal against slavery, and it was this sentiment which mainly determined his political allegiance, and his aversion for what he called 'the cold- 'hearted Tories.'

His kindness to animals has also to be noted. Thus we read not only that the remembrance of what he believed to be the screams of a tortured slave haunted him for years, but that he went home one day pale and faint from having seen a horse ill used, and from the agitation of violently remonstrating with the driver. A visitor coming to Down told the cabman to go faster. 'Why,' said the man, 'if I had 'whipped the horse *this* much driving Mr. Darwin, he would 'have got out of the carriage and abused me well.' Though he quite agreed that vivisection was justifiable for real investigations in physiology, he nevertheless wrote: 'It is a

'subject which makes me sick with horror, so I will not say 'another word about it, else I shall not sleep to-night.'

His enthusiasm often breaks out in an amusing way. Referring to Crüger's letters from Trinidad he writes: 'Happy man! he has actually seen crowds of bees flying 'round Catasetum (an orchid), with pollinia sticking to their 'backs.' And his son speaks of his tendency to give himself up to the enthusiastic turn of his thought, without fear of being ludicrous. His candour was also remarkable, as was his love of truth. Writing to Agassiz he says: 'Pray 'forgive me for troubling you at such length, but . . . if I 'am wrong, the sooner I am knocked on the head and anni'hilated so much the better.'

But there is evidence nevertheless that his prejudices sometimes warped his judgement. Thus on first seeing a Fuegian savage he writes: 'Standing on a rock he uttered 'tones and made gesticulations than which the cries of 'domestic animals are far more intelligible.' But subsequently he learned, through the success of the South American Missionary Society, how mistaken had been his estimate of the intellectual nature of the Fuegians, and sent a cheque for 5*l.* as a testimony of his interest in their work. Again, he felt forced to conclude that the sundew (from its actions) *must* possess matter in some degree analogous to nervous tissue, and he naïvely admits: 'It always pleases me to 'exalt plants in the organic scale.' But his prejudices and prepossessions were mainly unconscious ones, and no one can dispute the essential modesty as well as candour of his nature.

Another point in his character worthy of note was his desire for the advancement of science apart from his own personal efforts. Shortly before his decease he expressed to Professor Judd his wish (his income having increased beyond his wants) to devote some hundreds of pounds to geology or biology, saying how much happiness and fame he owed to the natural history sciences, which had formed the solace of what might have been a painful existence. An index of genera and species of plants now being formed at Kew through the admirable zeal of Mr. B. Daydon Jackson, Botanical Secretary of the Linnean Society, will at once carry out Mr. Darwin's wish and form its fitting memorial. We cannot, perhaps, better terminate these references to his character than by quoting his own words with respect to it: 'As to myself, I believe that I have acted rightly in 'steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel

'no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have 'often and often regretted that I have not done more direct 'good to my fellow-creatures.' (Vol. iii. p. 359.)

'Integer vitæ scelerisque purus' might emphatically be the epitaph of this simple and kindly-minded naturalist. To know Darwin was to feel attracted by him; to know much of him was to love him; to cause him mortification, however conscientiously, was inevitably the occasion of painful regret to every opponent who was himself possessed of a generous or sympathetic nature. And he was easily pained and mortified, for he had both an extreme desire for the success and propagation of his views, and much love of approbation. We do not mean that he consciously and intentionally courted approbation for its own sake, but the feeling was intimately blended with a fervid desire for the propagation of his views like that which might be felt by the founder of a religious sect. He literally almost deifies those of his friends who were most powerful and influential in the dissemination of his pet hypothesis—so long, that is, as they agree with him—and thus his praise of them is, in fact, a sort of unconscious self-laudation. The greater part of the second and third volumes is taken up with letters which amply justify these remarks, though much of the correspondence is of an extremely trivial character. With his wonted candour he tells us himself in his Autobiography :—

'My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent. This pure love has, however, been much aided by the ambition to be esteemed by my fellow naturalists.'

In writing to Lyell some months after the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' he says concerning this work :—

'I never till to-day realised that it was getting widely distributed; for in a letter from a lady, to-day, to E. she says she heard a man inquiring for it at the *railway station* ! ! ! at Waterloo Bridge; and the bookseller said he had none till the new edition was out. The bookseller said he had not read it, but had heard it was a very remarkable book.'

In a letter to Professor Huxley he writes :—

'Your note contained magnificent news, and thank you heartily for sending it me. . . . If you write to Von Baer, for heaven's sake tell him that we should think one nod of approbation on our side of the greatest value; and if he does write anything, beg him to send us a copy, for I would try and get it translated and published in the "Athenæum," and in "Silliman," to touch up Agassiz. . . . R. Wagner

has sent me a German pamphlet. . . . He won't go very "dangerous lengths," but thinks the truth lies halfway between Agassiz and the "Origin." As he goes thus far he will, *nolens volens*, have to go further. He says he is going to review me in his yearly report. My good and kind agent for the propagation of the gospel—i.e. the devil's gospel.—Ever yours, C. DARWIN.' (Vol. ii. p. 330.)

Time did not diminish his zeal for the propagation of this gospel. In 1871 he writes to Mr. A. Wallace:—

'I send by this post a review by Chauncey Wright, as I shall want your opinion of it as soon as you can send it. I consider you an incomparably better critic than I am. The article, though not very clearly written and poor in parts from want of knowledge, seems to me admirable. . . . Therefore if you think the article somewhat good, I will write and get permission to publish it as a shilling pamphlet.' (Vol. iii. p. 144.)

It was so published and widely distributed by Mr. Darwin, whereupon he writes to Professor Huxley as follows:—

'Your letter has pleased me in many ways in a wonderful degree. . . . What a wonderful man you are to grapple with those old metaphysico-divinity books! It quite delights me that you are going, to some extent, to answer and attack Mivart. His book, as you say, has produced a great effect; yesterday I perceived the reverberations of it even in Italy. It was this that made me ask Chauncey Wright to publish at my expense his article, which seems to me clever, though ill written.' (P. 148.)

Darwin was, indeed, intensely sensitive to criticism. Thus, speaking of the article in the 'Quarterly Review' criticising his 'Descent of Man,' he says: 'I shall soon be 'viewed as the most despicable of men.' This sometimes led him to consider that only base and unworthy motives could influence those the force of whose hostile criticisms he really felt. Thus, as to Mr. Mivart, he observes (vol. iii. p. 145): 'I conclude with sorrow that though he means to be 'honourable, he is so bigoted that he cannot act fairly.' Articles which appeared in this Journal also called forth his resentment, and were attributed (most erroneously) to feelings of personal hostility. That on the 'Origin of Species' was written by a naturalist second to none in Europe in his day; yet of him Mr. Darwin writes: 'It is painful to be 'hated to the intense degree with which —— hates me.'

Mr. Darwin's style was an unfortunate one, and he shows to singular disadvantage in this respect beside the co-author of his theory, Mr. Wallace. Of this defect he was himself painfully conscious, and in these volumes he repeatedly gives expression to his feeling on the subject with as much modesty

as candour: He says: 'I have as much difficulty as ever in 'expressing myself clearly and concisely. . . . There seems 'to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at 'first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward 'form.' His style has certainly, however, the merit of great simplicity and a noteworthy absence of pretence. He disliked composition, and frequently says how much pleasanter observing is than writing.

Before saying what we have to say respecting the one work, *par excellence*, of Mr. Darwin's life, it is desirable to consider his philosophical powers and aptitude. As 'the 'style is the man,' we might be led to expect some shortcomings in that fundamental region of the intellect, the qualities of which ultimately determine the worth of every man's work who deals, directly or indirectly, with the deeper problems of nature. Mr. Francis Darwin's careful work does not allow us to remain in any doubt as to the quality of his father's mind with respect to philosophy. Indeed, Charles Darwin himself tells us: 'I read a good deal during 'these two years (1837 and 1838) on various subjects, 'including some metaphysical books; but I was not well 'fitted for such studies.' And again: 'My power to follow 'a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited; 'and therefore I could never have succeeded with meta-'physics or mathematics.' In writing to Mr. Graham at nearly the end of his life, he observes: 'I have had no 'practice in abstract reasoning.' Just after publishing his 'Origin of Species,' and when occupied in preparing his arguments that man is as the beasts which perish, he writes to Sir C. Lyell: 'I have thought (only vaguely) 'on man; . . . psychologically I have done scarcely any-'thing.' In writing to Huxley respecting some philosophical objections to his views about man, he says: 'Having 'only common observation and sense to trust to, I did not 'know what to say in my second edition of my "Descent."' To Mr. Virtue he observes: 'I find that my mind is so fixed 'by the inductive method that I cannot appreciate deduc-'tive reasoning.' He tells Mr. F. Galton: 'I have never 'tried looking into my own mind.' In the very year of his death he writes to Dr. Ogle: 'From quotations which I 'have seen, I had a high notion of Aristotle's merits, but I 'had not the most remote notion what a wonderful man he 'was.' It is here interesting to note that, as we have already seen, his father had not a philosophical mind, but one especially given to detail. A constitutional, inherited,

congenital inaptitude in Charles Darwin for the highest branch of science—or rather for the foundation of all science—was a bad preparation for constructing a permanently enduring and really philosophical theory of organic nature. But a natural bent of mind towards observation and experiment became intensified, as years went on, by his almost exclusive devotion to it. In his Autobiography he laments in a quite pathetic way the dying out of his earlier tastes for poetry and music, although his relish for books and essays bearing on *his own subject* remained as keen as ever. Writing to Hooker in 1868, he says: 'It is really a great evil 'that from habit I have pleasure in hardly anything except 'natural history.' And again, in another letter he speaks of being 'a withered leaf for everything except science.'

Such was Darwin—apart from his religious views, about which we must say a few words later on. He was an estimable, a loveable, but a very singular man. He dedicated himself to the study of nature with a devotion as rare as it was intense. His faculty of observation was unequalled; but that faculty seems to have absorbed almost every other. He was singularly devoid of knowledge on most other subjects, and, except natural history books (including travels) and novels, seems to have read nothing; and, what is very odd, he had never till late in life had the curiosity to read 'Aristotle on Animals,' and his 'Parts of Animals.' He had no power of general abstract reasoning, and no metaphysical faculty. His mind may thus be compared to a powerful magnifying glass, which makes things within its focus very large and clear, while it blurs altogether surrounding and more distant objects. He wrote English with difficulty, and knew little of any foreign language and nothing of any foreign literature, while even for English poetry he lost all taste. It is impossible not to call that a very incomplete intelligence. His character was extremely amiable, liberal, and candid, but somewhat warm in temper. Living a very retired and solitary life, from ill health, his opinions became necessarily onesided, while he grew passionately attached to those who shared them, and decidedly impatient of those who attacked him effectively.

His notoriety reposed upon the hypothesis he promulgated, and which he himself calls 'the chief work of his life'—the hypothesis of 'the origin of species by means of natural 'selection, or the preservation of favoured races in the 'struggle for life.' It would be a superfluous task at this time of day to describe at any length that theory, although

it is needful to point out in what its essence consists, both on account of a certain ambiguity and vacillation in the language of its promulgator, and also on account of a practice of playing fast and loose with terms which has prevailed amongst some of the most eager advocates of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis. The essence of his hypothesis is the origin of species by the fortuitous action of the destructive powers of nature on individuals which differ by minute, indefinite, haphazard variations in all directions. Chance is conceived of as the cause of the variations, and the selection of certain kinds is also represented as being due to the chance action of physical forces and of other organisms. By this expression we mean of course that he regarded their causes as not only unknown, but due to no definite, pre-ordained law. By him Unreason was practically enthroned as the one source from which have been derived all the beauties and harmonies that exist in organic nature. Thus, in writing to Sir C. Lyell in 1859, he says, with respect to any continued action of a Divine agency in nature: 'I cannot see 'this necessity; and its admission, I think, *would make the* '*theory of natural selection valueless.* Grant a simple arche-'typal creature, like the mud fish or Lepidosiren, with the 'five senses and some vestige of mind, and I believe *natural* '*selection will account for the production* of every vertebrate 'animal.' * No evidence could be more decisive than that of his especial champion,† Professor Huxley, who, in the chapter he has written on the reception of the work, bears emphatic witness that the action of natural selection as *the* cause is the essential part of it. He says: 'The suggestion 'that new species may result from the selective action of 'external conditions upon the variations from their specific 'type which individuals present . . . is the *central idea* 'of the origin of species, and contains *the quintessence of* '*Darwinism.*' Mr. Darwin himself frankly declared in another letter to Sir C. Lyell: 'I would give absolutely 'nothing for the theory of natural selection, if it requires 'miraculous additions at *any one stage of descent.*' But man, with all his intellectual powers and moral attributes, is in-

* The italics in this and the following quotations are ours.

† In a letter to Mr. Darwin in 1859 (quoted at p. 232) he says: 'You must recollect that some of your friends at any rate are endowed with an amount of combativeness which (though you have often and quietly rebuked it) may stand you in good stead. I am sharpening up my beak and claws in readiness.'

cluded by him in that descent; and thus here, as elsewhere, he tells us that we must swallow his whole system or leave it. That essential distinction between ourselves and mere animals, which is made evident to our senses by the fact that man everywhere uses an intellectual language of voice or gesture, of which all lower organisms are devoid, is overlooked by Mr. Darwin, while the descent of man from the brutes, or, as Mr. Mivart has forcibly expressed it, 'the 'essential *bestiality of man*,' is an essential and integral part of his system. The value of that part of his theory, then, is a fair test of the value of the whole. We may say to our readers what he himself says in the following page: 'I think you will be driven to reject all or admit all;' and again: 'To admit prophetic germs is tantamount to re-'jecting the theory of natural selection.' Moreover, the variations upon which natural selection has to act were conceived of by Mr. Darwin as being not only indefinite, but also minute; for, in objecting to the expression 'new 'births,' used by the Duke of Argyll, he says: 'That may 'be a very good theory, but it is not mine, unless he calls a 'bird born with *a beak* $\frac{1}{100}$ *of an inch longer than usual* a 'new birth; but this is not the sense in which the term 'would usually be understood. The more I work the more I 'feel convinced that it is by the accumulation *of such ex-'tremely slight variations* that new species arise.'

But a little reflection shows that the essence of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis *must* have been what we have stated it to be, even if we had not the express warrant of his own words asserting such to be the case. For if changes occur along definite pre-ordained lines, and not fortuitously and in all directions, then the action of natural selection becomes an altogether subordinate action, and it would be manifestly absurd to attribute to *it* the origin of new species. This Mr. Darwin clearly saw, and, in spite of much vacillation of language, he never expressly repudiated or disavowed the essential and central point of his whole position. As to the value of this theory, we will shortly say a very few words; but in order to better appreciate its author, and correctly estimate the real degree of his influence, we must note the direction many influential minds were taking at the moment his hypothesis appeared upon the scene.

In England a favourable reception was prepared for it not only by a general disposition to seek a natural explanation of the origin of new kinds of animals and plants, but also by the change of view with respect to geology intro-

duced by Sir Charles Lyell. That this disposition existed not only amongst a few scientific men, but also amongst the reading public, is shown by the fact that the 'Vestiges of 'Creation' went through ten editions in ten years. Lyell had for nearly thirty years been preparing the way for Darwin by propagating his principle of 'Uniformitarian-'ism' as regards geology. Indeed, though still using the word 'creation' as a term to denote some unknown natural process which he was not able to imagine, and though at first opposed to Darwinism, even he was strongly disposed to account for the origination of past and present species by natural causes.*

Germany is the country wherein Darwinism has on the whole had the greatest success, and which has reacted most powerfully in its favour on England. When the hypothesis of 'Natural Selection' was promulgated, the German mind was rapidly tending to a phase of thought, either avowedly materialistic or else, like our own agnosticism or phenomenism, a solid materialism with a deceptive varnish of idealism. The school of Hegel was discredited and rapidly disintegrating, while Schopenhauer and Feuerbach in philosophy, and a crowd of eminent specialists in physical science, had brought into vogue a desire for the collection and comparison, no longer of ideas, but of facts, and a newborn passion for a mechanical conception of the universe. The elimination of the idea of a Divine purpose and final causes in nature was then the great *desideratum*. But the evidences of design so well put by Paley (the force of whose reasonings, we have seen, strongly impressed Darwin) were so obtrusively evident to the student of nature as to present apparently insurmountable obstacles to the end desired. How welcome, then, to these German thinkers and their sympathisers amongst ourselves,

* He subsequently, as everybody knows, gave up his contention and accepted Mr. Darwin's views, as he had previously given up his theory of coral islands for that of Mr. Darwin. (See vol. i. p. 324.) It now seems that Mr. Darwin's theory of coral reefs was wrong, and we believe his theory of natural selection was wrong also. It would be curious if it should turn out that Sir Charles Lyell, after having accepted these two erroneous theories, should be shown to have been also wrong, even with respect to that great principle of 'Uniformitarianism' with which his name is indelibly associated. Certainly there is a tendency amongst modern geologists to regard these views of his as exaggerated, as we have already pointed out in our article on Mr. Prestwich's 'Geology.' (See the 'Edinburgh Review' for July 1886.)

was a theory which made it possible to hold that chance or an unintelligent necessity was sufficient to explain by 'Natural Selection' all those adjustments and correlations which had till then been held proof positive of purpose and design! The whole weight of physical science seemed thus to be thrown on the side of antitheism, and the *onus probandi* transferred to the opponents of the practical deification of Unreason.

No wonder that the hypothesis was hailed with a chorus of acclamation, and its author lauded to an extent absurdly exceeding what his own great merit, as a most intelligent and painstaking observer, justified. No wonder that he was reviled and execrated by those who had the cause of religion sincerely at heart. A great deal of frothy declamation is poured forth against men who have opposed scientific views, ultimately established, because they mistakenly supposed them to be detrimental to religion. As to this matter there are two very distinct classes of minds in the world. One set care greatly for physical truths, and are indifferent to, or hold in slight esteem, the primary truths of religion. The other class consists of men who may or may not be zealous for physics, but who in either case are far more certain of those philosophical truths which underlie religion than of any others, and are most anxious for their general recognition. Any new doctrine, though of great scientific utility, which has the appearance of eliminating Divine action from the world of phenomena, and which tends to blunt the perception of our direct dependence on God, must be unwelcome to the men who belong to the second category, but not to those of the other. Commendable zeal for truth often leads men to oppose a doctrine the evidence for which they do not apprehend, and which seems to contradict another doctrine the evidence for which they see to be extremely luminous. Religious-minded men most justly opposed Darwin, for we feel persuaded that his influence has been more hostile and fatal to Theism than the influence of any other writer for centuries past—perhaps since the foundation of Christianity itself—and his many excellent and attractive qualities made his influence all the more disastrous. Not that he was himself an anti-religious man, or that he desired or rejoiced at the spread of irreligion. His mind (like that of many another man who in his day has gained the esteem and love of his fellows) was simply non-religious as well as non-philosophical; and though, within narrow limits, so intelligent and so excellent

in his human sentiments and actions, he had no conception of intellect, morality, or religion as such. He attempted to ideally construct a world without them, and it was a world of insects and pigeons, apes and curious plants; but man, as he exists, had no place within it.

He was not, as at first, devoid of a certain interest in religious questions; but it was, as we have seen, an interest in the logic of such questions comparable to his interest in Euclid. What taste he might have had for such matters gradually atrophied, like those other tastes and interests the loss of which we have seen him so pathetically lament. But religion is not an affair of taste or mere curiosity. It is, above all, a *practical* matter, and dwindles and dies from disuse with fatal certainty. Though, as we have just said, there is evidence that Darwin at one time felt interest in religious questions, we have no evidence put before us that he was ever earnest or devout in the practice of that religion in which he still believed. In his published letters the name of God is continually repeated in a manner which is irreverent. At his home we read that 'as long as he remained 'moderately well, there was no break in the regularity of 'his life. Weekdays and Sundays passed by alike, each 'with their stated intervals of work and rest;' and, after his voyage in the 'Beagle,' he never seems to have once devoted himself with care and attention to the study of any fundamental question of religion. Though the problem of design in nature every now and then engaged his attention, he does not appear ever to have thought deeply or continuously on the subject, or to have sought light and aid from minds more versed in questions of philosophy and religion than was his own. This is the more remarkable because with his habitual candour and modesty he, as we have seen, freely avows his own defects in these respects. It seems, then, almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that such negligence must have been due to an absence of any real zeal and earnestness about such questions—questions compared with which that of the origin of species sinks into unutterable triviality.

In his Autobiography he says: 'I do not think that the 'religious sentiment was ever strongly developed in me.' He tells us that when in Brazil the aspects of its forests inspired him with feelings of 'wonder, admiration, and 'devotion,' but that 'now the grandest scenes would not 'cause any such convictions and feelings to fill my mind. It 'may truly be said that I am like a man who has become

'colour-blind, and the universal belief by men of the existence of redness makes my present loss of perception of 'not the least value as evidence.' This is, indeed, most true. Charles Darwin's opinions about religion can be of no more value than those of such a colour-blind man concerning a canvas of Titian, or than those of one whose whole mind has been exclusively devoted to commerce, concerning the sun's photosphere. In one of his letters (written in 1871) he affirms that he has 'never systematically thought much on 'religion in relation to science, or on morals in relation to 'society'—a strange confession for one whose responsibility is so heavy as to the effects of his writings concerning those very relations. It is a remarkable thing that the only letter which is deficient in kindness is one written in reply to a German youth who addressed him with anxiety on the subject of religion. We think we have seen this letter, certainly we have seen one which was very touching and pathetic, and which might well have elicited a kind reply from a man of much less amiability than Mr. Darwin generally showed himself to possess.

His inveterate prejudice as to the merely animal origin of man absolutely blinded him to all arguments against that groundless superstition, or in favour of Theism. As to the latter, he tells us the doubt arises within him, 'Can the 'mind of man, which has, as I believe, been developed from 'a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be 'trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?' So late as the year before his death, writing to Mr. Graham, he affirms:—

'You have expressed my inward conviction that the universe is not the result of chance. But then with me the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or are at all trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?'

In 1860 and 1861 he writes to Asa Gray as follows:—

'If anything is designed, certainly man must be; one's "inner consciousness" (though a false guide) tells one so, yet I cannot admit that man's rudimentary mammæ . . . were designed. If I was to say I believed this, I should believe it in the same incredible manner as the orthodox believe the Trinity in Unity. You say that you are in a haze; I am in thick mud. You believe "that variation has been led along certain beneficial lines." I cannot believe this. . . . Again, I say I am, and shall ever remain, in a hopeless muddle. . . . Your question what would convince me of design is a poser. If I saw an

angel come down to teach us good, and I was convinced from others seeing him that I was not mad, I should believe in design. If I could be convinced thoroughly that life and mind was in an unknown way a *function of imponderable force*, I should be convinced.'

Here we see how important, how all important, is a correct estimate of man's rational nature, and a true comprehension of what intellect and ethics really are. Much has been made of his expressions * concerning 'some one primordial 'form, into which life was first breathed;' but a letter to Professor Huxley, written on Christmas Day 1859, shows how little this oft-quoted expression was really worth. He tells us therein that by that expression he meant 'only that 'we know nothing as yet of how life originates.'

It is indeed difficult to distinguish his agnosticism from atheism. He not only repudiated Creation, but he abjured design, and, as we have said, his system enthrones Unreason as lord of the universe. For when design has been abjured, what remains, beyond mere chance (which Darwin sometimes declares himself unable to think of as the cause of the world), but a blind system of self-developement in nature? It is, we think, clear and indisputable that the Darwinian hypothesis was one essentially opposed to the assertion of a purpose or design in nature; although of course it, like every other theory, is impotent against the conception of a primordial design at the first origin of the universe. But it lent no aid to any such conception, but rather indisposed men's minds to an acceptance of that to which it was, by its nature, fundamentally hostile. It was, of course, capable of a theistic interpretation, just as the Thirty-nine Articles were shown by Tract XC. to be capable of being made to assert exactly that which they were constructed to oppose. But a theistic interpretation of natural selection was not given to it by its promulgator or by his aiders and abettors. The opposite interpretation, so liberally assigned to it in Germany, is that of which it is far more capable, a fact to which is in great measure due its speedy, and we believe ephemeral, triumph. The creed practically favoured by it is that which regards the world as blindly self-developed; God as the phantom of an ape-like mind; and loudly proclaims the essential bestiality of man. The highest moral and intellectual efforts of the noblest and purest of our race are, according to Darwinism, but the modified instincts and desires of brutes; conscience becomes an irrational feel-

* In the first edition of his 'Origin of Species,' p. 484.

ing, the futility of which is revealed by further knowledge which also shows morality to be a conscious or unconscious pursuit of self-interest and pleasure. Need we say that such a system is absolutely fatal to all religion? Instead of the almighty, allwise, and benevolent Creator, it sets forth as the origin of all the beautiful and harmonious life of nature, a cold and sightless spectre devoid alike of knowledge and of will. It offers to us, as its supreme revelation, a vision of the dread goddess Ἀνάγκη, who gives birth to and devours with the same calm and passionless alacrity all that is fairest and foulest, in one endless and aimless succession of activities which are eternally incomprehensible, not as being above reason but because unutterably and infinitely beneath it. The most powerful prop of this fatal, this utterly unreasonable creed, is the hypothesis of 'natural 'selection,' because most efficiently propagating amongst the crowd a popular basis for it—one adapted to the apprehension of the meanest capacity.

This hypothesis we from the first opposed on scientific as well as upon philosophic grounds. We have never faltered in our opposition, and we now declare in this, probably our last utterance on the subject, that our conviction of the falsehood of the doctrine which attributes the origin of species to natural selection is stronger than ever. It is clear from the second volume of the work we are reviewing, that Mr. Darwin relied immensely on the enthusiastic support of his personal friends, Lyell, Hooker, and Huxley, to make his theory acceptable to the world. Although the names of these eminent men had great weight, we saw no reason for investing them with infallibility, and we declined altogether to put faith in what seemed to us but an ingenious hypothesis opposed to true science, which is the record of what *is* and not of what *may be*. The hypothesis was in one respect most ingenious; being an hypothesis the truth of which it was almost impossible to disprove, since it assigned the present or past utility of any organ as the sufficient cause for its existence. It would obviously be almost impossible (assuming Darwin's theory, for argument sake, to be admittedly false) to demonstrate that any organ of any animal has never been of use to it or to any hypothetical ancestors it might be supposed, in support of that theory, to have had. The course which controversy has pursued since Darwin's 'Origin of Species' appeared, especially the controversy concerning man's moral and intellectual powers, has abundantly convinced us of the validity of the position we took up, and we see no reason to regret or with-

draw our earlier expressions of opposition to his hypothesis. We feel even the strength of our previous position to be much enhanced by the present publication. In it we find repeated indications of Darwin's appeal to our ignorance as if it were an argument in his favour; as if whatever merely '*might be*' was to be construed into '*probably, if not certainly was.*' Thus we read:—

'I maintain against all the world that *no man knows anything* about the transoceanic power of migration. You *do not know* whether or not the absent orders have seeds which are killed by sea water. Birds do not migrate from Australia to New Zealand, and therefore floatation *seems* the only possible means; but yet I maintain that *we do not know* enough to argue on the question, especially as *we do not know* the main fact whether the seeds of Australian orders were killed by sea water.' (Vol. ii. pp. 258, 259.)

Hypothesis is piled on hypothesis to bolster up one point of his theory the weakness of which is manifestly apparent. Thus in 1871 he asks F. Müller's permission to refer to him as supporting the idea that 'sexual selection *may have* come 'into play, *in aid of* protective imitation, in *a very peculiar* '*manner*, which will appear extremely improbable to those 'who do not fully believe in sexual selection. It is that 'the appreciation of certain colour is developed in those 'species which *frequently behold* other species thus orna-'mented.' Also he suggests that 'placental animals *might* 'be at each period less variable than marsupials, and *never-*'*theless have undergone more differentiation* and developement 'than marsupials, owing to *some* advantage, *probably* brain 'developement.' And although the marsupials, thus supposed for his purpose to change quicker, are lower animals than placentals, he nevertheless had said, in the third edition of his 'Origin,' that he believed that 'organisms considered '*high* in the scale change *quicker* than those that are low.' A contradiction he himself calls attention to, but does not thereby eliminate.

He also exhibits considerable hesitation and vacillation as to the direct effect of external conditions upon the production of definite predetermined variations, a mode of production the proof of which would be necessarily fatal to the hypothesis of the origin of species by natural selection. Thus in writing to Professor Huxley in 1859 we find him saying: 'If, as I *must* think, external conditions produce little *direct* 'effect, what the devil determines each peculiar variation?' In 1862 we find him writing to Hooker about the progress of his work on the variation of animals and plants to the

following effect: 'I hardly know why I am a little sorry, 'but my present work is leading me to believe rather more 'direct [*sic*] in the action of physical conditions. I presume 'I regret it, because it *lessens the glory of natural selection*, 'and is so confoundedly doubtful.' In 1876 he writes to Monte Wagner:—

'In my opinion the *greatest error* which I have committed has been not allowing sufficient weight to the *direct action of the environment*, i.e. food, climate, &c., independently of natural selection. . . . When I wrote my "Origin," and for some years afterwards, I could find little good evidence of the direct action of the environment; now there is a large body of evidence, and your case of Saturnia * is one of the most remarkable of which I have heard.'

There are here and there interesting instances of misgivings which seem to have passed through Darwin's mind every now and then. Thus after Professor Asa Gray had told him that his account of the formation of organs, especially of the eye, by natural selection, was unsatisfactory, Darwin replies: 'The eye to this day gives me a cold 'shudder; but when I think of the fine known gradations, 'my reason tells me I ought to conquer the cold shudder.' Elsewhere he says: 'The sight of a feather in a peacock's 'tail, whenever I gaze at it, makes me sick,' on account of the difficulty he felt in accounting for its origin.

How far his hypothesis has to be taken on faith he very plainly states in a letter to Mr. Bentham, written in 1863. Therein he says: 'In fact, the belief in natural selection 'must at present be grounded entirely on general considera-'tions. . . . When we descend to details we *cannot prove* '*that a single species has changed*, nor can we *prove* that the '*supposed* changes are beneficial, which is the *groundwork of* '*the theory* [!]. Nor can we explain why some species have 'changed and others have not.'

Writing about his auxiliary hypothesis of sexual selection, he says to Wallace:—

'I have been much impressed with what you urge against colours in

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* *Saturnia* is the name of a genus of moths, some species of which are found in Europe, and other very distinct kinds in America. A number of living specimens of the chrysalis of a Texan species were brought to Switzerland, and these produced moths perfectly true to their kind. Their offspring, however, differed so remarkably, not only in colour but also in form, from their parents, that they were reckoned by entomologists as a distinct species, and named *Saturnia Bolli*, from the name of Herr Boll, who brought them to Aargau from Texas.

the case of insects having been acquired through sexual selection. I always saw that the evidence was very weak. . . . Your argument that denudation on the part of mankind (our almost hairless body) and also to insects, that taste on the part of one sex would have to remain nearly the same during many generations, in order that sexual selection should produce any effect, I agree to; and I think this argument would be sound if used by one who denied that, for instance, the plumes of birds of Paradise had been so gained.' (Vol. iii. pp. 136, 137.)

We most entirely deny that they have been so gained, and regard the hypothesis of sexual selection as even weaker than the original hypothesis of natural selection, which it was brought in to support, and Mr. Darwin himself admitted a few months later that sexual selection was 'no 'doubt very improbable' in the Lepidoptera. But there was another difficulty which seemed to him, and with much reason, more difficult to account for, on his hypothesis, than coloration in insects, and that is the varied hues and ornamentation of birds' eggs. Manifestly any which are brightly coloured or marked, and lie within deeply hidden or covered nests, cannot possibly be due to any cause consistent with the theory of natural selection. That theory has, as we have said, wonderful advantages, since it ingeniously brings in all the infinite 'utilities' of nature, past as well as present, hypothetical as well as real, to its aid, without any substantial claim to their assistance. Thus we hear it said that birds which lay coloured eggs *may* have had ancestors which laid white ones, and that birds which now conceal their eggs may have had ancestors which did not do so. It is able, as the late Mr. Fleeming Jenkin said, to invent for its convenience trains of ancestors of whose existence there is no tittle of evidence, and can marshal hosts of equally imaginary foes. It can call up continents, floods, and peculiar atmospheres, drag up oceans, split islands, and parcel out eternity at will. Surely with such advantages a man possessed of any ordinary ingenuity can invent conditions capable of meeting almost every conceivable difficulty, and this he must be able to do even on the assumption that the theory itself is absolutely false.

Not without good reason did the late Professor Sedgwick address the following objections to his former disciple, Charles Darwin. To the latter he wrote:—

'I have read your book with more pain than pleasure. Parts of it I admired greatly, parts I laughed at till my sides were almost sore; other parts I read with absolute sorrow, because I think them utterly false and grievously mischievous. You have deserted—after a start

in that tramroad of all solid physical truth—the true method of induction, and started us in machinery as wild, I think, as Bishop Wilson's locomotive which was to sail with us to the moon. Many of your wide conclusions are based upon assumptions which can neither be proved nor disproved. . . . As to your grand principle—*natural selection*—what is it but a secondary consequence of supposed, or known, primary facts? Developement is a better word, because more close to the cause of the fact. . . . We all admit developement as a fact of history—but how came it about? Here, in language, and still more in logic, we are point blank at issue. There is a moral or metaphysical part of nature as well as a physical. A man who denies this is deep in the mire of folly. 'Tis the crown and glory of organic science that it *does*, through *final cause*, link material and moral. . . . You have ignored this link; and, if I do not mistake your meaning [and he did *not* mistake Darwin's meaning] you have done your best in one or two pregnant instances to break it. Were it possible (which, thank God, it is not) to break it, humanity, in my mind, would suffer a damage that might brutalise it, and sink the human race into a lower grade of degradation than any into which it has fallen since its written records tell us of its history.' (Vol. ii. pp. 245–250.)

In a subsequent article in the 'Spectator' Professor Sedgwick added:—

'I cannot conclude without expressing my detestation of the theory, because of its unflinching materialism . . . because it utterly repudiates final causes, and thereby indicates a demoralised understanding on the part of its advocates. . . . I think it untrue, because opposed to the obvious course of nature, and the very opposite of inductive truth. And I think it intensely mischievous.'

With this voice from the past, our judgement, formerly expressed, was in substantial agreement, and our judgement still remains unchanged, save in so far as it has become strengthened. As for placing Darwin, who, as he himself admits, has never proved any one of his hypotheses, on a level with Sir Isaac Newton, we deem such a pretension absurd. In spite of the fact that he wrought a complete change in the conceptions and views of so many naturalists, there was, nevertheless, as much difference in the value of their respective works as there was in the mode of their reception by the world about them. Newton, like Copernicus and Kepler, had to wait long for fitting recognition, as was to be expected with respect to purely scientific theories, critically examined with a view to their real merits only. But Darwin's hypothesis was acclaimed at once by a crowd of admirers, and that process of canonisation, or rather deification, of its author immediately began, which has since been carried so far, and even (in unworthy compliance with a

fashion of the day) been re-echoed from many a pulpit in so sickening a manner. The reason for its ready and eager reception we have already indicated. A certain number of clever clearsighted men at once saw the full significance of Darwinism, and quickly welcomed or denounced it according as such views were welcome or detestable in their eyes. Force, energy, eloquence, and skill were on the side of those who welcomed it, and the crowd of *moutons de Panurge* quickly followed in their wake. Darwinism grew like Jonah's gourd, and like that same 'climbing plant' is it destined to wither. For the overwhelming majority of men of common sense amongst us desire to uphold morality, to strengthen conscience, and to develope the higher qualities of our human nature, and when they at length wake up to the full meaning of that to which they have too hastily adhered, they will with no less speed utterly discard it. Nor will they want leaders amongst the men of science of the future. Pure Darwinism has had its day; it is becoming 'old-'fashioned,' and, like every other heresy, has given birth to children destined to be its destroyers. We might here exclaim with truth, 'Darwin, the thanes fly from thee!' Cope in America, Semper in Germany, are rapidly opening up other views, while industrious young observers like Poulton in England, and Patrick Geddes in Scotland, are accumulating facts telling with more or less force against pure Darwinism. Seebohm, the illustrious ornithologist, is its avowed opponent. Herbert Spencer, who was a declared evolutionist before the appearance of Darwin's book, was never satisfied with it (any more than the late gifted and well read George Henry Lewes), and has recently still further and more energetically repudiated 'natural selection' as the origin of species, and insisted on the efficient and predominant effect of the direct influence of environment. Fresh reasons and reasonings against it have also been lately put forward by naturalists who were of old opposed to it. Mr. Geddes, just above referred to, is an acute, intelligent, and industrious biologist, who is coming forward more and more as the open opponent of Darwinism, a fact shown by the succession of brilliant and thoughtful articles he has contributed to the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Bri-'tannica.' Already Darwin's hypothesis of pangenesis, which also met with favour on its appearance, is as good as dead and buried. His theory of coral reefs, which, as we have seen, he regarded with quite especial pride and satisfaction, is being either silently or avowedly repudiated. And now

his theory of the origin of species, about which before he passed away he sometimes spoke in vacillating tones, is also on its way to the lumber-room of discarded theories, and has been already branded with the fatal, damning name of *orthodox!*

We do not scruple to affirm that the influence to which Darwin ascribed the origin of species could never by any possibility have been the cause of their origin. For the destructive powers of nature can have but a negative action, and can never by any possibility give rise to anything. Even if variation were fortuitous, indefinite, and in all directions, and if one particular race of a species were alone preserved by the invariable destruction of every other form, even then it would not be such destruction which gave origin to the race, but that which was the cause of the production again and again of the favourable fortunate variation. 'Natural selection' can only act on structural characters which it finds ready to its hand. These characters are due in the first place to inheritance, or, as it is called, the principle of heredity, and we cannot suppose any characters would be presented other than those so derived, except for the action upon the organism of some external agency. We say 'upon the organism,' meaning either directly upon it, in an early stage of its existence; or indirectly upon it, by action upon its parents. 'Natural selection,' instead of guiding and determining the ramifications of 'the tree of 'life,' can do no more than apply the pruning knife to them. To suppose that an organism could vary in an entirely uncaused manner would be against the first principles of reason, and be especially repugnant to the ideas of that whole school of physical philosophers from which Mr. Darwin's supporters have been recruited. The cause of new species, therefore, must be in great part that external agency which induces or stimulates variation.

But there must be another and yet more fundamental agency, namely an internal cause, which is the innermost nature of the organism itself which is acted on. Thus Weismann, ardent admirer of Darwin and his theories as he is, has remarked that in the first enthusiasm about natural selection, one factor of transformation has been unduly pushed into the background. The first indispensable factor in every transformation is the nature of the organism itself. The importance and indispensable co-operation of that special internal force or activity which constitutes the essence of each living thing has been strangely and most unphilo-

sophically overlooked. Physicists and biological materialists continually talk as if external agencies and physical forces could, however multiplied or intensified, by any possibility suffice to explain the activities of bodies whether living or devoid of life. Even the simplest inorganic element—an atom of hydrogen or carbon—could never be in any way modified by external influences unless it had corresponding internal capacities so to be acted on. '*Quicquid recipitur,* '*recipitur ad modum recipientis,*' is a profound philosophical maxim, not one whit the less true because it is ancient. If then even a particle of inorganic matter must have these internal powers, capacities, and tendencies, how much more must a living organism which is endowed with that special power of reaction we call spontaneous activity, and which is like nothing that we find existing in matter which has not life. That organisms have such internal properties has been admitted in express terms by Darwin himself in speaking of the goose as endowed with 'a singularly inflexible 'organisation;' and, indeed, there can be little doubt that if the goose did possess an internal capacity for variation similar to that possessed by the pigeon or the fowl, its capacity would have been called into exercise by breeders since the days when, as sacred to Juno, it had its home in the Roman Capitol.

The activity of the various heretics who are rising on different sides to attack the stronghold of Darwinian orthodoxy, will before long, we are persuaded, greatly widen the breaches which they have already made in its walls with the weapons of inductive research and useful experimentation. Their work, however, valuable as it is in itself to the cause of truth, is mainly valuable as an introduction to that philosophical refutation of Darwinism, root and branch, which the progress of knowledge is certain to effect. That progress will, indeed, hereafter constitute Darwin's chief claim to the gratitude of his fellow men. But for the stimulus of the danger threatened by the materialism his hypothesis has favoured, a healthy reaction against the philosophy of phenomenism might have been much longer delayed. Thanks to Darwin the irrationality of a mechanical philosophy of nature has been brought to a head, and when the radical viciousness of the hypothesis of this new Lucretius, so singularly favoured by the moment of its appearance and the ability and zeal of its earliest promulgators, has been made plain, it will again be relegated, if not to a perpetual slumber yet to a prolonged repose like that which intervened between the last efforts of

the old Lucretians and the first efforts of the new. The philosophical revival thus happily provoked will place beyond further contestation or honest doubt the distinctness of man's intellectual nature and the necessary existence of prototypal intellect, morality, and volition, in the First Cause of a universe which, as one whole, could never itself have been naturally selected. The phenomena of the order of nature, animate and inanimate (dismissing the absurd and impossible hypothesis of chance), must be the result of the combined action of intelligence, power, and will, and are replete with final causes. Granting the hypothesis of evolution, the developement of all existing life, taking place as it has done through the incidence of preordained external actions on creatures with divinely implanted internal powers, is but creation in another form. Such Divine agency reason shows us, not only as acting in an unimaginable past, but as constantly exercised now, co-operating with and maintaining every natural process and activity.

At the end of the sixth chapter of his 'Origin of Species,' Mr. Darwin says that 'the law of the conditions of existence 'is the higher law, as it includes that of unity of type.' But who ordained 'the conditions of existence'? They, at least, are not the result of any process of 'natural selection,' nor are its component factors (for example, the force of gravitation or the activity of light and heat) themselves subject to any process of evolution, or the universe would soon come to an end, or rather would never have come into existence. But it is impossible to ascribe to these active but inanimate 'factors of existence' either intelligence or will; they can be but the agents of an intelligence and will extrinsic and superior to themselves. The Darwinian theory is alike inapplicable to the lowest and to the highest, the simplest and the most complex phenomena of the universe. But if (discarding chance) we are compelled to hold that these primary conditions of existence and the faculties of moral and intellectual activity in man are both due to a supreme conditioning and creative will, why is it less credible that the same power has called into being, by the means of ordained secondary causes, all the varied species of animals and plants which form an essential part of the great whole, and for which the inorganic kosmos has been formed, as they, in turn, have been formed for our sakes who alone of organic beings are capable of apprehending, employing, and admiring them, and who—as mere reason sufficiently assures us—have been formed in the like-

ness and image (however inconceivably remote) of that Divine Intelligence in whom we live and move and have our being? But such an evolution of species as this may well be called 'creation;' for all that creation need in such connexion mean or imply is therein to be found. It is supremely teleological; and final causation is not only at its root and origin, but accompanies it at every step of its progress. But such a conception was, as we have seen, abhorrent to Charles Darwin, whose hypothesis was above all opposed to the acceptance of final causes, and was a system of fortuitously acting physical causes. This irrational system of deified Unreason is to be met by a bold and uncompromising appeal to intellect as the final and only judge; by showing that it reposes not on knowledge, but on a voluntary or involuntary closing of the eyes to the light; that it is not a progress, but a retrogression.

Space does not allow us to say more here on the both fruitful and fruitless (in different senses) theme of 'natural selection.' What we have said of it we have said less on its own account than as a necessary means of enabling our readers to comprehend the man who was its author. The work before us has in no way changed our estimate either of Darwin or of his work, and certainly it has not raised him in our opinion. His kindness, his amiability, his candour, his industry, his zeal for natural history, his affectionate regard for relations and personal friends, his courteous and gentlemanlike feelings, and his considerate kindness and generosity in action, were known to us before. But his intellectual range seems to have been most restricted and concentrated with singular intensity on various minute inquiries all bearing upon one central idea, imperfectly conceived and clung to with an exaggerated eagerness. His moral sentiments were keen and generous, and his actions seem ever to have harmonised with his sentiments; yet of true ethical and philosophic perception he was sadly devoid, while he was wanting in the noblest fields of thought and deficient in those religious convictions which constitute the highest rule of conduct. Those who knew him and who understand how these things really were, cannot help blending feelings of deep regret with their admiration and regard, while justice compels a reluctant expression of disapproval, such as may perhaps be best conveyed by those pathetic, oft-repeated words:—

> It was my duty to have loved the highest;
> It surely was my profit had I known,
> It would have been my pleasure had I seen.

ART. VI.—*Virgil in English Verse: Eclogues and Æneid (Books I.–VI.).* By the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES BOWEN, one of her Majesty's Lords Justices of Appeal. 8vo. London: 1887.

LATIN poetry has within the last half-century suffered a partial eclipse. Horace, the 'wise adviser of the nine-'years' pondered lay,' and Catullus, 'whose dead songster 'never dies,' have lost little, if anything, of their popularity. Lucretius, whose speculative spirit harmonises with the curiosity of the century, may even have gained in favour. But Virgil's wreath of bay has undoubtedly withered before the persistent disparagement of German criticism and the reiterated charge of imitation and artificiality. The translation before us, which is the costly tribute of an ardent lover, is one among many signs that the reaction is only temporary; and the Laureate's ringing ode proves how undying is the charm which Virgil exercises over refined and cultivated minds.

'I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
Ever moulded by the lips of man.'

No poet ever gained a more immediate recognition or enjoyed a more unbroken ascendency than Virgil. The spirit of the Augustan age eagerly demanded such an embodiment of the national glory and destiny of imperial Rome as the 'Æneid' contains. The fact is evidenced by the extraordinary interest which the author and his work excited. Augustus wrote from Spain to inquire from Virgil of his progress; Propertius predicts that the poem would be a greater 'Iliad;' the poet was mobbed by the populace on the rare occasions when he quitted his beloved Campania for Rome; the whole theatre rose to do him honour as if he were the emperor himself; it was Ovid's boast that he had seen him; the anniversary of his birthday was kept as a public holiday. Though Virgil died before the 'Æneid' was finished, the poem was at once accepted as the culminating point which Latin literature had yet attained. The most superficial readers can hardly overlook the immense learning and laboured art which lies concealed under an appearance of simplicity and spontaneity. Virgil's biographer tells us that he spent eleven years in the composition of his poem, that he intended to devote three more to its improvement,

and that with this object he undertook the journey to Greece and Asia in the course of which he died.

> 'Old Virgil, who would write ten lines, they say,
> At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
> To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes,'

has been rewarded for his indefatigable toil by the applause of centuries and the unswerving loyalty of the Latin races. 'Virgile, depuis l'heure où il parut, a été le poète de la 'latinité entière.'

The 'Æneid' coloured the style of Ovid, Livy, and Tacitus. It became the staple source of poetic allusions and the recognised model on which Statius and Silius constructed the 'Thebaid' and the 'Punic Wars.' Its scenes were dramatised, its speeches formed the frequent subject of imitations, its gnomic lines were selected for mural inscriptions. It was the favourite gift book in the days of Martial. Great ladies in the time of Juvenal weighed its merits in the critical balance against those of the 'Iliad.' In fact the 'Æneid,' like its author, sprang at once into a position of undisputed pre-eminence. Its perfection of language made it the first reading book in schools and the first grammatical exercise. The consummate art of its appeals established it as the model of rhetoric, and from it St. Augustine studied declamation in the schools of Africa. The movement inaugurated by Aurelius Fronto under the Antonines to dethrone the poet from his pride of place and to introduce the archaisms of Ennius produced little or no effect. Innumerable commentaries of grammarians and rhetoricians attest the continued popularity of the 'Æneid.' *Centones*, patchwork poems of the fourth century, whether used for licentious ribaldry or for sacred purposes, show that it was then not uncommon to know Virgil by heart from beginning to end. Down to the Middle Ages treatises were written to explain his allegorical meanings. Before 1500 his wokrs had passed through ninety editions. The practice of consulting the *sortes Virgilianæ* lasted beyond the death of Charles I. and Falkland, and men who shrank from asking their fate of the Bible inquired the answer of destiny from Virgil.

Pagan though he was, Virgil was accepted as a Christian poet. The Emperor Constantine, in his address 'Ad Sanctos,' applied the fourth eclogue as a prophecy of Christ. St. Augustine and St. Jerome recognised in it a genuine prediction of our Lord, and the former saw in the lines,

> 'Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
> Inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras,'

an allusion to the remission of sins. Virgil was the sun that in Dante's vision rose on Statius and opened his eyes to God, making him both poet and Christian, and three martyrs of the Decian persecution owed to him their conversion. In the mediæval service books of Chartres and Limoges, Virgil, son of Maro, prophet of the Gentiles, bore witness unto Christ. He is sculptured on the stalls of the cathedral of Zamora among the saints of the Old Testament; and in an early picture of the Nativity he leads the exulting choir of David and the prophets. In the fifteenth century the mass used in the church of Mantua represents St. Paul weeping over Virgil's tomb at Naples, and exclaiming, 'What a saint 'would I have made of thee, greatest of poets!'

> 'Ad Maronis mausoleum
> Ductus fundit super eum
> Piæ rorem lacrimæ;
> Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,
> Si te vivum invenissem,
> Poetarum maxime!

He cast his enchantment over the Venerable Bede; he was the divine Master of Dante; he laid his spell upon the stern soul of Milton; he charmed the lighter mind of Petrarch. To the people his influence assumed another form. Mediæval superstition seizing on traditions of his omniscience, and especially upon his mathematical and astronomical studies, treated him as a necromancer, a worker of miracles, a wizard dealing in talismans and charms. Romance tells of his brazen fly set up on the gates of Naples which permitted no other flies to enter, his preservers of Rome which warned the rulers of impending danger and of the quarter whence it approached, his gift to baths of miraculous qualities of healing, his brazen statue which blew so loud a blast upon its trumpet that the smoke and flames issuing from the forges of Vulcan could not approach to hurt the inhabitants of Puossola.

Nor to this day has he ceased to exercise a wide and potent charm over very different minds. Bacon felt the spell of 'the chastest poet and royalest, Virgilius Maro.' Voltaire asserted Virgil to be Homer's greatest work, and he called the 'Æneid' 'le plus beau monument qui nous reste de toute 'l'antiquité.' Bossuet is said to have known his works by heart. Burke always had a ragged Delphin Virgil not far from his elbow; and the greatest of English orators have again and again brought down the House by the felicitous quotation of his stirring lines.

'Who shall say,' asks Mr. Matthew Arnold, 'what share the turning over and over in their mind, and masticating, so to speak, in early life as models of their Latin verse, such things as Virgil's

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,"

or Horace's

"Fortuna sæva læta negotio,"

had not had in forming the high spirit of the upper class in France and England, the two countries where Latin verse has most ruled the schools, and the two countries which most have had, or have, a higher upper class and a high upper-class spirit?'

Many persons now believe, with Heine's rich uncle, that the poet is but a *Dummkopf*; and others, though they know Virgil by name, regard Professor Huxley as the greatest of modern forces. Yet the proud boast of a brother poet contains an element of truth—that poets are the legislators of the world. If, then, modern education throws Virgil to the winds, if the rising youth of this generation are to be the first for nineteen centuries which have not been, as it were, suckled on the 'Æneid' in their infancy—the first which, in the unconsciousness of childhood, have not imbibed something of Virgil's magnanimous spirit—the first which, before they were aware, have not formed in the atmosphere of his exquisite taste an exalted ideal of artistic beauty—what substitute will be provided? Will there be no stimulus to elevation of thought, no trumpet call to the generous emotion of youth, no model of graceful form? Who will be the legislators of our legislators?

It is not, we think, difficult to suggest some reasons why Virgil has thus retained his hold upon the hearts of successive generations, or why his grasp is in the nineteenth century relaxed. Latin poets are limited in their range of feeling, but within its confines they feel with concentrated strength. Their limitation is at once their weakness and their power. They have not the creative genius, the imaginative faculty, the contemplative elevation, the profound sense of the mystery of being which mark the great poets of Greece and of the modern world. But the passionate intensity of their feeling, the absolute surrender of their imagination to the one vision by which it is fired, the strong realism with which they idealised the objects of their joys or desires, the loving labour with which they lingered over the perfection of their art, have made Italy, its fair women, its cities, valleys, hills, and streams, rise up before our eyes with a vivid clearness that centuries have not blurred. But

during that great upheaval of thought and society which marked the early years of the present century, these merits were ignored, if they were not denounced as faults. The highly artificial stage of advanced civilisation for which Virgil wrote resembled the age from which young men sought escape. Deference to literary tradition appeared slavery to those who had returned to the simplicity of nature; the school of Byron or of Shelley found Virgil's tender appeals to human sensibility cold and unimpassioned; the serene beauty of his style, the sweet and solemn majesty of his rhythmic cadences, the chaste and dainty perfection of his art, the subdued moderation of his thought and language, seemed artificial, constrained, tame, and trite to those who were only attracted by what was strange, novel, or adventurous. Above all, the rapid progress of Greek scholarship opened Homer to thousands who before were unable to appreciate in its original language the surpassing beauties of the masterpiece of epic poetry.

Virgil can never be replaced upon his old pedestal. He is no longer the interpreter of the heroic age. No one now will claim for him the same epic impulse by which Homer was stirred. Pensive seriousness, tenderness, and grace rather than buoyant spirit, were the characteristics of the gentle poet who hung in fond remembrance over his lost and lovely Mantua, and in imagination haunted the banks of his native Mincio, where white swans breasted its silver waves, and the lush herbage, drinking in the fruitful dews of a brief night, repaired the devastations of the longest day. But the pre-eminence which the 'Æneid' attained cannot be explained on the assumption that the poem was a forced task, written to order by a courtly flatterer; still less upon the theory that Virgil was a slavish copyist, who could not have thrown his heart into the work, but was compelled to do perpetual violence to his natural genius. When Virgil is rated like a schoolboy because he does not follow Homer's ethnology or geography, depreciatory criticism is carried to its most ludicrous extreme. The fact that the 'Æneid' at once achieved such unprecedented contemporary popularity incontestably proves that its spirit exactly answered to the spirit of the age which received it with such rapturous applause. And if poets are indeed the interpreters of their age, Virgil may well have thrown his whole heart and soul into a poem which so richly satisfied the wants of his generation. A copyist Virgil, in one sense, undoubtedly is. But so also was Shakespeare a vamper-up

of old stories. Virgil wrote for a people whose ideas were so saturated with Greek legends, incidents, and images that they demanded the Homeric form and atmosphere. The individuality of Virgil's genius transmutes the copy into a Roman poem as completely national as the Greek original; he rather transforms than imitates; he does not copy directly, but lets his mind work upon that of the Greek; he infuses a Roman spirit into Greek figures; he welds into an epic unity of thought and workmanship materials drawn from the heroic and the Augustan age. He has touched with a poet's hand the majesty of imperial Rome. He has left a softened picture of the nation without those harsher features of cruelty, treachery, and oppression which often change admiration into horror. He catches with infinite art the genius of the nation, its pride of empire and self-sacrificing patriotism, its stern devotion to duty, its indomitable perseverance, its uncomplaining submission to the decree of heaven, its resolute acceptance of the hardest fate, its unfaltering confidence in the favour of the silent, invisible, steadfast power that controlled its destiny. He breathes that ardent love of Italy which treasured in its loyal memory every historical association that attached to river, lake, and mountain, or clustered round the primitive hill fortresses of remote antiquity. He gives voice to that weariness of strife which found unworthy expression in extravagant adulation of Augustus as the peacemaker of the world. He gathers up into the closely woven web of his poem not only the destiny, the glory, the character of the nation, and the associations and institutions of the country, but the political tendencies, the culture, the religious and ethical feeling of his age and race. Thus it is that though the 'Æneid' is an echo of the 'Iliad,' it is also the most enduring national monument of Rome and the Roman spirit. The roar of the Forum is hushed, but Virgil's ocean roll of rhythm sounds for ever of the imperial city.

The representative character of the 'Æneid' explains its immediate contemporary popularity and its abiding historical interest. But it does not account for the tenacity of Virgil's grasp upon the hearts of successive generations of mankind, and for the tightening clasp in which he holds them as men pass from the buoyancy of youth into the serenity of age. Some part of the secret of his fresh vitality undoubtedly lies in the polished perfection of his execution, the exquisite adaptation of his style to the shade of meaning it is designed to express, the stately music of his language,

the Miltonic alchemy by which he fuses the ore of learned allusion into the fine gold of poetry, the trenchant pointed phrase which indelibly engraves on the mind some solemn lesson of magnanimous emotion. But the main secret lies in the happy blending of ancient art with modern feeling. 'Il lui a été donné,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'de deviner ce 'qu'aimerait l'avenir.' In Virgil we trace the growth of the modern conception of loyalty from the germ implanted in submission to an invisible fate, shooting up into the personification of patriotism, and budding into the identification of national welfare with the life of an individual. In him, too, we see the love of landscape and rural life, the susceptibility to the charms of outward Nature and the power of interpreting her secrets, which distinguish him alike from Racine and Pope, who were leaders of literature at epochs resembling his own. In our own day the necessary background to descriptive poetry is supplied by the turmoil of our hurrying civilisation; to Virgil pathetic recollections of the home that he had lost, together with the fierce strife of the past fifty years, afforded the requisite contrast. In Virgil also we trace the shy tender gleams of that romantic sentiment which, in this its noonday heat, has parched the field of literature. But, above all, he owes his charm to his genuine pathos, his strong appeals to simple feeling, the skill with which he touches the strings that awaken the old sad music of humanity. He is the first of ancient poets who has felt the claims of weakness, the first to acknowledge sympathy with the vanquished. The 'Æneid' itself is the epic of failure, the record of the late successes of disappointed lives, achieved when the spring is broken of first ambitions. Virgil feels the burden and the mystery of human life; he is saddened by its doubtful doom; he is solemnised by his sense of the unknown future that lies beyond the grave; he is penetrated to the quick by the irony of baffled inquiry into its inscrutable mysteries; he strives with sad persistency to reconcile modern science with old mythological conceptions, to quicken the religious feelings of his country.

It is thus that Virgil stands with one foot in the ancient, the other in the modern, world. As a link between pagan and Christian thought and feeling, he has held for nineteen centuries an acknowledged pre-eminence in heathen literature. And what a cloud of associations gathers round his lines! Here is the passage at the recital of which the bereaved Octavia fell away in deadly swoon; here the couplet

over which Fénelon wept tears of admiration; here the poem on which is based his title to be a Christian prophet; here the 'Manibus date lilia plenis' which Dante received from the lips of the Church triumphant. Savonarola heard and obeyed his

'Heu! fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus avarum.'

The reflection which encouraged Turnus nerved the historian to describe the death of Sir John Moore:—

'Usque adeone mori miserum est? Vos, o mihi manes
Este boni, quoniam superis aversa voluntas.'

Here are the lines upon which Charles I. opened in the Bodleian Library at Oxford when he essayed, at Falkland's suggestion, the *sortes Virgilianæ.* We quote them in Sir Charles Bowen's version:—

'Harassed in war by the spears of a daring people and wild,
Far from the land of his fathers and torn from the arms of his child,
May he in vain ask succour, and watch his Teucrian band
Dying a death untimely! And when this warrior proud
Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,
Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste;
Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.'

Here, too, are the words of Evander, on which Falkland, trying to remove the gloomy impression, himself lighted:—

'Sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris,
Nunc, o nunc liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam,
Dum curæ ambiguæ, dum spes incerta futuri.'

Here, again, is the book which Napoleon studied in exile at St. Helena, recalling his own triumphs in the siege of Troy. Here, too, is the 'datur hora quieti,' which gave a motto to a masterpiece of Turner. Or, to raise another set of associations, do we not hear Chatham mutter, as he passed to his seat among his cowed opponents:—

'At Danaum proceres, Agamemoniæque phalanges,
Ut videre virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu'?

We throw ourselves back to the early morning of April 2, 1792, when Pitt, pleading for the abolition of the slave-trade, rose to the height of prophecy as he foretold the dawn of freedom on the dark continent of Africa, while the rising sun shot its first beams through the windows of the House at the words:—

'Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.'

We fight again the battle for the Irish Union in 1799 as we listen to the lines from the lips of the same orator:—

> 'Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
> Nec * nova regna peto; paribus se legibus ambæ
> Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.'

Canning passes before our mind's eye as we read:—

> 'Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.'

Peel once more twits Macaulay for his Windsor Castle address as we encounter the line—

> 'Ut belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
> Extulit.'

The greatest parliamentary orator of our day speaks again in

> 'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

And, as we close the book, we feel something of the fascination which the 'Æneid' exercised over the famous physician Harvey, who was wont to exclaim, as he turned from its perusal, 'Verily thou hast a devil!'

For centuries England has endeavoured to naturalise and domesticate Virgil, and each successive age has read something of its own thought and feeling into the original. As the Middle Ages regarded Virgil as a necromancer, so Douglas and Surrey colour his language with allusions to one of the most striking institutions of Roman Catholicism; as the eighteenth century found in the 'Æneid' a treatise on the science of government, so in the present day it suggests to one school of writers a mediæval revival and a pagan renaissance. Translations seem to fall into three classes. One class renders the foreign tongue into English to extend the knowledge of the unlearned; another to exercise the strength of those who, in the infancy of literature, fear to stand alone; a third studies translation as an art, critically and for its own sake. And it is possible, as it seems to us, to distinguish three main eras of Virgilian translation, at each of which one or more of these objects were specially kept in view. The first era of translation is the Tudor period, when literature was in its infancy, and when men desired to extend their spheres of knowledge. Translations were made as exercises or for instruction; but they were not repeated, because the period was creative, and the energies of the day set strongly towards original literature. To this first group belong Gawain Douglas,

* Pitt altered the line by substituting 'nova' for Virgil's 'mihi.'

Bishop of Dunkeld, the Earl of Surrey, Phaer and Twyne, and Richard Stanyhurst. The last-named translator was the first who translated critically and for the sake of translation as an art. The second era of translation is, in the main, critical; it may be said to extend from the first quarter of the seventeenth to the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The period was not imaginative or creative; men's minds, more occupied with criticism than with knowledge, and bent on the arrangement, not the acquisition, of ideas, naturally turned to translation and to criticism. The translators are very numerous, but Dryden towers by a head and shoulders above them all. During the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries Virgilian translations were practically suspended. But the present day is once more an era of translation, because we live at a period when there is little original work of any literary kind; and now, as in the days of Dryden, creative effort is more or less paralysed, and the national mind exercises itself in the art of critical translations. We propose, in the first place, briefly to review these three eras of translation, instituting by the way some comparison between the version of Sir Charles Bowen and of his predecessors; secondly, to criticise in more detail his translation and those of his most formidable rivals, Dryden and Conington; and, thirdly, to conclude with some special extracts from his rendering of the 'Eclogues,' in which, in our opinion, his most conspicuous success has been achieved.

The stories of the 'Æneid' were familiar to English readers through mediæval romances. De Roy's 'Livre d'Eneidos' was 'out of frenshe reduced in to Englysshe by me Wyll^m 'Caxton,' and printed at Westminster in 1490. But, cried the 'Reverend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas, 'Bishop of Dunkeld'—of whom Archibald 'Bell the Cat' says,

'Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line'—

Caxton's 'Boke yf Eneydos' is no more like Virgil 'than 'the Devill and Sanct Austyn.' The bishop was moved by Caxton's travesty of the poem to give in heroic metre his own quaint and spirited Scottish version. But though

'in a barbarous age
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,'

he modernised the poet, for he dresses the Sibyl as a nun, and she bids Æneas tell his beads. Douglas was followed by the

Earl of Surrey, who translated into blank verse the second and fourth books. Like his predecessor, Surrey adopts modern ideas. The wise Massylian priestess, once a guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, becomes, in his version, a nun. Surrey's metre was avowedly an experiment, and Ascham in his 'Scholemaster,' treating of imitation, impliedly blames him for not preferring hexameters or unrhymed alexandrines. In 1573 Twyne finished the tenth and two last books of the 'Æneid,' which Thomas Phaer had not lived to translate, and thus gave England the first complete version of the poem. The rendering is in the rhymed alexandrine metre, which has been in our own day selected by Mr. Morris, and which in its unrhymed form was chosen by Abraham Fraunce (or Fleming) for his version of the 'Eclogues,' published in 1575.

But the most curious of these early translations is that of Richard Stanyhurst, of Dublin ('eruditissimus ille nobilis,' says Camden) who in 1582 translated the first four books of the 'Æneid' into hexameters. He was the original prophet of what Lord Derby called 'the pestilent heresy' of English hexameter verse. Sydney and Gabriel Harvey applauded his rude chaunt of 'Manhood and Garboils;' but the world laughed with Nash at his 'foul, lumbering, boisterous, 'wallowing measures.' The translation is harder than the original, and is crammed full of oddities, which Nash scarcely exaggerates in the specimen lines that he compounds to describe a storm in the style of Stanyhurst.

'Then did he make heaven's vault to rebounde with rounce-robble-hobble
Of ruffe-raffe roaring, with thwick-thwack-thurlery-bouncing.'

It may be interesting to compare some of the versions of this early group of translators of the 'Æneid' taken from the description of nightfall in the fourth book.

In spite of quaint archaisms and peculiarities of dialect, the Bishop of Dunkeld's version is not only close but intelligible.

'The nycht followys, and every wery wight
Throu owt the erd has caucht anone richt.
The sownd plesand sleip thame lykit best;
Woddis and rageand seys war at rest:
As the starnys thar myd cours rollys doun,
All feildis still, but othir noys or soun,
All beistis and byrdis of diuers cullouris fair,
And quhatsumeuer in the braid lochis weir,
Or, amang buskis harsk, leyndis undir the spray,
Throw nycht is sylence slepit quhar thai lay;
Mesyng thar bissy thocht and curis smart,
All irksum laubour forget and owt of hart.'

Surrey's rendering is more poetical and more smooth. It is in fact a fine specimen of English blank verse.

'It was then night, the sounde and quiet slepe
Had through the earth the weried bodyes caught,
The woodes, the raging seas were falne to rest,
When that the starres had halfe their course declined,
The feldes whist, beastes, and fowles of divers hue,
And what so that in the brode lake's remainde,
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,
Laide downe to slepe by silence of the night
Can swage their cares, mindlesse of travels past.'

We have examined the translations of Phaer and Stanyhurst, but except as archæological curiosities they have little interest. We prefer to place by the side of these versions Sir Charles Bowen's rendering of the same passage, and even the most inveterate *laudator temporis acti* can hardly refuse the first place for accuracy, fidelity, and poetical insight to the last comer.

'Now was the night. Tired limbs upon earth were folded to sleep,
Silent the forests and fierce sea-waves; in the firmament deep
Midway rolled heaven's stars; no sound on the meadows stirred;
Every beast of the field, each bright-hued feathery bird
Haunting the limpid lakes, or the tangled briary glade,
Under the silent night in sleep were peacefully laid:
All but the grieving Queen. She yields her never to rest,
Takes not the quiet night to her eyelids or wearied breast.
Sad thoughts crowd to her bosom; again love's hurricane raves;
Nightly again she is tossed upon wrath's tempestuous waves.'

At the close of the Elizabethan period clouds of translators arose. Wrothe, May, Harrington, Sandys, Fanshaw, Howard, Denham, Stapylton, Godolphin, Waller, Theobald, and others, all tried their hands on one or more books of the 'Æneid.' Vicars, who, according to Hudibras, was inspired 'with ale or viler liquors,' translated the whole poem in 1632; and Ogilby 'the great,' beneath whose prodigious works 'swells the shelf' of Pope, published the first complete version of Virgil's poetry. Dryden's translation appeared in 1697, and we shall have more to say hereafter respecting the merits of his great work. The *odium theologicum* ran high;

'Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;'

and orthodox divines strove hard to surpass their Roman Catholic rival. Luke Milbourn, who figures in the 'Dunciad' as the leader of the band of reverend bards, printed his version side by side with Dryden's; Dr. Brady translated the 'Æneid' worse than the Psalms, but his version, when

dragged into light, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, did not live long enough to cry. Dr. Trapp followed with a blank verse poem which possessed undoubted merit, but was said to be better than Virgil—

'Better than Virgil? Yes, perhaps;
But then, by Jove! 'tis Dr. Trapp's."

Other aspirants for fame appeared in the eighteenth century, such as Hawkins, the Latin Professor at Oxford, and Pitt, whose hard, dry, but careful rendering (1729) was more quoted and less read in the days of Dr. Johnson than Dryden. But Dryden had little difficulty in holding his own against all comers. Though slovenly and paraphrastical, he is never tame. It seemed impossible to eliminate his faults and yet retain his spirit. Warton corrected his inaccuracies and pruned his luxuriances, but lost his strength and fell immeasureably short of his vigour. In heroics he remains acknowledged master of the field. Professor Conington paid a striking tribute to his greatness when he adopted the ballad-epic metre rather than challenge unfavourable comparisons in the metre that Dryden had made his own.

Partly owing to Dryden's success, partly owing to the popularity which Pope and Cowper gave to Homer, and partly because, as the century drew to its close, the nation entered upon a new creative era, but few translators of Virgil appeared between Pitt in 1729 and Symmons in 1817. Wordsworth adopted the heroic metre in his fragmentary translation of the first book of the 'Æneid,' from which the following passage is taken :—

'Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The love of Atlas, on resounding strings
The labours of the sun, the lunar wanderings;
Whence human kind and brute; what natural powers
Engender lightning; whence are falling showers.'

But he abandoned the attempt in despair, conscious either that his philosophical genius was unsuited to epic narrative, or that creative effort was a nobler sphere of poetry.

Symmons's version maintains throughout a level standard of uniform merit; but if it never falls below a certain height, it is incapable of rising to the pathos of the passion of Virgil. Dido's touching farewell is carefully rendered; but the effect is cold, stiff, and stilted.

'"Sweet, precious trophies of my happy state,
While Jove was kind, and smiled indulgent Fate!
Receive my streaming life, and aid the blow,
That greatly rids me of incumbent woe.

Yet have I lived!—and lived for noble ends!
My shade in glory to the shades descends.
Rear'd by my care a monarch-city stands;
My eyes have seen this triumph of my hands.
My brother, who could bid my consort bleed,
Has felt my vengeance for the direful deed.
Happy!—too happy! had disastrous gales
Not wafted to my shores the Trojan sails!"
  She paused, and press'd with phrensied lip the bed;
"And shall I die? and unrevenged?" she said.
"Yes! let me die! thus—thus I plunge in night;
This flame shall reach the cruel Dardan's sight;
And be the withering omen of his flight."'

There is no turn in this speech which can be compared with Sir Charles Bowen's happy rendering of '*Et nunc* '*magna mei sub terras ibit imago.*'

'"Raiment worn! sweet relics of love till fate was unkind!
Take this lingering breath and release my suffering mind.
Here life closes! The course my destiny gave me is run.
Now as a great queen's shadow I pass from the world of the sun.
Goodly the city I leave. I have seen her battlements built;
Venged a beloved one, meted a brother measure for guilt;
Happy, alas! too happy, if only a Teucrian's ships
Never had touched these shores!" She pressed to the pillow her lips,
And, as she pressed them, cried: "Do I die unavenged on the foe?
Yet let me die! Thus, thus, with joy to the shadows I go.
Let the Dardanian feast on the fires his merciless eyes,
Carry the omens with him of Dido's death as he flies!"'

Within the last fifty years, the nation has entered upon one of those transition periods when original effort is suspended, when criticism flourishes, and translations abound. Though Virgil has recently endured more hostile treatment at the hands of scholars than at any previous period since his poetry was written, the number of versions is very large. It would be impossible to enumerate all. New and old metres have been tried. Blank verse, the metre of Surrey and of Trapp, has found new votaries in Cranch, Miller, and Kennedy. Mr. Fairfax Taylor has had no predecessor in the Spenserian stanza. Mr. Morris revives the alexandrines of Abraham Fraunce and of Phaer and Twine. Professor Conington and Sir Charles Bowen break new ground in the ballad metre and a shortened and rhyming form of the hexameter. The last comer more than holds his own with most of his antagonists, but Dryden and Professor Conington prove formidable rivals. Reserving for detailed comparison the respective merits of these last three versions, which stand, in our opinion, considerably in front of all other competitors, we shall give a specimen of the blank verse,

Spenserian, and alexandrine renderings, accompanying each with the version of Sir Charles Bowen, with whose translations we are specially concerned.

One common fault runs though the three blank verse translations. They are best where we look for least, but they cannot rise with their author. As Bryant translated Homer, and Longfellow translated Dante, so Mr. Cranch has given the New World a version of the 'Æneid.' Unless blank verse is assisted by dramatic action, or is wielded with exquisite skill, it does not move with sufficient rapidity for a long narrative poem. Mr. Cranch is often tame where he should be spirited; he is simple to baldness; his verse, though smooth and fluent, is monotonous; and we miss those touches of the poet without which all versions fail, and which condone the defects of Dryden. Compare the Boat Race in the translations of Mr. Cranch and Sir Charles Bowen. Here is Mr. Cranch's rendering of the opening scene:—

> 'Then when the trumpet sounds, they bound away
> Swift from the barriers, all; the sailors' shouts
> Resound; the frothy waves are turned beneath
> Their sinewy arms; and keeping time, they cleave
> The furrows of the yawning ocean deeps
> Surging before their oars and trident beaks.
> Less swiftly start the chariots and their steeds
> In the contesting race, across the field;
> Less eagerly the charioteers shake loose
> The waving reins upon the coursers' necks,
> And, bending forward, hang upon the lash.
> Then, with the shouts and plaudits of the crowd,
> And urging cries of friends, the woods resound,
> The shores, shut in, roll on the loud acclaim,
> Re-echoed from the hills. First, before all,
> Amid the crowd and noise, flies Gyas past
> Upon the waves. Cloanthus follows next,
> With better oars, but lags from heavier weight.
> Behind, at equal distance, in close strife
> The Sea Wolf and the Centaur come; and now
> The Sea Wolf gains, and now the Centaur huge
> Passes her; now together both join fronts,
> Ploughing long briny furrows with their keels.'

Now hear Sir Charles Bowen. It can scarcely be considered English prejudice to say that he throws himself into the scene with more vigour and spirit than Mr. Cranch, and that he gives a picture where the other offers only a description. Nor is this effect produced by any sacrifice of minute fidelity. Sir Charles translates line by line and almost word for word, where Mr. Cranch is often content with the general meaning.

'Then at the ringing sound of the clarion, halting no more,
Each from the station suddenly bounds; shouts roll to the sky;
Under the swing of the shoulders the foam-flakes rapidly fly.
Side by side deep furrows are cloven, the great sea gapes,
Rent to a chasm by the blades and the beaks with their trident shapes.
Not so swiftly the cars in the two-wheeled chariot race
Scour the expanse of plain, stream forth from the barrier space;
Not so plunges the yoke, when the charioteer as he speeds
Tosses his flowing reins, and, arising, lashes his steeds.

Thundering voices and loud applause from the woodlands sound,
Roll from the land-locked shores, from the mountains echo around.
Far to the front shoots Gyas, of crowd and of thunder clear,
Gliding ahead on the water. Cloanthus follows in rear;
Better his service of oars, but his vessel's ponderous size
Heavily stays him. Behind, at an equal interval, vies
Dragon with Centaur vast for the foremost lead on the bow.
Now 'tis the Dragon hath it—the Centaur passes her now.
Beak by beak and together the pair now travel in line,
Each with her long keel ploughing in lengthened furrows the brine.'

Mr. Taylor's version of the first and second books of the 'Æneid' has one great merit. It can show a definite reason for its existence, since it hazards an experiment in versification which, so far as we are aware, was previously untried by translators of Virgil. The Spenserian stanza requires a rich treasury of rhymes; and great skill is needed to adapt the structure of the original to a framework as little like it as possible. No exercise of ingenuity can reduce the epic narrative to paragraphs of nine lines; and to run on from stanza to stanza without break or stop is objectionable. The utmost tact will not avoid the necessity of putting Pegasus at an insuperable barrier. A fair judgement of the merits or demerits of the metre can hardly be formed on short extracts. But the following translation of Neptune's speech to the winds affords a fair specimen of Mr. Taylor's skill in the management of his line. He has, at least, achieved sufficient success to encourage him to complete what is necessarily, be the general result what it may, an interesting experiment. The corresponding passage in Sir Charles Bowen's translation is not a favourable specimen of his powers, and in our opinion is inferior in vigour to Professor Conington's rendering.

'"Presume ye thus upon your birth, and dare
Without my sanction to embroil in fray
These surging waves, and mingle earth and air,
When I—but first 'twere better to allay
The troubled floods. Henceforth to disobey
Shall bring far other penalty. Haste ye,
And tell your monarch that the sovereign sway
Of ocean, and the trident of the sea
Are mine alone, not his, allotted unto me.

'He holds huge caverns,—Eurus, your abode;
There let him boast, and o'er the whirlwinds reign.
But bid him bar his prison." So spake the God,
And swifter than the word he smooth'd the main,
And chased the clouds and brought the sun again.'

Mr. Taylor translates with accurate fidelity, and he brings out with skill the predicative force of 'et *clauso* ventorum 'carcere regnet.' Sir Charles Bowen's closeness to the original is even more marked; but neither of these versions adequately renders the force and poetical beauty of the original.

'Hath an immortal birth thus made ye, O Tempests, bold?
Dare ye in wild confusion to mix—my pleasure untold—
Earth with sky, and uplift in enormous mountains the main?
Verily I——Yet better at first these floods to restrain;
Not so lightly ye fare, if ye sin thus deeply again!
Fly my presence and make this message to Æolus known:—
His not the trident dread, nor the sea's imperial throne;
Mine by allotment only. On mountains wild he has sway,
Home, East wind, of thy fellows. In yon vast halls let him play
King at his pleasure, and teach his imprisoned winds to obey.'

Mr. Morris is exceptionally well equipped for his task. His rare command of the English language, his competent scholarship, his minute knowledge of classical mythology and legend, and, above all, his true poetic gift, marked him out as a born translator of Virgil. But he labours from first to last under what appears to us a fatal misconception of the poet whom he undertakes to translate. He carefully disturbs every association, studiously alters the whole tone of the poem, and elaborately paints into it a new atmosphere. His translation is an attempt to reproduce the literal manner of mediæval times, to engraft upon Virgil the style of the Pagan Renaissance, which he so ably represents in English literature. But the result is the wasted ingenuity of a literary *chiffonnier*. Virgil has few archaisms; his rare quaintnesses are sparingly introduced, and only to relieve passages of colourless narrative; he writes in the clear and polished style of an Augustan age of literature. Mr. Morris's studied mediævalism is the more to be regretted, because his fidelity to the original is often not only lineal but verbal, and his version is never prosaic.

We quote from Mr. Morris and Sir Charles Bowen the famous description of Rumour. Both translators employ the same number of lines as Virgil, and both adhere to their text with extraordinary closeness.

'Straight through the mighty Libyan folks is Rumour on the wing—
Rumour, *of whom nought swifter is of any evil thing:*

She gathereth strength by going on, and bloometh shifting oft;
A little thing, afraid at first, she springeth soon aloft;
Her feet are on the worldly soil, her head the clouds o'erlay.
Earth, spurred by anger 'gainst the Gods, begot her as they say,
Of Cœus and Enceladus the latest sister-birth.
Swift are her wings to cleave the air, swift foot she treads the earth:
A monster dread and huge, on whom so many as there lie
The feathers, under each there lurks, O strange! a watchful eye;
And there wag tongues, and babble mouths, and hearkening ears upstand
As many: all a-dusk by night she flies 'twixt sky and land
Loud clattering, never shutting eye in rest of slumber sweet.
By day she keepeth watch high-set on houses of the street,
Or on the towers aloft she sits for mighty cities' fear;
And lies and ill she loves no less than sooth which she must bear.'

Sir Charles Bowen need not fear comparison either in the accuracy or the force of his version. If, on the one hand, Mr. Morris has the advantage in his picturesque line—

'And there wag tongues, and babble mouths, and hearkening ears upstand,'

he cannot compare with Sir Charles in his rendering of

'Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,'

or

'Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.'

'That same hour through the mightiest cities of Libya ran
Fame, most swift of the evils that Heaven inflicts upon man;
Movement adds to her growth, and she gathers speed as she flies;
Fear at the outset dwarfs her, she mounts ere long to the skies;
Plants on the ground her feet, with her forehead touches the heaven.
Earth, at the anger of gods celestial to madness driven,
Bare her, the last of the Titan and Giant brood,—it is said—
Fleet-winged, speedy of foot, a colossal monster and dread.
One unslumbering eye is beneath each feather she wears;
Tongues as many, resounding mouths, all-vigilant ears.
While night lasts, in the shadow she floats 'twixt earth and the skies
Shrieking loudly, nor ever in sweet sleep closes her eyes;
When day comes, on the roof-top tall or the tower she alights,
Sits as a sentinel there, and the world's great cities affrights,
Cleaving to falsehood and folly, and yet truth's messenger too.'

Sir Charles Bowen's most formidable rivals, Dryden and Professor Conington, still remain. Between their merits it is difficult to decide. Great poets may alone be gifted with the requisite powers to translate the works of their brethren. But who would wish them so to employ their power? Is Dryden's Virgil worth his 'Absalom and Achitophel'? Or who would exchange Pope's Homer for the 'Rape of the 'Lock'? Does any one regret that Wordsworth wrote the 'Ode to Immortality' instead of completing the 'Æneid,' or that Tennyson found solace for his grief in 'In Memoriam,' and has given us only a specimen of his power to interpret Homer? But though the qualifications available for trans-

lation are not those of the greatest poets, translators must be poets themselves, men of refined and scholarly mind, quick to seize and apt to convey the latent beauties of their author, subtle in discriminating nice shades of meaning or perceiving curious felicities of expression, wielding their own language with ease, acute in catching delicate harmonies of sound, skilful to blend the whole into one compact unity, and, it may be added, more anxious to reproduce and interpret than to invent or originate. The requisite gifts of translators are not of the most exalted kind; but they are of a high order; and few poets make greater demands upon the powers of a translator than Virgil. He is simple in the conduct of his story, but the reverse of simple in his manner of narration; he is subtle in latent allusions, delicate in his nicety of expression, hinting at two different turns of phrase while he adopts a third, adapting with infinite tact and pains both his style and rhythm to the changes in his subject. He is in fact the genius of taste, the first, to quote the phrase of Sainte-Beuve, of *Racinien* poets.

If the ranks of translators are open to others besides the greatest poets, the choice of form is scarcely less wide. One of the first considerations in translation is the metre, and on this point opinions are divided. But, for our own part, we prefer men to measures, and are not prepared to assert that any metre is impossible. Yet it may be said that blank verse, unless it is of the very highest order, is rarely popular; Pope's Homer has a thousand readers where Cowper has one. The hexameter, again, is—as we shall hold until converted to the opposite opinion by practical demonstration—opposed to the genius of the English language; even if convincing proof were forthcoming that the classical exotic could be successfully acclimatised, there is little question that it rapidly tires the reader. Theoretically and practically we believe that the best representative of the majestic sweep and rapid movement of the Virgilian line is the rhymed heroic, and in this respect Dryden has the advantage over the slipshod speed of Conington and the languid length of Sir Charles Bowen. On the other hand, it is but fair to notice that it is impossible to render the Virgilian hexameter *lineally* either in the heroic metre or in blank verse. If lineal translation is necessary—and Sir C. Bowen suggests it as a requisite condition of success—we must be prepared to make a sacrifice in one direction or another.

The difference between Dryden and Conington may be

summed up in the saying that Dryden is more poet than scholar, while Conington is more scholar than poet. Dryden's version is a poetical paraphrase; Conington's a scholarly translation. But our critical sense of Dryden's laxity in metre and licenses in rhyme, his paraphrases, omissions and additions, his superfluities, his splendid infidelities, is overpowered by the sustained force and volume of his version. He never forgets the golden rule of translation—'Pecca 'fortiter.' Both Dryden and Virgil are poets: but they are separated by centuries of years, thought, and feeling. Martial's epigram on an objectionable neighbour expresses their true relation:—

'Nemo tam prope, tam proculque nobis!'

'How close we come—yet what a world rolls between us!' Dryden's version is a poem in itself. He is, like Virgil, a consummate master of language; but his ear is not sensitive to the interwoven harmonies of the original, nor his eye observant of its delicate execution, nor his taste appreciative of its felicitous phrases. It is difficult to repress regret that Dryden and Pope did not reverse their parts, Dryden translating Homer, and Pope Virgil; in delicacy of finish and taste of execution, the latter resembles Virgil rather than Homer.

The great merit of Conington is that, in spite of his metre, rarely by its aid, he has given us more of Virgil than any of his predecessors. The grave dignity of Virgil's style, its continuous flow, and stately melody, are misrepresented in the octosyllabic lines of 'Marmion.' The one is the swift yet steady sweep of the Atlantic; the other the quick vivacity of a shallow sea ruffled by an inshore wind. Conington's sober friskiness revives Doctor Johnson's wonder at the dancing bear; yet his rapid step, slipshod though it is, is preferable to the formal minuet of the imitators of Pope, or to the stage strut into which the large stride of Dryden occasionally degenerates. And it is easy to exaggerate the defects of the metre; the couplet to which Conington reduces the Virgilian hexameter possesses, like the Latin original, from fourteen to sixteen syllables; the ballad metre is eminently adapted for battle pieces; and it seems specially constructed for passages where rulers or hosts are enumerated, or where sea coasts are described which are traversed by the Trojans on their voyage. And the metre is skilfully handled. Conington rarely falls into that singsong to which the ballad is prone to degenerate. The beauties of Conington's version

are paler than those of Dryden's, and his weaknesses are greater. On the other hand, he is faithful to the sense of the original, and skilful in suggesting the salient peculiarities of Virgil's language. He renders with extreme delicacy the refinement of the poem, and catches the tone of tender pathos which breathes through it like a faint perfume, even though he gives it a lyric rather than an epic turn. Of the accuracy of his scholarship, and of the taste with which he illuminates obscurities of meaning by some happy rendering, it is hardly necessary to speak. But the acuteness of his scholarly perception betrays him into a grave fault of frequent repetition. He is prone to make his translation serve the double purpose of translation and commentary—to explain where Virgil is content to hint; to complete metaphors which in the original are only suggested.

To place Sir Charles Bowen on the same level with Dryden and Conington is no slight praise; but he may fairly claim equality if not superiority. As a reproduction of the 'Æneid,' his version is immeasureably superior to Dryden, whose translation is a poem but a paraphrase. On Conington's own field, that of fidelity and accuracy, he meets the professor at least on equal terms, while in his metrical equipment he enjoys an advantage. Sir Charles Bowen does not, like Dryden, translate Virgil as a rival, but he pays him the truest homage of a lover; he never trifles with the workings or shapings of his author's mind, makes no false approximations, indulges in no impertinent transpositions and amplifications, as though one of the greatest masters of poetry had not understood the art to which he devoted the worship of a life. He translates with singular fidelity, avoiding all clumsy paraphrases, rendering line by line and word for word with much of the compact conciseness, exact propriety, and even suggestiveness of diction which conspicuously characterise the original. In many instances his versions might replace the original lines in the currency of familiar quotation, so closely do they conjure up the echo of Virgil's graceful strains. His versification is entirely novel, and in this respect his translation shows a good title for its existence. It does not merely repeat the faults or revive the virtues of its predecessors. It makes an entirely new departure. The long sweep of his line represents the flow of the classic epic far more closely than the changing versification of Conington. At its best his metre enables him to reproduce the delicately organised structure

of Virgil's paragraphs, to replace the Latin by a corresponding English line complete in itself, and yet, in spite of its elaboration, to control it with uniform ease and grace. The obvious objection to the line is that the loss of the last syllable robs the metre of its strength, and, combined with the peculiar cadence, developes a tendency to languor that is fatal to epic poetry, a tendency which the spirit of the language imperfectly conceals. In the 'Æneid,' where grandeur and rapidity of motion are essential, this defect constitutes a serious drawback; but it is in perfect keeping with the 'Eclogues,' and assists Sir Charles to achieve what we regard as an absolute masterpiece of translation. The languor of the metre helps to effect his faultless reproduction of those delicious reveries in which Virgil celebrates, not the dignity of labour, but the *dolce far niente* of rural life. Yet even in its weakness the metre is far better suited to reproduce the solemn majesty of Virgil than the versification of Scott; and from its length it possesses the undoubted advantage, though we think Sir Charles exaggerates this merit, of enabling the translator to render the original line by line.

We do not propose to continue a comparison between three translators, each of whom possesses conspicuous merits. But that the reader may compare for himself their different versions, we quote for the purpose their renderings of the famous 'Descent into Hell.'

Dryden thus renders the lines:—

'Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
  Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead;
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the Moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.
  Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age;
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage:
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
(Forms terrible to view,) their sentry keep:
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
The Furies' iron beds, and Strife that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.'

Now hear Conington:—

'Eternal Powers, whose sway controls
The empire of departed souls,
Ye too, throughout whose wide domain
Black Night and grisly Silence reign,
Hoar Chaos, awful Phlegethon,
What ear has heard let tongue make known;
Vouchsafe your sanction, nor forbid
To utter things in darkness hid.
  Along the illimitable shade
Darkling, and lone their way they made,
Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
An empty void, though tenanted;
So travellers in a forest move
With but the uncertain Moon above,
  Beneath her niggard light,
When Jupiter has hid from view
The heaven, and Nature's every hue
  Is lost in blinding night.
At Orcus' portal hold their lair
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care;
And pale Diseases cluster there,
  And pleasureless Decay.
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
  A ghastly presence they;
Suffering and Death the threshold keep,
And with them Death's blood-brother, Sleep;
Ill Joys with their seducing spells
  And deadly War are at the door,
The Furies couch in iron cells,
And Discord maddens and rebels;
  Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drop gore.'

Now it is, we think, apparent that Dryden is here more careless, less accurate, but at the same time more vigorous, than Conington. His invocation is poor, and his 'permit 'me to relate' is tame and prosaic. He altogether omits 'rebus nox abstulit atra colorem;' his 'revengeful' spoils the force of 'ultrices Curæ;' his 'malignant' moon conveys too positive an idea, for the moon is niggardly not so much because she is evilly disposed as because she is sullen; he generalises, where Virgil defines, the abodes of Toils, and Death, and Sorrow; his paraphrase of 'malesuada Fames' is a shift in the worst style of heroic versifiers, and makes no attempt to give the force of an epithet which Conington renders with felicity. On the other hand, if he commits no fault so great as 'Famine's unresisted rage,' Conington is not entirely accurate. He fails to convey a tithe of the horror of the jaws of Hell, or anything of the vague suggestion of the worse terrors that lurk within; his 'blood-brother' is out of

keeping with such shadowy personifications as Death and Sleep; he dilutes the strong expression of Dryden into 'the 'threshold keep;' he modernises the expression 'mala 'mentis gaudia;' he wholly personifies Sorrow and Joy where Virgil is content with half-personification (and, if any epithet is to be added, Spenser's 'lamenting sorrow' strikes us as better than Conington's attribute of wildness); he limits Fear to one particular form, where Virgil leaves it in all the vagueness of its terror.

In accuracy, fidelity, and compact precision of language, Sir Charles Bowen is the most successful, though the same microscopic analysis shows that he has missed the force of '*sola* sub nocte,' which adds considerably to the gloom and desolation of the scene.

'Gods! whose realm is the spirit-world, mute shadows of might,
Chaos, and Phlegethon thou, broad kingdoms of silence and night,
Leave vouchsafe me to tell the tradition, grace to exhume
Things in the deep earth hidden and drowned in the hollows of gloom.

So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road
Down the unpeopled kingdom of Death, and his ghostly abode,
As men journey in woods when a doubtful moon has bestowed
Little of light, when Jove has concealed in shadow the heaven,
When from the world by sombre Night Day's colours are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,
Fear, and the temptress Famine, and hideous Want at her side,
Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labour is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door
The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.'

We have expressed the opinion that Sir Charles Bowen's metre is best suited to the soft and mellow atmosphere of the 'Eclogues.' But we by no means desire to imply that it is incompatible with vigour, passion, or deep pathos. The Boat Race, already quoted, affords a fair illustration of Sir Charles's powers in rapid narrative. As an instance of passion we take Dido's second speech, when, provoked by Æneas's rejection of her tender pleading, she first eyes him from head to foot in silent scorn, and then breaks out with:—

'Goddess none thy mother, no monarch Teucrian born
Fathered thy race, O traitor! On rugged rocks the accursed
Caucasus rather bare thee, Hyrcanian tigers nursed.
Why do I parley still? Can a greater wrong be behind?

Did he but sigh one sigh? Did an eyelid flutter or shake?
One tear flow? Did he pity the loving heart that he brake?
Why in procession range each crime? Great Juno is blind!
Jupiter looks no longer with equal eyes on mankind!
Truth from the world has departed. An outcast wrecked on the sand,
Blindly I gave him shelter, I housed him here in the land,
Harboured his vessels, saved from death his mariner band.
Furies infernal seize my soul . . .
Hence! I delay thee not, nor will answer make thee in aught.
Go! let the tempests help thee to Italy! Seek on the seas
Thy new kingdom! If righteous gods have power to repay,
May'st thou receive thy guerdon on wild sea reefs, by the way,
Often on Dido calling in vain! In fire and in storm
Absent I shall be near thee, and when this quivering form
Chill death robs of its spirit, in each sad world I shall stand
Still as a phantom by. Ere long the avenger's hand,
Sinner, shall overtake thee. My ghost shall hear it and know,
And in the world of the shadows the tidings reach me below.'

We cannot refrain from quoting three extracts from the sixth book, which not only contains the noblest passages in Latin literature, but the most striking specimens of Sir Charles Bowen's skill in epic translation. The following lines describe the confines of the ghostly world after Æneas has traversed the Stygian lake:—

'Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they bore,
Spirits of infants sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless, although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives on the sands,
Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx bars them below.'

Then Æneas passes to the Elysian fields of the blest, where he discerns Anchises. Thus the father welcomes his son:—

'Here thou comest at last, and the love I counted upon
Over the rugged path has prevailed. Once more, O my son,
I may behold thee, and answer with mine thy voice as of yore.
Long I pondered the chances, believed this day was in store,
Reckoning the years and the seasons. Nor was my longing belied.
O'er how many a land, past what far waters and wide,
Hast thou come to mine arms! What dangers have tossed thee, my child!
Ah! how I feared lest harm should await thee in Libya wild!'

Of the noble vision which passes before Anchises and Æneas of the heroes that are destined to make Rome the

mistress of the world, we can only quote the concluding lines: Anchises tells his son the name and fate of the youthful prince, the young Marcellus. 'Child of a nation's 'sorrow!' as a rendering of 'Heu, miserande puer!' even if it stood alone as a felicitous translation, would give Sir Charles Bowen's version the right to live.

'Answer again Anchises began with a gathering tear:
"Ask me not, O my son, of thy children's infinite pain!
Fate one glimpse of the boy to the world will grant, and again
Take him from life. Too puissant methinks to immortals on high
Rome's great children had seemed, if a gift like this from the sky
Longer had been vouchsafed! What wailing of warriors bold
Shall from the funeral plain to the War-god's city be rolled!
What sad pomp thine eyes will discern, what pageant of woe,
When by his new-made tomb thy waters, Tiber, shall flow!
Never again such hopes shall a youth of the lineage of Troy
Rouse in his great forefathers of Latium! Never a boy
Nobler pride shall inspire in the ancient Romulus land!
Ah, for his filial love! for his old-world faith! for his hand
Matchless in battle! Unharmed what foeman had offered to stand
Forth in his path, when charging on foot for the enemy's ranks,
Or when plunging the spur in his foam-flecked courser's flanks!
Child of a nation's sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates'
Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,
Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
Doing the dead, though vainly, the last sad service.'

The exquisite polish and refined execution of the 'Eclogues' and the 'Georgics' are, unfortunately for Virgil's fame, superior to the unfinished 'Æneid.' England is surfeited with didactic verse, and disdains pastoral poetry. Nor is it possible to deny that pastoral poetry is essentially artificial, or, if you will, vitiated by falsehood. Used in its legitimate sense, it does not include, though Professor Conington seemed disposed to widen its definition, the poetry of external nature, or songs of labour sung by sons of toil. Drayton regarded pastorals as feigned dialogues fathered upon herdsmen; and, strictly speaking, pastoral poetry is confined to those conventional compositions which people rivers, groves, and rocks with nymphs and fauns, gods and goddesses, and elevate Damon and Menalcas to the dignity of their immortal neighbours. It is, in fact, woven of unrealities. But the artifice is conscious and not intended to deceive. Rural occupations are doubtless capable of poetic illustration by shepherds themselves. But the moment that poets from a higher station in life sing of the daughters of millers and gardeners, they idealise them to

their own condition, and they adopt a tone more artificial than that of the pastoral. Another false notion belongs to pastoral poetry, namely that shepherds are happier than city clerks, or country life is more innocent than that of towns. Lastly, the mythological associations with which Virgil warmed his imagination are meaningless to the English people. But when the 'Eclogues' were written, the spell of those exquisite fancies still lay on poets of Virgil's temperament. He could still persuade himself that he saw a faun peer from behind every moss-grown stem, and a white-limbed nymph glide from every embowered fountain. Such personifications of the plenitude of life around him were not indeed articles of his faith; but he never banishes from human affairs the kindly friends whom the simple villagers worshipped as gods. To him they still yielded rich flowers of fancy and imaginative thought. Modern poets derive their rural inspirations from a clearer vision and a purer passion for Nature when they go direct to the daisy or the skylark. They may borrow the phraseology and imitate the personification of pagan legend; but they wear them as cast-off clothes with an awkward consciousness. Our climate is not vernal, our manners are not Arcadian, and our pastoral poetry is a failure. Except for 'Lycidas,' we might say that our best pastoral is Walton's 'Complete Angler,' and that, we hasten to add, in fear of our contemporary's reviewer, is written in prose. In the strictest sense of the word, no English pastoral, in our opinion, surpasses Sir Charles Bowen's translation of the 'Eclogues.'

Dryden, in his 'Art of Poetry,' requires that the ornaments of pastoral verse shall not consist of gold or pearl, but shall be drawn from the neighbouring fields. He condemns the blare of the trumpet which drives Pan to the thickets of the woods, and denounces the use of language flat and vile which changes

'without care of sound or dress
Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil and read Theocrite.'

Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar,' with its twelve Æglogues, errs not only in its studied barbarity of diction, but in its political or religious purpose; as when Diggon Davie discusses the corruptions of the Church of Rome. Pope's pastorals are too elaborate in their finery; his shepherds wear gold-brocaded coats and carry jewelled snuffboxes. Gay's

playfulness degenerates into burlesque. Collins's Asiatic pastorals are dull and laboured. Shenstone's ballads and Fletcher's piscatory eclogues, though the latter were condemned by Addison, belong, in our opinion, to a higher order of merit. Since Pope and Gay shepherds have ceased to rule the Arcadian meadow, and Menalcas's reed hangs silent. Whatever delusions once existed respecting country life are dissipated. If original pastoral poetry were written now, men would ask with Crabbe—

> 'Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
> Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
> From truth and nature shall we widely stray,
> Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way?'

Virgil copies Theocritus because he felt the inherent weakness of this class of composition too strongly to attempt originality. He adopts the setting as convenient for his complimentary effusions. On any other assumption he is as unskilful a plagiarist as he is consummate an artist. Had he cared to do so, it is absurd to suppose that he could not have painted in his own Italian scenery instead of retaining the Sicilian touches. Thus regarded, idealists may abandon themselves without repugnance to the fascination of those delicious reveries which formed a world of their own within the hard surroundings of wars and confiscations. Nor is the world which Virgil depicts altogether fictitious. He paints to the life the strong affection that the peasant bore to home and land; and he traces, with a truth which has lost nothing of its reality in the lapse of centuries, the hopes and fears with which lovers are distracted. His picture of rural Italy is bathed in a golden light; laborious occupations are forsworn: the care of flocks and herds is a pastime. But with what consummate skill, with what dainty perfection of language and musical versification, is the scene described! Outlines and colouring are exquisitely softened, mellowed, and harmonised. All Nature smiles. She scatters her bright-hued flowers with lavish hand—her tall poppies and foxgloves, her yellow marigolds, her lilies and narcissi, her tender hyacinth and laughing acanthus. Delicately downed quinces, chestnuts, apples, plums, and grapes attest her bounty. She clothes the glades and slopes and river banks with holm oaks, myrtles, poplars, willows, and hazel copses. It is midday, when the heat dyes the grain to gold, and the grapes on sunny slopes to purple. Heifers wade knee-deep in the lush pasture; the sheep have sought the shade; the flat-nosed goat browses at call. Bees hum in

the willow hedge; turtle doves murmur of love's disloyalty from the neighbouring elms; the husky cicala chirrups from among the vines; the south wind whispers softly in the rustling leaves; the stream loiters on its way to the sea; the cold clear fountain plashes on its moss-bordered bed; the waves are lapping on the shore. From beneath the elm where lissom vines have woven a roof for the light, or from under the flickering shade of the arbutus, come the song—now grave, now gay—of Corydon and Tityrus, and the silvery laugh of Phyllis.

It is in rendering these scenes into English that Sir Charles Bowen is most peculiarly successful. He has many competitors, but, taken throughout, no rivals. Compare the versions of the opening lines of the first eclogue which have been offered by some among those who have attempted to preserve the delicate grace of the original. And first for Dryden's rendering:—

'Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan muse;
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forced from our pleasing fields and native home;
While stretched at ease you sing your happy love,
And Amaryllis fills the shady grove.'

Dr. Trapp follows:—

'Beneath the Covert of the spreading Beech
Thou, *Tityrus*, repos'd, art warbling o'er,
Upon a slender Reed, thy sylvan Lays;
We leave our Country, and sweet native Fields;
We fly our Country; careless in the Shade
Thou teachest, *Tityrus*, the sounding Groves
To echoe beauteous Amaryllis' Name.'

Beattie renders it thus:—

'Where the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your sylvan reed resounds the sylvan lays,
O happy Tityrus! Whilst we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands, to distant climes are borne,
Stretcht careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.'

Sir Charles Bowen translates as follows:—

'Thou, my Tityrus, under a beech tree's broadening shade
Tunest a slender reed to a song of the wild wood glade—
We from our own dear land and her cornfields sweet must away,
Flying from home. In the shadow reclined thou passest the day,
Teaching the forest echoes the fair Amaryllis to praise.'

The five lines point a contrast, which ought to be struck in the first word, between the speaker and the fortunate Tityrus. In the fourth line the order of the comparison is

reversed; and the only fault we have to find with Sir Charles Bowen's rendering—unless, indeed, the force of exile and banishment is neglected in *fugimus*—is that he misses the force of this second contrast. It would, in our opinion, be better to place the full stop at 'away,' and continue, 'We 'fly from home; in the shadow,' &c.

It will be seen that Sir Charles Bowen, alone among the translators, renders Virgil line by line. This advantage is very great in the amœbæan contests, where the epigrammatic couplet and the even number of verses are necessary to the spirit of the original. Heroics are too short to convey the full meaning of the Virgilian hexameter, and Dryden transgresses the rules of alternate versification with his usual license. Even those who have adopted alexandrines have failed to preserve the amœbæan couplet. Compare, in this respect, the versions of Abraham Fraunce and Sir Charles Bowen:—

'*Damœtas.* O prettie boies which gather floueres and strawberries also,
Creeping or growing on the ground, hence get you fast away,
For in the grasse doth lurke a snake whose poison is full cold.
Menalcas. O sheepe forbeare and spare to go too forwards on the way,
It is not good to trust the bankes; for why, the ram himselfe
Dooth drie his flesh bicause he fell into the water wet.
Damœtas. O Tityr driue thy little gotes from treading neere the streame,
Myselfe when time shall serue will wash them all in running spring.
Menalcas. O you my lads take up the sheepe and put them in the fold,
For if the heat shall ouertake their milke as late it did,
In vaine we shal with palms of hands presse oft and wring the teats.'

Sir Charles Bowen thus translates the passage:—

'*Damœtas.* Boys, who are gathering flowers and the berries that grow on the ground,
Run, for a cold snake lurks in the grasses yonder unseen!
Menalcas. Go no further, my sheep; unsafe yon bank will be found.
Look at the ram still drying his dripping fleece on the green.
Damœtas. Tityrus, drive from the river the she-goats seeking to eat.
When it is time, myself I will wash them clean in the spring.
Menalcas. Fold, my children, the ewes; for the milk once touched by the heat,
As but of late, our fingers in vain to the udders will cling.'

Space does not permit us to indulge in many extracts. We turn at once to the eighth eclogue, and the lines which Voltaire and Macaulay thought the most beautiful in the Latin language. They are admirably rendered in this translation:—

''Twas in the crofts I saw thee, a girl thy mother beside,
Plucking the apples dewy, myself thy pilot and guide;

Years I had finished eleven, the twelfth was beginning to reign;
Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that snapped.
Ah when I saw! how I perished! to fatal folly was rapt.'

Selection is difficult among so many passages to which lovers of the 'Eclogues' instinctively turn. We had marked for quotation the scene in which two young fauns and the nymph Ægle extract a song from Silenus, and the beautiful lament of Gallus for Lycoris, who had deserted him for a more favoured brother in arms; but the unrelenting exigencies of space compel us to omit them, and we must refer our readers to the delightful volume in which they occur.

One word, in conclusion, upon the fourth eclogue. In his brief introduction to this famous poem, Sir C. Bowen says:—

'The Eclogue conceives of the new cycle as ushered in with the birth of an illustrious child, supposed by many critics to be the son of Pollio, and to have been born during his consulship; by others the young Marcellus, the nephew and adopted son of Augustus. . . . The fancy of theologians in days gone by was fond of discovering in the language of the poem, compared with that of Scripture, and in the references to the virgin, the boy, the snake, &c., an unconscious anticipation of the Messiah.'

The same account is given by Professor Conington, who dryly adds: 'It is difficult to say who the child was, for the 'simple reason that Virgil's anticipations were never ful- 'filled. It is not certain that the child was ever born; it 'is certain that, if born, he did not become the regenerator 'of his time.' Neither the translator nor the commentator, nor, as far as we have been able to learn, any eminent scholar, refers in the remotest way to a theory which we believe to give the most satisfactory interpretation of the poem.

The eclogue is not, in our opinion, prophetic in character. It is a *genethliacon*, or birthday ode, commemorating a past event, and clothing in poetical language the horoscope of Octavius. The birth of the child has already happened; it is Octavius himself who is, in the fond hope or courtly language of Virgil, to usher in the golden age of plenty and peace. The speaker is the Cumæan Sibyl herself, who thus, in the words of Sir Charles Bowen, begins her song:—

'Come is the last of the Ages, in song Cumæan foretold.
Now is the world's grand cycle begun once more from of old.
Justice *the Virgin* comes, and the *Saturn kingdom* again;
Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.'

The classical authority upon the subject of astrological horoscopes is Manilius. It will be unnecessary to dive deeply into the abstruse science in order to make the points clear; and Virgil's minute studies of mathematics and astrology are familiar to every student of his poetry. In casting horoscopes a circle was drawn divided into twelve divisions, corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac. The two signs which were most influential upon the life of the infant were the planet under which it was born, and the planet under which, ten months before, it was conceived. The life of the infant was divided into four intervals—Infancy, Childhood, Manhood, and Decay. At the expiration of every twelve years the zodiacal signs had completed their revolution, and a new course commenced with the planet which presided at the birth of the subject. Thus much by way of premise.

The poem teems with astrological allusion; it is divided into three intervals corresponding to Infancy, Childhood, and Manhood; on the fourth interval, Decay, the poet has too much tact to touch. He skilfully glides away from the subject with the hint that the peace, abundance, and glories of the first three intervals shall for ever continue.

'"Ages blest, roll onward!" the Sisters of Destiny cried
Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide.
Come to thy godlike honours; the time wellnigh is begun;
Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son!'

The consulate of Pollio, the only note of time in the poem, was in 714 A.U.C., when the treaty of Brundisium seemed to give peace to the Roman world, and Octavius entered upon the undisputed tenure of his divided empire. There is no attempt to fix the birth of the child to the consulship of Pollio, although Sir Charles Bowen gives his authority to the limitation by his translation 'upon whose 'first opening eyes;' for '*quo* ferrea primum . . . Desinet' is best translated generally, not as the old commentators took it, by supplying 'nascente,' but as an ablative of circumstance (on the analogy of 'te Consule'), meaning 'under' or 'with whom.' Nor is there any connexion with the *date of birth* in the lines which follow; all that is said is that the event which is to commence the golden age is to date from Pollio's consulship.

'Chaste Lucina, be kindly! He reigns—thy Phœbus—to-day!
Thine to be Consul, thine, at a bright world's ushering in,
Pollio, when the procession of nobler months shall begin;
Under thy rule all lingering traces of Italy's sin,
Fading to nought, shall free us from fear's perpetual sway.'

There is, then, nothing in the poem itself to contradict the two assumptions—first, that the Sibyl is the speaker; secondly, that the consulship of Pollio in 714 A.U.C. fixes the date of the commencement of the golden age, but not the date of the birth of the infant by whom the new cycle is introduced.

In 714 A.U.C. Octavius was twenty-three. He was born on September 23, 691 A.U.C., the reputed son of Apollo; hence, 'He reigns—thy Phœbus—to-day!' ('Tuus jam regnat 'Apollo'). The planet which presided at his conception—('Ten long moons she has waited, and borne her burden 'the while')—was Capricornus; the planet which presided at his birth was Virgo ('Jam redit et Virgo,' which Sir Charles Bowen translates, '*Justice* the Virgin comes').

The planet of the greatest influence over the interval of 'Infancy' was then Virgo. What are her characteristics? In September Virgo is passing into Libra; it is autumn, the time of the harvest and of the early vintage; and Ceres is the tutelary deity of Virgo, as Bacchus is of Libra. Hence, children born at this season of the year love flowers and gardens. The date of the child's birth is fixed by reference to the spontaneous produce of Virgo, which is showered freely and lavishly on the child. It may be remarked that the special offering consists of the flowers which form Ariadne's crown that rose in the fifth degree of Virgo. Then follow the lines:—

> 'Homeward at eve untended *the goat* shall come from the mead
> Swelling with milk; flocks fearless of monster *lions* shall feed.'

Here may be traced an allusion to Capricornus, and a suggestion that Octavius, like Jove, was goat-fed. The Goat was always borne by Augustus as his favourite device. Opposite to it, upon the circle of the zodiac, was Leo, the device of Mark Antony. The same language of astrological allegory is continued.

> 'Every snake shall perish; the treacherous poison weed
> Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown by the way.'

When Ophiuchus, the serpent holder, mounts and joins the Goat, then the child, as Manilius tells us, may play with venomed snakes, and poison cannot harm.

The second interval, Childhood, begins at the twenty-seventh line. Octavius was now twelve. The full revolution of the signs is complete. It is the year 702–703 A.U.C., when once more it is autumn, and Virgo is again in the ascendant. And this date is fixed by a repetition of the

same language which was used in the first interval, when Virgo was all-powerful.

> 'When thou art able to read of the heroes' glories, the bright
> Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is manhood's valour and might,
> Plains will be turning golden, and wave with ripening corn;
> Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled wilderness thorn;
> Honey from hard-grained oaks be distilling pure as the dew,' &c.

On the theory for which we contend, the first two lines of the second interval receive a full meaning. Octavius, as the adopted child of Julius Cæsar, would read the heroes' glories in his father's 'Commentaries.' So, too, the last lines, with their reference to a second Trojan war, become plain. The contest between Cæsar and Pompey and the battle of Pharsalia, 705–6 A.U.C., is the subject. Another Achilles (and what makes the allusion more apposite is that Pompey raised the mass of his forces in Greece) issues forth to attack the new Troy, that is Rome.

The third interval, Manhood, begins with line 37, when Octavius is twenty-three:—

> 'Soon when strengthening years shall have made thee man from a boy.'

The date is fixed by the recurrence of Virgo's influence; it is 714–5 A.U.C., the date of the treaty of Brundisium. The zodiacal signs have for the second time revolved, and

> 'Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the vine no pruner fear;
> Soon will the stalwart ploughman release unneeded the steer.'

Violence had marred the second interval; now that is at an end. Augustus is on the throne. His rule is expressed in astrological language.

> 'Varied hues no longer the wool shall falsely assume.
> Now to a blushing purple and now to the saffron's bloom,
> Cropping the meadow, the ram shall change his fleece at his need;
> Crimsoning grasses colour the lambs themselves as they feed.'

In 709–10 Aries, the bell-wether of the zodiacal flock, was, according to the revolutions dating from Virgo in 691, in the ascendant. He is associated with the purple and gold of rule and empire, and in that year Julius Cæsar was murdered, and Octavius inherited his name and greatness.

At line 47, when we expect the fourth interval, Decay, Virgil evades the subject by a dexterous compliment, and a hint of everlasting peace and plenty. If the view here suggested appears probable, the Birthday Ode to Augustus was written in 715, when he celebrated the Ludi Seculares with great magnificence to commemorate the establishment of his power in Italy, and the introduction of the Cumæan Sibyl as the speaker becomes peculiarly appropriate.

ART. VII.—*Histoire du Peuple d'Israël.* Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur au Collège de France. Tome I[er]. Quatrième Edition. Paris: 1887.

IN the preface to one of his later works M. Renan describes the object of his supreme desire in the following words:—'My highest ambition will be satisfied if I can 'hope to enter into the Church after my death, in the 'form of a small volume in 18mo, bound in black morocco, 'held between the long slender fingers of a delicately 'gloved hand.'* There is reason to doubt the attainment of this ambition on the part of the gallant Frenchman, even if disencumbered of the accessories, or it may be the essentials, of a black morocco binding, tapering fingers, and well-fitting gloves. In the preface to the volume under review, M. Renan registers yet another hope, this time of a premortuary and more prosaic character: that he may live to complete in two other volumes the work which he has taken in hand. Then would he 'with happiness' chant: 'Nunc 'dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum, in 'pace.' The quotation seems to us somewhat inapt in the circumstances: but none the less do we sincerely wish him the fulfilment of his desire.

In truth it is only natural that M. Renan should seek to complete the cycle of his Biblical studies by adding to them a 'History of the People Israel.' It was necessary for the accomplishment of his initial purpose of tracing the 'Origins 'of Christianity.' These, as he states in his preface, mount up to the great prophets of the ninth century before our era. And this prophetic literature itself had 'its root in the 'ancient ideal of the patriarchal life' which has also 'been 'a reality in the far past of the Israelitish tribe.' But in this justification of his task lies also the severest condemnation of his mode of performing it. For as we join M. Renan's beginning with the ending of this history we instinctively feel their inconsistency. The Jahveh of M. Renan could never have been the God and Father of Jesus Christ; the 'Jahvehism' of his conception could not have developed into the universal religion, either by progression, or, what is still more incredible, by historical retrogression. 'Jahvehism'—to borrow M. Renan's expression—might have ended in Judaism; it could not have widened into

* Nouvelles Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse, 1884. Préf. p. xxi.

Christianity. The fundamental proposition of M. Renan is opposed to experience; it is contrary to reason.

But, whatever the character of his conclusions, we might naturally expect much in the treatment of the subject from a writer of such admitted scholarship and acknowledged brilliancy as M. Renan. And alike the one and the other quality are vindicated by the rendering of pieces of Hebrew poetry interspersed in parts of this volume. These are gems: of their own kind, unsurpassed; we had almost said, unique. But beyond this it is impossible, with the best will, to extend our praise. To whichever school the critic may belong, one thing is certain: he will have none of M. Renan's criticism. On this point all his reviewers, so far as we know, are agreed. His method is unsatisfactory and vacillating, not to say self-contradictory; his results are feeble, often demonstrably untenable; his fundamental idea is inadmissible. Even that brilliancy which has made M. Renan the *enfant gâté* of literature, seems, with the exception previously named, almost to have deserted him. The arrangement, especially in the first half of the volume, is confused, and the writer constantly comes back upon his traces. It lacks the freshness of originality, and gives the impression that the writer having found some new materials in a book or magazine article is trying to incorporate them. The result is want of unity and of orderly progression. Even of that, which to some minds forms the chief attraction in M. Renan's writings, there is far too much display. All that tinsel cannot be gold. One gets wearied of the constant attempts at sparkling generalisation. In the great majority of instances apophthegmatic sentences cover, but scarcely conceal, a logical inaccuracy. When they recur at every other page, they are apt to degenerate into the *bon mot* and the *beau mot*. It is a safe rule at least to suspect a fallacy when you come upon a brilliant generalisation. The imagination is a dangerous faculty in an historian. It is apt to make, rather than to interpret history. In any case it is not safe to attempt to read history by the light of fireworks. And there is more than all this. The most patient reader will tire of the repetition of M. Renan's leading idea about the religion of Israel, even if it had the merit of being true. The frequent allusions to contemporary French politics and the hits at Germany, however pleasing to French readers, are, to say the least, out of place. A history is not a *feuilleton*. The same may be said of the constant *mise en scène* of the Arabs. These interesting nomads are,

when met in the flesh, not by any means so guileless or pleasant as they are made to appear in M. Renan's pages. Even the piquancy of daring conjecture is dulled by the apposition of an insipid rationalism in the attempted explanation of facts which the writer himself had shortly before expelled from the domain of reality. In fine, from M. Renan's own standpoint the book comes at least ten years too late, after the labours of the German and Dutch school. Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask whether M. Renan could have meant the book in earnest. Indeed, were it not for the name of the author and the curiosity of people to know what the writer of the 'Vie de Jésus' has to say on the History of Israel, it might as a critical or historical study have been left alone. But there are other and more serious considerations than the probable future of this book. It touches on questions which are of supreme interest, not only to professional theologians, but to every thinking person, whatever his business in life or his religious views. Some explanations on these points seem necessary before we address ourselves to the review of the volume before us.

Apart from the strife and din of theological discussion there are chiefly two considerations which deter men from seriously facing such questions. These are: the acknowledged difficulties which surround the primary postulates of the Old and New Testaments, and the apparent incompatibility of what seem equally indubitable facts on one side and the other. There are facts of the physical world with the inferences which at first sight they naturally suggest; and over against them are facts of the moral world, whether within the narrower sphere of personal experience or the wider range of the world's history, which seem almost inevitably to lead to opposite conclusions. Our practical difficulty lies in combining the two series of facts, or in leaving the combination alone till it shall effect itself. But a kind of unreasoning logical instinct seems ever to drive us to attempts at combination. The difficulty of combining what in one direction seems to point to, and in another away from, the direct presence of God is to many of us so great that in grasping the one we lose hold of the other: ignore it, as if it had no existence. It needs scarcely be said in which direction the surrender is most likely to be made. And yet it is unreasonable: for alike the one and the other set of facts exists. The real difficulty then lies in the stupidity of our combination, or else in the stupidi-

ties of our combinations. Common sense is oftentimes only vulgar sense. Coarse objections are easily started: the coarser and cruder the more obvious, and therefore the more taking. But no man of true common sense would account for the rise of Christianity, or explain its influence on the world of thought and its transformation of the world of morals on the hypothesis of a series of wilful impostures or of silly superstitions. M. Renan himself has far too clear an historical perception to adopt this method of sawing, rather than cutting, the knot. He emphatically repudiates the criticism of which the paternity belongs to Voltaire. It is essentially the outcome of a vulgar mind. The history of the intellectual and moral progress of humanity cannot rest on mere fiction. Its basis must be reality; it must be grounded on historical truth.

Here, then, we have some points of agreement. We are at one with M. Renan as to the beginning and the ending of this history. We are also at one with him as to the existence of an internal connexion between this beginning and this ending. So far, then, our conception of the journey is the same. We proceed to mark out our own way of performing it before examining that of M. Renan. This process is almost necessary for the proper understanding of M. Renan's distinctive method.

There are persons who perpetually oscillate, like the pendulum of a Dutch clock, between faith and disbelief, and with the same loud and disagreeable ticking. But there are two points in this history at which at any rate we have a firm foothold. They are, as already stated, at its beginning and at its ending. In the nature of things we cannot know anything of the prehistoric, or rather fore-documentary condition of what appears in history as Israel. Their earliest history can only be derived either from direct statements in the Biblical documents, or from indirect allusions. All the rest is matter of speculation, conjecture, theory. You may say that the religion of Israel began like the religion of every other people. But this promising platitude does not help us, since we really know nothing of how the religion of any people actually began. It is merely to set hypothesis against hypothesis, ingenuity against ingenuity—it is at best, possibility: if you will have it so, probability. We begin to know the history of a people or of its religion when it first emerges from the chaotic deep on which darkness rests; when it first appears on the scene of history, even though it be in legend. And here at its beginning

there is marked difference between Israel and all other peoples. Their legends extend beyond their history; the distinctive religion of Israel begins with its history in Abraham.

We have said that our knowledge here can only be derived either from direct statements or else from indirect allusions in the Biblical documents. We hasten to add that almost more than the usual caution is required in regard to the latter source of information. Inferences are, in their nature, often chiefly subjective; they express, at least in many instances, not so much conclusions as conjectures from *data*. The *data* may be scanty; they may have been imperfectly collated; they may have been wrongly interpreted; they may have been incorrectly generalised. Inferences are, perhaps, more frequently than not what we carry into, than what we carry out of a thing. But we are generally most zealous in holding by that—be it outward or mental property—of which we possess very little, but which we may claim as peculiarly our own. Now it is really from such inferences that many of those recent descriptions, or reconstructions, of the original religion of Israel have been derived which so perplex simple souls. There really is no serious cause for the distress. Even as set forth by their authors, most of these inferences are seen to rest on the slenderest historical grounds; they are utterly untenable when viewed in connexion with the whole of this history.

True, there is attractive variety in the explanations suggested; but they may safely be set the one against the other. One scholar contends that circumcision was the survival of human sacrifices; another derives it from physiological reasons which somewhat strangely do not seem to have operated on the other Canaanitish nations; another traces it to Babylonia and Assyria; yet another to Egypt. None is content to see in it the mark of an hereditary covenant transmitted from father to son. Again, one scholar finds an old Assyrian or Accadian origin for the Jahveh of Israel; another discovers it among the Indo-Germans; a third in Egypt; a fourth among the Hamitic Canaanites; a fifth insists that Jahveh was the original deity of the Kenites or Kainites. And so on, in reference to most of the important questions in this history. They cannot all be right, although each learned and ingenious scholar is certain of the cogency of the evidence in his favour. Four out of five must be wrong. We venture to think that the

presumption is that the fifth is equally so. We do not plead for a critical agnosticism; nor would we even seek to put an end to critical conjectures. But we protest against conjectures being taken for facts; still more, against the construction of an elaborate theory out of such materials. After all, as Professor Wellhausen says: What must have taken place is of less importance than what has actually taken place.

Of all imaginations learned imagination is the most prolific; but its offspring is apt to be somewhat rickety. But common sense goes for something in criticism also. It is common sense that the structure cannot be wider than the basis on which it rests. It is sound criticism that certain inferences cannot be drawn from isolated or disjointed allusions in passages which were intended for a very different purpose. It is common sense that inferences from a set of documents cannot be placed against express statements in the same documents. It is sound criticism that writers cannot have been so stupid as to make or else to insert a statement which is in direct antagonism to what it was their avowed object to convey. Lastly, it is both common sense and sound criticism that the argument *ab silentio* is, if by itself, insufficient; that in a connected series of facts the one supports the other, although the invalidation of the one does not necessarily imply that of the other; and, in fine, that accounts should be viewed as a whole and broadly, and that our conclusions should be derived not from isolated allusions, but from the general impression which the entire history conveys.

So much for principles: now for their application.

If there is one impression more distinct, strong, and continuous than another, it is that at the beginning of the history of the people Israel stands the word *Monotheism*. It explains their history; more than this: it makes their history. Israel would have had no history, at least so far as recorded in their documents; it would have had no existence, but for the special creed of Monotheism. The history which we read is in the strict sense not that of a people, but that of a religion as embodied in a people and illustrated by their varying fate. If it has any meaning, it is that the God of Israel is the only true God. You may say, if you please, that their historical documents have been coloured with that purpose in view, or, rather, you may, if you please, assume it. But in that case you are bound to show where, after the beginning of their history with Abraham, this falsifica-

tion in the documents commences; at what point in their history they are presented otherwise than as Monotheists; at what point they ceased to be Polytheists. Such a transformation could not have taken place without leaving distinct marks. . But in those documents from which alone our knowledge can be derived Israel is from patriarchal times uniformly presented as Monotheistic. The people lapse into idolatry; they contract heathen notions of the Deity; they adopt heathen practices. But in each case this is described as a fall, and is said to be visited by punishment. The first fact in the life of their patriarchs is the acknowledgement and the worship of the one God who made heaven and earth. The first word in their legislation is: Thou shalt have none other gods [perhaps more accurately: God] beside Me. The sum and substance of the prophetic teaching is that there is none other God. The first, as the final, hope expressed is that all nations shall come to the same knowledge and belief of this One God. If there are different documents incorporated in our present Biblical narratives, they at least speak in this respect the same language. There is a consistency and historical continuity about it which cannot be set aside by secondary considerations. It is the same God who is the Creator; the same God who called Abram; the same God who brought Israel out of Egypt; the same God who deals rewards and punishments as He is acknowledged or rejected; the same God whose knowledge is to cover the face of the earth. He is the only God; He is unchangeable; He is immaterial; He cannot be represented by any image; He is almighty; He is eternal; He is omnipresent and omniscient; He is holy; He is faithful and true; He is merciful and gracious; He is just; He is wise. The fundamental article in the religion of Israel is: 'Hear, O Israel: Jahveh our God, 'Jahveh is One.'

It is almost puerile to oppose to this general impression derived from all parts of the Hebrew Scriptures isolated or disjointed sentences of doubtful application from the prophetic writings. Even if correctly interpreted they must in all fairness be judged *a potiori*. We can scarcely view with more patience the favourite contention that the Monotheism so consistently and continuously presented was the work of the later prophets. They may have developed, explained, and further applied it; they could not have introduced or originated it. There is not a single indication in the utterances of the earliest prophets that they initiated this as a

novelty in the belief of Israel. On the contrary, all their references to the past and all their teachings in the present are grounded on the assumption of its existence, and that from the first. It certainly does not appear as a new doctrine inaugurated by a great Reformer. It simultaneously bursts from the lips of all the prophets in whatever part of the country, or under whichever reign their activity. We have a right to challenge the name of the prophet or leader who originated Monotheism in Israel, and the date of its first proclamation. Assuredly, neither the one nor the other could have remained entirely concealed and unknown.

. M. Renan has, in this respect, a far clearer perception of history than those who describe Israel as originally Polytheists, who acquired Monotheism through the teaching of their great prophets. He supposes the original religion of the tribe to have been pure and simple; that it was afterwards corrupted into Jahvehism when the tribes became a nation, and the God they worshipped a national deity; and that it was the work of the prophets to bring back the people to the original purity of their primal belief. No doubt his theory, as so stated, is grounded on assumptions and supported by arguments which are untenable. But it does not involve the supreme difficulties of the other hypothesis.

We must pursue the argument a little further. It would not in any wise be inconsistent with the Monotheism of Israel even if it could be proved that the people had in some way admitted the existence of the gods of other nations, or that they had adopted some of their practices. We may go farther, and say, that the distinctive character of the religion of Israel would not be affected, even if it could be shown that some of the features in the general scheme or idea underlying foreign institutions could also be recognised in those of Israel. In such case the underlying idea would only require to be guided, modified, or elevated by divine direction. As a familiar instance we may mention the practice of sacrifices. In the religion of Israel the common and yet distinctive underlying ideas were here those of fellowship, of dependence, and of propitiation—the rational basis of the latter being ideal substitution.

But when we enter into details, each of these supposed points of contact between the religion of Israel and those of kindred nations would have to be proved: to be subjected to separate examination; and in this case the failure in any one instance would involve also a presumption against

the correctness of the whole theory. Even the circumstance that, as already pointed out, different scholars have differently traced the same institution to an Assyrian, Egyptian, or Caananitish original seems to indicate that the evidence is defective, if not that the inquiry has, in great measure, been ruled by *a priori* considerations. As regards the supposed admission of other national deities by Israel, a very reasonable distinction has been propounded between what is called ideal and numerical Monotheism. Ideal Monotheism is the belief that none of the other gods is like to, or can be compared with, Jahveh: He is unique. Out of ideal Monotheism springs necessarily, although it might be as a progress, especially in a people with crude notions, the further conception of numerical Monotheism: that Jahveh is not only unique in comparison with other gods, but that He is the only living and true God. Indeed, the manifest inconclusiveness of inferences from the mention in the Old Testament of other gods must be apparent. No one would call in question the Monotheism of St. Paul. And yet in 1 Cor. viii. 5, he speaks of there being 'gods many 'and lords many,' and in x. 20, of the Gentiles sacrificing to demons. The second of these passages illustrates the first, indicating the view which the great Apostle of the Gentiles took of their worship. But the first passage quoted constitutes one of the instances, so frequently overlooked or misunderstood by a pedantic literalism, in which a writer or speaker assumes the standpoint of those with whom he argues in order the more completely to refute their position. The same remark applies to many of the passages in the Old Testament in which the existence of other gods seems to be admitted. How inconclusive is the inference from such apparent admissions appears, for example, from Ps. xcvi., where in verse 4 we have their seeming acknowledgement: 'He [Jahveh] is to be feared above all gods' (comp. Ps. xcv. 3), which, however, is immediately followed by the statement: * 'For all the gods of the nations are things of nought '(*Elilim*); but Jahveh made (*asah*) the heavens.' The supposed admission was, therefore, only the assumption of a certain standpoint in order the more forcibly to point out its untenableness.

The results to which the foregoing remarks lead may be

* Very curiously the LXX. render this by *δαιμόνια* (comp. 1 Cor. x. 20); Aq. *ἐπίπλαστοι*, 'false, feigned' (comp. Aq. Is. xxxi. 7); Symm. *ἀνύπαρκτοι*, 'non-existent.'

briefly summarised in two propositions. First, although in the popular parlance of the Old Testament the gods of the other nations are set forth as existent, yet the idea intended to be conveyed is that they are nothing and only imaginary as compared with the only God, who alone is what that designation conveys. Secondly, briefly stated, this at least is clear, that even to the great mass of the people Jahveh was more than a national deity. This plainly results from the appeal of Amos (ix. 7) to the children of Israel. As explained by one who cannot be accused of orthodoxy, the words of the Prophet mean: 'You enjoy no special privilege 'with me; you are only like all others. True, I have brought 'you out of Egypt; but similarly I have also brought the 'Philistines from Caphtor [Crete?] and the Syrians from 'Kir.'* Evidently this appeal implies a consciousness on the part of the people that the peculiar relation of Jahveh to Israel was not merely natural, nor that of a national deity, but that it depended on moral and religious conditions. And as Amos flourished in the ninth century before Christ, it results that even in the time of the earliest great prophets this high conception of Jahveh might be appealed to as rooted in the popular consciousness.

We may therefore, subject to further consideration, assume it as preliminarily established that, far back as we can look in the religious history of Israel, Monotheism (whether ideal or numerical really matters little) was regarded as the authoritative and ancestral creed. There is neither trace nor remembrance of any other. To this statement, however, a twofold objection has been raised. On the one side it is insisted that 'at first the religion of Israel 'was Polytheism.' † On the other side it is at least implied that the Polytheism of the tribes close and kindred to Israel, such as Moab, Ammon, and Edom, was quite as good a Monotheism as that of Israel. The two contentions are manifestly incompatible. Nevertheless, those who propound the original Polytheism of Israel are constantly, though perhaps unconsciously, sliding into the other argument. With such writers Chemosh, the god of the Moabites, and Milcom or Malcam, the god of the Ammonites, seem, so to speak, special favourites. We are asked to believe that the conception of these gods was the same as that of Jahveh on the part of Israel. On the pretended similarity, or rather identity,

* Hitzig-Steiner in the 'Kurzgef. Exeg. Handb.' *ad locum.*

† Kuenen, 'The Religion of Israel,' i. p. 223.

of the rites of these deities with the worship of Israel we shall have to speak in the sequel. For the present we insist on this as a fundamental difference, that neither Chemosh nor Moloch was, in the conception of their worshippers, the one God, as Jahveh was in that of Israel. The mention of a special tutelary deity, such as Chemosh or Milcom, does not exclude the worship of other gods, any more than the belief in a special tutelary saint that of other saints. As Kuenen himself admits, the Moabites, 'the people of 'Chemosh,' worshipped also Baal-Peor (Numb. xxv. 1, &c.). More than this. We learn from Jer. xlix. 3 that besides the cult of Baal-Peor and the worship of their special tutelary deity, Chemosh, the Moabites also recognised Milcom, the special tutelary god of Ammon. In turn the Ammonites worshipped, besides their Milcom, the Chemosh of the Moabites, as appears from Judges xi. 24. We are indeed aware that some critics have tried to correct, as they have also charitably accounted for, 'the mistake' in Judges xi. as well as the wrong geography of Jeremiah, in including Heshbon in the territory of Moab (Jer. xlviii. 2, 34, 45)—an 'error' somewhat curiously shared by Isaiah (xv. 4, xvi. 8). But as we imagine that Jeremiah and Isaiah must have known more about the geography and religion of their own neighbours than critics of the nineteenth century, whatever their authority, we prefer abiding by the information of the prophets. But how little can be inferred from the mention or non-mention of the names of gods appears from the case of Edom. Here the Old Testament records not the name of any god.* And yet not only express references (such as in 2 Chron. xxv. 24), but the ruins of Petra, attest a multiplicity of gods. The truth is, we scarcely require to remind ourselves of the constant conjunction of Baal and Astarte, or of the almost numberless deities and rites with which the later kings filled Jerusalem and Judah, to be convinced of the eclecticism of these religions. Apart from all theories, the impartial reader of the Old Testament cannot avoid the conclusion that there was a multiplicity of gods among the neighbouring and kindred nations by the side of the unity of Jahveh in the recognised religion of Israel.

Some readers may have thought that we have devoted too

* Josephus (Ant. xv. 7, 9) is the first to give the name 'Koze' as that of an Edomite deity. Comp. on this subject Herzog's 'Real-Enc.' iv. p. 41.

much time to this point. They cannot have any idea what an important place Chemosh holds in the writings of a certain school. One meets him on every other page. Even on the great Moabite Stone these critics can scarcely read anything else than the name of their new Jahveh. More serious attention is due to the other line of argument to which we have referred. According to Professor Kuenen: 'At first 'the religion of Israel was Polytheism.' So the world has been always mistaken in not classing the ancient Hebrews with the heathen! Polytheism is commonly understood to imply a plurality of gods. But what critics on that side mean is, mostly, not that there was a Hebrew Olympus, but that Jahveh was originally an idol, and Jahvehism idolatry. In view of the contention which is before us we will not stop to quarrel about words or definitions. The great point is, what that idol and that idolatry were. It happens that the choice is here limited, since so few symbols are to be found in the religion of Israel. Some have thought of the *bamoth*, or heights; others of the ark, the cherubim, or the Urim and Thummim. But the favourite proposition is, in the language of Professor Kuenen, that 'the bull-worship was really 'the worship of Jahveh.' He informs us that this 'may not 'be doubted.' We leave aside the proof from the supposed rites of Jahveh-worship, with which we shall have to deal in another connexion. One historical fact at least is clear. Bull-worship could not have been ancestral. It first appears in the wilderness. The documents do not conceal the worship of the Teraphim. But there is not a trace of an original bull-worship in the patriarchal period. What, then, are the historical facts on which Professor Kuenen's proposition, which 'may not be doubted,' is grounded? Primarily, they are these. The Israelites made and worshipped a golden calf in the wilderness, and Jeroboam I. established in his new kingdom the worship of the golden calves. True, the record of these facts and the subsequent references to them are accompanied by severe denunciations of this as a terrible degeneracy and sin, the fruitful source of national misery. But, as Professor Kuenen says, this 'proves nothing' beyond the views of the prophets. And we are all bidden to take it for granted that, in the hands of Hebrew prophets and writers, the whole of this history became 'redacted'—which is a polite literary term for 'falsified.' This is at least a short and easy way of manipulating documents, and dealing with statements which run contrary to one's theory.

We are not departing in this argument from M. Renan's

book. For all these assertions recur, although in another connexion, in his pages. Our reasoning, therefore, strictly applies to the work under review, although we prefer discussing these views in their fuller statement by those to whom M. Renan is apparently indebted for them. At the outset it appears to us that the very words in which this bull-god and worship are first introduced on the scene (Exod. xxxii. 1) indicate that this was not the original religion of Israel. Again, to point to the golden calf and say: 'These be 'thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of 'Egypt' (Exod. xxxii. 4), seems to imply a contrast to something which at the time was regarded as the God of Israel. It marks the introduction of something new. It does not seem likely that a person would in this wise speak of a worship or faith which had existed up to that time. Again, in the case of Jeroboam it might be argued that if he had wished to separate between his new kingdom and Israel by the highest wall, that of religion, he might have found it convenient to fall back on the worship of the calves. By pointing to a far remote period in which Israel had actually adored them he might represent this as an ancestral form of religion, in opposition to that which the house of David, which Israel now abjured, had established in Jerusalem. It has been suggested that as Jeroboam came to his kingdom after a lengthened residence in Egypt, he had derived his new religion from the Apis-worship of that country. Not improbably his social and political relation to Egypt may have recommended, if it did not suggest, the innovation. It seems to us that an undue importance has been attached to the origin of this bull-worship in Israel. Whether it was common to certain Canaanitish tribes, or the Israelites had entirely derived it from the worship of Apis in Egypt, is really not of primary interest. For our own part we hold that the weight of evidence is all in favour of its Egyptian derivation. Bull-worship first appears in Israel immediately after leaving Egypt; the golden calf is proclaimed as 'the gods 'which brought Israel up out of Egypt,' not the ancestral gods; and we know that the Egyptian priests were wont to carry about in procession representations of the sacred bull. Lastly, we have the express testimony of Ezechiel to the Egyptian origin of their idolatry (xx. 7, 8, xxiii. 3, 8, 19, 21). All this is surely more than 'purely accidental.' Professor Kuenen's 'counter-evidences' are singularly unfortunate. He argues that '*live* bulls' were worshipped in Egypt; as if it had been possible to improvise in the wilder-

ness such 'sacred bulls,' and as if their representation, for which, as we have seen, there was Egyptian precedent, had not been the best, indeed the only possible, expedient. He also insists that the deliverance of Israel from Egypt would not have been ascribed to Egyptian gods. Whatever would or should have been, as a matter of fact it certainly was attributed to Egyptian gods. For the Egyptians did worship the bull, and the Israelites on that occasion did the same, while equally certainly they attributed their deliverance from Egypt assuredly not to the golden calf which they had just made, but to the bull-deity which it represented, and which the Egyptians worshipped. No doubt it was very unreasonable, but there are more unreasonable things even than this.*

But these two historical facts are not the only grounds on which critics of that school have based the original bull-religion of Israel. Admitting that there was no image of Jahveh in the temple of Solomon, Kuenen discovers a survival of the ancient bull-worship in the horns of the great altar of burnt offering, and in the brazen oxen which supported the laver. It will be admitted that these are very modest survivals of an original religion, and rather shunted into obscure corners. It so happens, however, that there were horns on other altars than that of Jerusalem. And if the brazen oxen under the great laver served any purpose other than that of decorative support, they might indicate strength, or symbols of the sacrifices which were to be offered after the priests had washed in the laver. Assuredly we should not look for the survival of an original religion in the pedestal of a laver for the sacrificing priests. Besides, why not trace an original 'lion-worship' in the figures of lions which decorated the same laver (1 Kings vii. 29), especially in view of the symbol: 'the lion of Judah'? As these are the grounds given by Kuenen, the reader will be able to judge whether 'everything combines to make us look 'upon the bull as an indigenous and original symbol of 'Jahveh.' Perhaps we ought not to withhold another piece of evidence in the same direction which Baudissin has discovered in the 'ashes of the red cow.' But as this 'survival' of bull-worship has been almost universally discarded, the mere mention of that peculiar mode of worshipping one's

* This is not the place to discuss the Canaanitish and other indications of 'bull-worship,' on which Professor Diestel, in Riehm's 'Handwörterbuch,' and Count Baudissin, in Herzog's 'Real-Enc.,' insist. We can only say that to our mind they appear singularly inconclusive.

god by burning him may suffice. From the connexion between the bull and Moloch, Kuenen is able to conclude, 'We certainly go not too far in inferring from the bull-'worship an original relationship between Jahveh and 'Moloch.' The only objection we shall raise at present to this cousin-germanship is that the premisses in the case still remain to be proved.

Endless are the vagaries of learned scholars. We shall not be expected to examine here in detail theories that are manifestly 'seized out of the air.' It is sheer assumption, for which there is not a tittle of real evidence, that the 'ephod' which Gideon made (Judges viii. 27) or the graven and molten image in that old-world history of Micah (Judges xvii.) had any connexion with 'the golden calf.' The word 'ephod' points to a process of overlaying or drawing over (comp. Is. xxx. 22), and hence, if an idol were intended, it could only be a statue or a figure. It is not credible that the ephod was a representation or image of Jahveh. If such there were, we should not have to look for it in obscure words. The ephod could scarcely have been at the same time an image of Jahveh and an important part of the distinctive dress of the high priest. In later times it seems to have been also used in some form by the ordinary priesthood (1 Sam. ii. 18, xxii. 18), and, indeed, like our surplice, to have been worn by the chief actors in religious functions (as by David, 2 Sam. vi. 14). We can readily understand how, as originally connected with 'the breast-'plate' and the Urim and Thummim, and as the characteristic dress of the priesthood, this 'surplice' became afterwards associated with, if not the symbol of, magical divinations and the like practices (Hos. iii. 4). If we mistake not, the officiating blacksmith at Scottish border-marriages was on occasions wont to robe himself in the ephod-surplice; and to some minds the harmless surplice, worn not only by choristers but by 'scholars' and 'fellows' in college chapels, is still the peculiar emblem of all Popish abominations.

Other attempts to discover an original Israelitish idolatry similarly break down. The Ark was not a kind of war-god because it preceded the march of the people through the wilderness, and was on a memorable occasion carried into the war of Israel with the Philistines. On the contrary, it seems the object of the narrator of that event, whose blame of the solitary attempt is scarcely disguised, to show how foolish and wrongful was the whole proceeding, since the Ark

not only failed to procure victory to Israel, but was itself taken captive. Yet in his view the enemy was not to be allowed to imagine that he had secured and added to his gods one of a hostile nationality—so to speak, won him and broken his hostile superiority. Hence what followed in the temple of the chief god where the ark was placed. We are not at present concerned with that whole series of narratives otherwise than to show what was in the mind of the writer. But in any case there is not a hint that even in the most degenerate times the Ark was worshipped. It certainly did not represent Jahveh, who was not said to dwell in it, but to be present over it. Except for 'the tables of the cove- 'nant' it is described as being quite empty. If we were to search for symbols, we might suggest that it represented the heavens with their pillars resting upon the earth, while Jahveh Himself was throned above them, His inaccessible Presence guarded by the Cherubim. But the more reasonable explanation is that it was simply a portable chest in which was deposited the document on which the mutual relation of Jahveh and Israel—the covenant of Jahveh—was founded. Hence also its distinctive name of the 'Ark of the testi- 'mony,' 'of the covenant,' or, most fully, of the covenant of Jahveh. Nor is it more reasonable to identify the Cherubim with Jahveh. Whatever the meaning of these symbolical representations, or their connexion with Egyptian or Assyrian emblems, they certainly were never adored. Nor was the brazen serpent which Hezekiah destroyed a picture of Jahveh. All such assertions are not only unsupported by any real evidence, but directly contrary to the general impression which every unprejudiced reader must derive from the Old Testament as a whole, and often from the very passages on which such inferences are founded. And, generally, it is surely true that an idol which represents the deity of a people may indeed have its chief place, but is not confined to a central place of worship. It is multiplied indefinitely; it is found in every village community, and in small effigy almost in every household. The golden calves would not have been shut up in the two sanctuaries of Dan and Bethel; the ephod would not have been relegated to the public sanctuary of Gideon, nor to the domestic chapel of Micah; the Ark would not have been solitary in the dark, inaccessible, innermost recess of the Most Holy Place; nor yet would the Cherubim have been confined to the sacred abode, if they had been originally the representations of Jahveh or the symbols of an original idolatrous worship.

Like the Baalim and the Ashtaroth we should have found them 'on every high hill and under every green tree.' We should even have had amulets and charms of the brazen serpent, the Cherub [why Cherubim?], the Ark, or the sacred bull, like the images of Diana of Ephesus.

Much less requires to be said on the second point on which we are happy to find ourselves in agreement with M. Renan. The history of Israel, in the Biblical sense, closes with the coming of the Prophet of Nazareth. After that it becomes the history of Judaism. The last and highest utterance of the prophets of Israel had been the prospect of a universal kingdom, of which Jahveh should be King. Its realisation was the avowed object of the mission of Jesus. On the other hand, the first and fullest utterance of Judaism was that elaborate system of tradition intended to draw a hedge around the Law, and which made the Synagogue the narrowest and least attractive of sects. We are not speaking of modern Judaism, whether or not it be possible logically to distinguish it from Theism, Deism, and the like. The realisation of the final hope of the prophets devolved not on the representatives of traditionalism but on the young Church. How she has fulfilled her mission history tells. The mission of the Prophet of Nazareth marks the abrupt close of one, and the abrupt beginning of another era. Abstract whatever you please, and there still remains the unquestionable fact that in an age of exclusive nationalism, and among the most exclusive of all peoples, whose watchword and pride —the only ones left to them—were their unique position and privileges, there suddenly arose One who made the opposite of all this the fundamental principle of His teaching. He proclaimed the equality and brotherhood of man, alike before God and as regarded each other; and He did so, not as the result of what He had learned from His teachers, nor as the outcome of philosophical speculation, but in the name of the universal Fatherhood of God, with the freshness of direct immediate knowledge; with the *naïveté* almost of a child that cannot understand doubt; with the courage that expects and calmly meets the bitterest opposition; and with a devotion that was not quenched in death.

We have here nothing to do with any special doctrines, nor with complicated questions of the date or authorship of certain epistles, nor yet with the controversies which have been foisted upon the Book of Acts. We are speaking of what was undoubtedly the fundamental principle and object of the mission of Jesus. It would argue the most blinded

ignorance of facts to connect the Judaism of the time with the teaching of Jesus. Nor, on the other hand, can the teaching of Jesus be ascribed to His immediate followers. Their tone in the Epistles, and even in the Acts, is doctrinal rather than universalistic: they emphasise that of which the Master spoke least. We do not at present care to explain or discuss this fact; we simply note it.

There are questions to which rational men cannot refuse to give themselves an answer, even apart from the moral responsibility attaching to them. It may be doubted whether it is possible to be really agnostic, at least in the forum of one's own thinking. To say that we do not know because we cannot know is already to know: it is to pronounce sentence on what is presented to the mind. In the present instance there are two historical facts which demand explanation. They are: Hebrew Monotheism and the Teacher of Nazareth. The appearance of the one at the beginning and the other at the ending of Israelitish history is absolutely exceptional: it has not an analogon on the scene of history. And so far as any historical information or even legend goes the appearance of the one at the beginning is as absolutely abrupt as that of the other at the ending of Israelitish history. We repeat: how is it to be explained? *

From one to the other *terminus* there is evidently progression; between them, almost of logical necessity, internal connexion. Even if the intermediate facts in that history presented such difficulties as to be wellnigh insuperable to certain minds, the legitimate inference would seem to be not to cast aside one or the other series of facts, but to study each of them separately without attempt at violent harmonistic combination. We are not here called upon to offer any opinion on these facts. But it may at least be conceded on the one side that the manner in which the details of a history are presented should be judged from the standpoint of the writer, from the general viewpoint of the time, and from the manner in which the recorded facts have reached the narrator. In this instance there is also the admitted fact that the historical records embody different documents or sources, which were combined by a later editor or editors.

* So far as Hebrew Monotheism is concerned, the reader will find an equally lucid and complete summary of all the attempted explanations of its origin, together with a full account of the whole literature on the subject, in König, 'Offenbarungsbegr. d. a. Test.' i. pp. 88–98.

Different documents, like different witnesses, may each tell a story truly, though, as compared with each other, differently, because viewed from different points. In this case, however, the connecting links or the explanation cannot be supplied by cross-examination. And the final editor, like the pleading barrister, may with more or less skill harmonise or explain by glosses or suggestions. Some might even go further, and generally argue that the certain at the beginning and the end of this history must rule what to some minds might appear the doubtful.

As regards the two great facts in Israelitish history, it has already been repeatedly stated that M. Renan fully admits them. He perceives that at the end of this history stands the great figure of the Prophet of Nazareth. He insists that at its beginning stands the word Monotheism. The question is how he treats the two facts when viewed as problems.

To be sure, it is not easy to deal with M. Renan's Monotheism for the simple reason that one does not exactly know what it means. He speaks of 'God,' of a 'providential mission' of Israel, and of the 'victims of injustice' lifting their 'eyes to heaven' (p. xxviii). But almost in the same breath he tells us that 'heaven is empty,' that 'prayer finds not anywhere a Being whom it can move,' and that 'the unique work' of Israel was achieved by 'the breath of God, that is to say, the soul of the world.' It is not easy to form a logical conception of either 'the breath of God' or 'the soul of the world,' still less to perceive how the one explains the other; nor how a 'unique work' done by a particular people is achieved by 'the soul of the world.' As there are no intelligible realities behind these figures, we should be disposed to regard them as a piece of grandiloquence. To say the truth, there is too much of this in the present volume. Thus 'the certainty' that he has in his 'own way' served the good cause 'inspires' M. Renan 'with absolute confidence in the Divine goodness.' It must be singularly pleasant, not to say elevating for a writer to find in his book an absolute evidence of the Divine goodness: to be able to regard himself as a kind of living evidence for the Deity, a concrete embodiment of apologetics. No wonder M. Renan has, as he tells us, learned 'to love this book;' or that he is 'sure of having well understood in its totality 'the unique work which the Breath of God, that is to say 'the soul of the world, has achieved through Israel.' But then, unlike the Radical party in France, M. Renan has also learned to understand 'that religions are women of whom it

'is very easy to obtain everything, if you know how to take 'them; impossible to obtain anything if you want to proceed 'by open contest.'* If it be a question of gallantry, it would be manifestly absurd to try issue with M. Renan.

There are other indications that M. Renan is not in earnest in discussing the origin of the great religion of the world. As he puts it: 'Dans l'infini, il y a place pour tout 'le monde à tailler son roman;' or, in another passage, the question in such histories is not how things have taken place, but rather how they might have taken place. Turned backwards, it reads differently, as the Bohemian deputies said when they subjected to such a process the decree of the Emperor Rudolph.

In like manner M. Renan must be either jocular or ironical in assuming as a fact that all his French readers are 'familiar' with the works of Reuss, Graf, Kuenen, Nöldeke, Wellhausen, and Stade. This would involve an almost professional theological education, of which we imagine the French as a nation to be innocent. Again, if M. Renan were in earnest, how could we reconcile with this belief his unlimited recommendation of Dillmann's great commentary on the Pentateuch, since the conclusions of that eminent scholar on the crucial question of the age and origin of the so-called Priest-Code are diametrically opposed to the school of Wellhausen? Nor could M. Renan have been serious in so largely basing his accounts of patriarchal life and religion on notices in the book of Job. M. Renan himself dates the composition of this book at about the year 700 B.C.,† that is, say, 1,000 years after the patriarchal age, and he characterises it as well expressing 'the ideas of the time and place 'where it was composed.' But to whatever period we may assign the book, or however the Hebrews may have 'pre'served a very distinct sentiment of the patriarchal life,' no critic could think of deriving from it details of an age so long past, and of which the writer would probably possess little more knowledge than ourselves. But indeed M. Renan himself surrenders the whole argument when he writes (p. 131): 'Le livre de Job ne sera écrit que dans mille ans; 'mais, dès l'âge antique où nous sommes, il a dû être pensé.' The necessity of this is not generally apparent, especially as regards the religious ideas expressed.

But to return to the main subject in hand. It is the lead-

* Preface to the volume under review, p. xxvii.

† Livre de Job, Préf., p. xxxviii.

ing proposition of M. Renan that in their original nomadic condition the Hebrews were essentially Monotheists, worshipped Elohim, or, in their identification, El or Eloh; that this pure and simple Monotheism became transformed into Jahvehism when the tribes were combined into a nation and acquired a territory; and that it was the task of the great prophets to eliminate the distinctive religion of Jahveh, with all the wicked and cruel notions and practices connected with that deity, and to bring Israel back to the primitive Elohism of the patriarchs (pp. 175 and 265).

The first question which here arises is how, on emerging after ever so many centuries from the condition of 'man-'satyrs,' the primitive Semites alone appear as Monotheists. It is a very glowing picture which M. Renan draws of them. When the Aryan and the Semite first appeared, civilisation was already old in Chaldea and Egypt. But the primitive religion of the Aryan was a 'polythéisme effréné,' while 'from 'the most ancient times the Semite patriarch had a secret 'tendency towards Monotheism.' They are described as 'the 'old puritans of the desert' (p. 61), as 'a kind of Geneva' (p. 109). The gods of the Aryans 'never succeeded in be-'coming respectable persons' (p. 32), but the Semite ancestry, 'however *borné*, were puritans full of horror of all pagan 'defilements' (p. 14), whose 'Elohim of doubtful identity, 'though as yet far from the just and moral God of the pro-'phets, was, as we feel, sure to arrive at it' (p. 32). As we advance in the book the descriptions of this original Monotheism become more definite, and the pictures of the primitive Semite state more idyllic. All the Elohim form really a unity, which appears from the use of the singular in the corresponding verb. 'The Semite invokes, under all cir-'cumstances, only one Being' (p. 33). The Elohim of the nomadic period is 'the ancient patriarchal God, just and 'universal,' 'the simple great God, King and Providence of 'the whole universe' (p. 172). 'The great prophets' 'will 'destroy bit by bit that cruel, partial, rancorous Jahveh . . . 'and come back to the primitive Elohism, to the patriarchal 'God, the El of the great tent, the true God' (p. 265).

In all this rhetoric there are unfortunately very few grains of historical truth. We shall presently see how frequently M. Renan transfers into that blessed, primitive, and patriarchal period some of the worst features of what he characterises as Jahvehism. The point on which we here insist is that this primitive Monotheism, this pure Elohism of the Semites before the time of Abraham, supposing him at present to

represent an individual, has no historic existence. The 'secret tendency' of 'the old puritans of the desert' and their 'little Geneva' have their location in the fertile brain of M. Renan. His explanation of the phenomenon is that they were Semitic nomads. But certainly they were not Monotheists because they were Semites, since M. Renan himself admits that when the Semites settled in towns they were Polytheists with the worst horrors of human sacrifices (p. 50). Similarly, their nomadic condition could not account for their Monotheism, as is proved by many nomadic tribes of both ancient and modern times. It is difficult to perceive how 'the life of the tent' can be 'the capital 'factor' in 'what has destroyed paganism and converted 'the world to Monotheism' (p. 43). As M. Renan adduces them, we may instance the Scyths, although few will agree with him that 'belief in the survival of the individual after 'death was in great part the cause of the terrible ferocity of 'the Scyths' (p. 41), and the fruitful source of so many murders (p. 51). Assuredly Herodotus assigns no such cause in the passage to which M. Renan refers (Herod. iv. 60-73). But M. Renan might have learned from him that the Scythians were not Monotheists, although they did not dwell in towns, and probably lived in tents, which they carried with them in their wagons. And surely horrible rites and practices of this kind exist in other tribes which are not guilty of belief in an after-life.

We would go further, and venture to state that the term El or Eloh marks a primitive, indeed, but a lower stage in the religious developement of the Hebrews. For, alike, the names *ilu* and *bêl*, equal to Eloh and Baal, of which the one probably indicated exaltedness, the other rule, were general designations of the deity, given in common to all the gods of Babel and Assur. There cannot be any doubt that the ancient Babylonians and Assyrians had no knowledge of one special supreme *Ilû*. They were Polytheists, not Monotheists, and all that has of late been fabled with so much assurance about a supreme God in a triad is not borne out by fact, and has been amply disproved.* Soberly speaking, it is the outcome of fertile brains and singularly inaccurate pens. In the words of the most recent expert, who cannot be suspected on the ground of orthodoxy, 'the Babylonians did 'not attain to a pure Monotheism, nor can we even speak of 'monolatry. The only attempt to introduce the exclusive

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C. P. Tiele, 'Babylon. Assyr. Gesch.,' 1888. Pt. ii. p. 539.

'cult of one God, in this case of Nabû, made in the last period 'of the Assyrian empire, seems to have failed, or, at least, to 'have remained without any permanent result.' But if the name El or Eloh, which the Hebrews attached to the one God whom, in contradistinction to the Babylonians and Assyrians, they worshipped, was a common designation which the Hebrews brought with them from the country whence their clan originally came, it must mark an initial and much lower stage of religious developement. Nor need we wonder at the retention of the original name, although the idea attaching to it had become so completely transformed, any more than we have solid reason for shrinking from the admission, if it should be established by facts, that the scheme, or *cadre*, of some of the religious institutions of Israel has an analogon in other religions. As previously hinted, some of these institutions may be characterised as fundamentally common to all religions, having their roots in the commonly felt wants of all men, and the common mode of their satisfaction. Others may, as to their framework, have been derived from nations with whom the Hebrews were brought into close contact. But, to borrow a New Testament figure, in all such cases 'the old bottles,' if allowed to be retained for reasons not difficult to understand, were filled with 'new 'wine.'

Untenable as M. Renan's position is, it must be added that he has besides made a weak defence of it. Happily he seems well satisfied with it himself, or he would scarcely have so constantly reiterated his theme. And it must be admitted that when we proceed to details we fare considerably worse. The patriarchs have suffered many things from many critics. They have been summarily ejected from the domain of history; they have been elevated into tribal deities; they have been represented as heads of tribes; they have been attached to different sanctuaries; and their succession has been turned upside down. These strange reverses of fortune have, however, left them still intact. But it was reserved for M. Renan to add to their number. He finds a new father of Jewish history in no less an authority on such subjects than Ovid. Abraham is the *pater Orchamus* of Ovid (Metam. iv. 212), the same as the mythic *Orkhammon* of Assyrian cylinders, although even M. Renan is obliged to confess that this reading, which has undergone grotesque variations at the hands of scholars, is very doubtful. Better scholars have found the analogon of Abraham in the not uncommon Assyrian name *Abîrâm*, pro-

nounced *Aburamu*, and even advanced, although more sober criticism, has admitted, or at least not found reason to deny, the historic personality of the great ancestor of Israel.*

It may seem strange to go to Ovid for Abraham; but M. Renan is evidently proud of the discovery, for he recurs with wearisome iteration to his *pater Orchamus* and his religion. Not so startling as this is the generalisation of the other patriarchs into tribes by the addition of the mystic *El* at the end of their names. By this contrivance we obtain clans or tribes: Isaacel, Jacobel, Josephel, and even Calebel, instead of the individuals of these names. The discovery is not novel. It was formulated by Stade and fully developed by Groff and by Ed. Meyer in Stade's 'Zeitschr. f. alttest. Wissensch.' (for 1886, pp. 1–16).

It seems worth while to enquire into the historic basis for this conversion of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph into the clans or tribes Isaacel, Jacobel, Josephel, and whatever others may be devised. Of *a priori* reasoning, analogies, assumptions, and the most groundless conjectures there is enough and to spare. The outcome of Meyer's Essay, besides its main proposition, is certainly startling. Briefly it is, that what afterwards was called Judah consisted mainly, if not entirely, of a junction of non-Hebrew clans. Among them were the Jacobelites, who by some mysterious process, not clearly explained, managed to foist a fictitious Jacob at the head of the non-Hebrew conglomeration called Judah. It was the last to join the clan of Israel; nevertheless, we owe to this non-Hebrew tribe most of the materials of early Jewish history. Whence Meyer acquired all this information he does not say, but he assures us *es liegt auf der Hand*. Probably the evidence is as good as that because Abraham is connected with Hebron, and 'Hebron is well known to be not 'a Judæan but a Calebelite locality,' therefore Abraham must be regarded as a being or object reverenced by the tribe Caleb.

We shall not be expected seriously to discuss such rubbish, which furnishes too much of the material worked up in the 'higher criticism' of the Old Testament. But as regards the supposed tribes Isaacel, Jacobel, and Josephel, we have to deal with specific facts. Since history is not a general guesswork all round, some definite and historical grounds outside wild conjectures must be shown, if the

* Kittel, 'Gesch. d. Hebr.,' 1888, pp. 156, 157, &c.; and, as we understand him, Dillmann, 'Die Genesis,' 1886, pp. 215, 216.

patriarchs are to be transformed into names of separate clans rather than resolved into imaginary beings, sun-myths (so Goldzieher), local deities, or whatever else the critic may please. Now amidst a mass of hypotheses, most ingenious but mostly 'pendent in the air,' G. Meyer does set forth an historical basis, not, indeed, for Isaacel and all the other conceivable clans of El, but for Jacobel and Josephel. The evidence amounts to this. There is a list dating from the reign of Thuthmes III. of towns and localities in Palestine 'near the wretched Megiddo,' which that monarch conquered in the twenty-second year of his reign. The list contains 119 names, of which some have been read and easily identified. Two of those previously unread have been transcribed by Meyer as Jakobel and Ishpel. The identification of the second word with Josephel is more than doubtful, since, as Meyer himself admits, this would be the only demonstrable instance in which the Hebrew ס is rendered by the equivalent of ש. We have, therefore, to give up Josephel, and are reduced to the solitary Jacobel. But, despite all ingenuity, it is impossible to believe that in a list expressly described as one of localities there should creep in among the 118 names of towns or places the solitary name of a tribe, and that quite quietly, as if ashamed or anxious to avoid observation. But the final answer to this strange theory is that whatever this Jacobel may be it seems chronologically impossible to place either 'the Jacobelites,' or Judah, or Israel in these localities in the time of Thuthmes III.

The arguments on the other side are plain and straightforward, and they appeal to common sense. All the documents of which the Pentateuch is composed preserve the memory of the patriarchs. They live in the mind of the people; they are the ancestors of the nation, the first representatives of their religion. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob stand out as great historical realities in the writings of the prophets. Without them neither civil nor religious history of Israel can be imagined. There is not a hint of doubt, not a sign of misgiving. Nor can we conceive that a nation should have lost every record of its ancestry, especially one that possessed so definite a history of its earliest period as Israel; nor yet, on the other hand, imagine a coalition into a new nation of a number of different tribes, which had absolutely and entirely lost all memory of their separate existence. And this tells the more when we recall the strong tribal jealousies and hostilities from almost the earliest times after the settlement

in Palestine. So composite a tribal origin could not have been wholly blotted out, least of all in such circumstances. Again, there is a marked internal connexion in the history of the successive patriarchs, in which one event springs from the other: they are not isolated although co-ordinate, as the legends of separate tribes would have been. If this connected history is pure romance, who composed the story prior to the earliest parts of the Pentateuch, prior also to the earliest of the great prophets? If they are legends attaching to tribes or localities, who weaved them into a continuous narrative before the earliest Hebrew literature, and how has all record of it passed away? And what about the stories connected with *pater Orchamus* which fit into the whole cycle? Lastly, if by exercise of ingenuity certain of the narratives, such as the parting with Lot or with Hagar, could be sublimated into legends attaching to clans, there remain strictly personal traits, which may almost be recognised by their not being afterwards referred to: such as the inner family life of Isaac; his love of venison; the peculiar *ruses* of Jacob with Laban; the death and burial of the old nurse; the specialities in the early family history of Joseph, and the like. Some of them, at least, are not only gratuitous, but absolutely unaccountable on the hypothesis referred to. But we must forbear suggesting further considerations.

There is a remark by Bredenkamp * which, were it only for the rarity of its common sense, deserves reproduction. When pleading for much-deserved rest to the hardly bestead Pentateuch documents, this writer excuses himself for not assigning a precise date to each of them by the naïve remark that after all 'we have not taken part in the wan- 'derings through the wilderness, nor entered Canaan, but 'have been born 3,000 years too late.' Certainly it is an unfortunate circumstance. But M. Renan, at least, is able to dispense with historical information. Albeit the patriarchs are not persons, but clans and tribes, and albeit Abraham is only the *pater Orchamus*, the old friend of our school days, the mythic King of Ur, Ab-Orcham, who 'is presented now 'as a man and now as a god' (p. 92), yet he can construct out of all this, with the help of the book of Job, an exact account of patriarchal life and habits. Accordingly we learn from the words of Abimelech to Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 10) that in those days people had peculiar notions about guilt

* Bredenkamp, 'Gesetz u. Propheten,' p. 15.

contracted unconsciously; from the history of Leah and Rachel, that it was customary to marry two sisters. Nay, from the mythic *pater Orchamus* who existed only in the fables of Paddan-Aram, we learn that the chieftain possessed all the female slaves of his wife, and had children of them with the knowledge and at the request of his consort. From the birth of Jacob and Esau we even learn such details as that it was the practice of the midwives of those days to fasten a red thread round the arm of the firstborn. The dream and subsequent worship of Jacob at Bethel prove that there was a belief in local deities, which presumably even the typical Jacobelite with his primitive Monotheism owned; for, as M. Renan remarks, forgetful that Jacob was not a person: 'Jacob is native at Bethel' (Gen. xxviii. 20–22).

It seems needless to multiply instances of the same kind. But to do justice to M. Renan we will add a condensed summary of his account of the Hebrew *origines*. It may be interesting to compare its details with some of those furnished by Meyer:—

'Among the tribes which traced themselves to the mythic Abraham of Ur was one which distinguished itself by a kind of religious earnestness and of scrupulous attachment to the supreme God. Its name was *Israel*, a word of which the meaning is doubtful. . . . A kind of synonym of Israel was *Jakobel* [this rather differs from Meyer's non-Hebraic origination]. . . . This name was abbreviated into Jacob. . . . Afterwards Jacob was regarded as a person, the grandson of Abraham. The name of his father Isaac is also probably an abbreviation of Isaacel, 'he on whom God smiles' [Meyer translates it: God laughs.] Perhaps the sacred tribe had so designated itself at a certain period; *perhaps the Isaacel were a puritanic group, anterior to that of the Jacobel.** . . . There was here a kind of prehistoric *islam*. The Jacobelite patriarch is a true *moslim*, one who gives himself to God. . . . Abraham [of course the ideal one] is a kind of *moslim*, but especially a *moumin*, a believer, a pious hero, a kind of Ali, grave, generous, polygamist, *galant homme*. . . . In the midst of the Hebrew tribes . . . we conceive Israel as a kind of Geneva, a *rendez-vous* of the pure, a sect, an order if you choose, analogous to the Mussulman *Khouan*, rather than as a distinct *ethnos*.' (Pp. 106–109, *passim*.)

To these precise historical notices we add only M. Renan's suggestion that they remained nomadic 'systematically and 'from religious motives;' that 'the favourite sanctuary' of 'these pious people' was Bethel; and that even at that early period they had the advantage of having among them 'sages who protested against such follies' as the *teraphim*. Such is M. Renan's 'History.'

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* The italics are our own.

We descend to a still lower stage when we come to M. Renan's special interpretations of passages of Scripture. From the reward of the midwives indicated in Exod. i. 21, that Elohim 'made them houses,' i.e. gave them a posterity, we are to learn that among the Semitic nomads 'houses 'passed for a benefit of God, who built them for those whom 'He loved' (p. 21). The magnificent imagery of Ps. lxxviii. 25* is thus interpreted: 'The manna passed for the bread which 'the sons of God eat in heaven, and it was received that God 'had, by an exceptional favour, at some time nourished his 'favourite people with the bread of the angels' (p. 169). The name Aaron represents not any personality, since it arose from the circumstance that the Egyptian Levites who bore the ark were called *beney-Aron*, sons of the Ark—M. Renan finding no linguistic difficulty in transforming the name Aharon (אהרן) into the word Aron (ארון), 'Ark.' Similarly we are told that the Levites, whom even Wellhausen recognises as having once been a secular tribe, were 'a kind 'of ministers of Egyptian origin, whom since their stay in 'Goshen the Israelites had, and whom every family nourished 'in return for the religious services which they rendered' (p. 149). The derivation of the word 'Levite' from the word *venilvah*, 'and the stranger shall join himself,' in Is. xiv. 1 (lvi. 3), or rather from the root *lavah*, 'to attach or 'join oneself,' is not novel. Lagarde derived from this root *lavah*, as used by Isaiah, the proof that the Levites were that 'mixed multitude' of Egyptians, who, according to Exod. xii. 38, had joined themselves to Israel. This, in spite of the promise of priests from the strangers in the future in Is. lxvi. 22, which is incompatible with his inferences from Is. xiv. 1, and lvi. 3. But then Lagarde also regarded Moses as of Egyptian and not of Israelitish descent, and explained the election to the priesthood of these somewhat objectionable Egyptians on the ground that Moses would naturally appoint his own countrymen to the office. Maybaum,† whose tractate has the additional piquancy of being the work of an official Jewish teacher, maintains that originally there were a number of local sanctuaries in Palestine, at all of which Jahveh was worshipped as a winged bull.‡ In proof he cites the ephod of Gideon and of

* The literal meaning of this verse is given in the text of the R.V.

† Die Entwickel. d. altisrael. Priesterthumes.

‡ Maybaum regards these representations as imitations of the Babylono-Assyrian winged bull; Renan, and most others, rather as the

Micah, to which he adds as further evidence—what M. Renan also emphasises—that Elijah and Elisha were not opposed to the adoration of Jahveh as a winged bull. The proof, presumably applying to both these prophets, lies in this, that Jehu, who was anointed king by direction of Elisha, afterwards restored the golden calves. True, the passage in which this is related (2 Kings x. 29), and still more the verse almost immediately following, express emphatic disapproval. But then these are only additions by 'the recaster of the 'narrative' (*Ueberarbeiter*). But as, according to Maybaum, the rites in these various sanctuaries required considerable manual skill, it was natural that the priesthood should become hereditary in certain families. Then we have only to range these families into groups, and to combine the groups, and we arrive at the tribe of Levi. It means: 'Those who are 'attached to a sanctuary.' To be sure Wellhausen protests: 'It is a sheer impossibility to regard the Levi of Genesis, 'the brother of Simeon, as merely a reflex of the caste 'which towards the end of the period of the kings has 'grown together out of the different priestly families of 'Judah.' But M. Renan knows even better than Wellhausen, Maybaum, or Lagarde. According to him the Levites were Egyptian priests in Goshen (p. 160), who in return for their board and lodging acted as ministers to the Israelites. This, despite primitive Elohism. It is, however, a comfort to know that at that stage the Levite was really 'only a 'kind of beadle' (p. 150). As for Moses himself, if he ever existed, he was 'of mixed race,' 'half Egyptian' (p. 167), a half-breed, like 'the mulattos of Dominica.' But possibly it is all a myth. Nevertheless this does not prevent M. Renan, as in the case of the patriarchs, from constructing a history out of these myths. One example will show its character. On those great plains, he tells us, 'where the 'atmosphere is so pure, the presence of a tribe is descried 'at a distance by a column of smoke. The night is often 'preferred for marching, when a firebrand at the top of a 'long pole serves as a rallying-signal.' This accounts for the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night (p. 122). Why not rather the cloud of sand on the march and the watch-fire by night? The one suggestion is as good a specimen of such platitudes as the other.

We shall not be expected to wade through 451 pages of

Egyptian Apis. But such small, albeit fundamental, historical differences seem to matter little when we are 'spinning webs of the brain.'

such 'history.' But in the execution of our task we must entreat a little further patience. It will be remembered that, according to M. Renan, the primitive Elohism of the ancient Puritans in the prehistoric Geneva became changed into Jahvehism, which it was the mission of the great prophets to convert back again into Elohism. The latter contention is so void of all support from the prophetic writings as scarcely to deserve serious consideration. The most solemn utterance of the prophets is always, 'Thus saith 'Jahveh;' the highest conception of the Old Testament that of 'the servant of Jahveh.' On Jahveh and Jahvehism M. Renan pours all the vials of his wrath in language which we do not care to reproduce. Not that there is consistency even here. Sometimes he is 'that good genius of the desert' (p. 172). At other times it is ill luck to chance meeting this deity in solitary places. He may play you a bad turn, especially during the night, and in any case you will not get rid of him without blood. Witness here the circumcision of the two sons of Moses.

The turning-point of this transformation of Elohism into Jahvehism was when the nomadic tribes became a nation. This offers a splendid opportunity for the denunciation of nationalism with its egotism and other moral and religious evils. It also affords an opening for contemporary political allusions. Better than any other race had Germany by its high philosophy proclaimed the absolute, impersonal, and supreme character of the Deity. 'But when Germany 'became a nation, it went the way of all flesh and began 'to particularise God. The Emperor William repeatedly 'spoke of "*unser Gott*" and of his confidence in the God 'of the Germans' (p. 264). Probably M. Renan would not find it easy to show that the expression '*unser Gott*' originated in Germany in 1870, nor that the Emperor William appealed to 'the God of the Germans.' There is here an obvious confusion of ideas, which in connexion with the history of Israel may receive brief notice. The God of a nation is not necessarily a national deity. An individual may say 'my God' without implying that he has a deity all to himself. '*Unser Gott*' in the mouth of the Germans or of any other nation means no more than that they appeal to the Deity as the God of justice and truth, with which, rightly or wrongly, they believe their cause to be identical. It is an appeal to the highest truth and justice. The moral element lies in the moral conception of the Deity. It was the constant lesson of Israel's history, as well as the con-

stant teaching of their prophets, that the God of the nation was not necessarily a national deity, nor yet Jahveh the God of national Jahvehism. It would be impossible to convey this in plainer language than in the opening chapter of the book of Isaiah. It was the final distinction between Polytheism and the religion of Israel that the former emphasised power, the latter the moral element to which it subordinated and conjoined power. Power could be delegated, but the moral element remained behind it. The soothsayer or magician was sent to God; the Hebrew prophet came from God. The magician had power; the Hebrew prophet received it. The magician achieved results with his God; the Hebrew prophet through his God. This is the characteristic of that immediate presence of the Divine which, from the subjective standpoint, is onesidedly designated as miracle and wonder. Even the circumstance not only that direct appeals of inquiry to the Deity were limited to extreme cases, but that some of them remained unanswered or were in vain, shows their exceptional character.

According to M. Renan the name Jahveh, which at one time was somehow a synonym of El, became only dangerous when the national idea was developed. Among the original names of the Deity M. Renan includes that of 'Tsebhaoth.' The statement is derived from Olshausen,* but is rightly characterised by Kautzsch as 'entirely impossible.'† As a special name of the Deity, it cannot anywhere be found. Equally impossible is M. Renan's explanation of the word as corresponding to the *âlamin*, 'worlds' of the Koran. 'Jahveh Tsebhaoth' is a common expression in the prophetic writings; but this is only an abbreviation of the fuller designation 'Jahveh Elohey Tsebhaoth,' 'Jahveh, God of hosts.' M. Renan finds this inconvenient, and asserts that 'the expression dates from a period when the old meaning was no longer understood.' But in point of fact it is the earliest, as appears from its occurrence in Hosea and Amos. Alike its absence in the Pentateuch, the books of Joshua, Judges, Ezekiel, Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, the last two books of the Psalms, and with the exception of the earlier books of the Psalms and of 1 Chronicles in all the Hagiographa, is as remarkable as its occurrence and distribution in the other books. It occurs

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* Lehrb. d. hebr. Spr. p. 232.

† 'Real-Encykl.' art. 'Zebaoth,' p. 423.

promiscuously in one or another form eleven times in the books of Samuel, five times in those of the Kings, three times in 1 Chronicles, fifteen times in the first three books of the Psalms, and two hundred and forty-five times in the prophetic writings. Without discussing the question whether 'the hosts' of Jahveh referred to were primarily earthly or heavenly, the inference from all this is opposed to M. Renan's ideas about the relation between Elohim and Jahveh.

On the origin of the name Jahveh M. Renan has three theories. That which he apparently likes the best is its Assyrian derivation. But, he adds, 'it is also very admissible that Jahveh was the local deity of Sinai, or the 'provincial God of Palestine' (p. 85). With a happy eclecticism M. Renan adopts in different chapters each of these views. It is, however, just possible that there may be a fourth explanation. In a singularly calm essay Professor Driver, of Oxford, discusses this question.* Dr. Driver is so 'objective,' if we may borrow the German usage of the word, that it sometimes seems as if he grudged dismissing a theory which he admits to be untenable, or at least not supported by sufficient evidence. All the more valuable is his final summary. 'The theory of an Accadian origin unquestionably breaks down; the theory of some other non-Israelitish origin rests, at least at present, on an insecure foundation, and is rejected by the most competent Old Testament scholars of every shade of theological opinion.' And, finally, 'No ground appears at present to exist for questioning either the purely Israelitish origin of the Tetragrammaton, or the explanation of its meaning which is given in Exod. iii. 14.' †

Although M. Renan's early preference is for the Assyrian derivation of Jahveh, he also delights in the Sinaitic origin, not only of the name but of the character of Jahveh. He waxes enthusiastic at the foot of Sinai for the local character of that deity. 'Jahveh, like the other gods, in-

* Studia Biblica, pp. 1–20.

† For a very clear and satisfactory discussion of all the theories on the name 'Jahveh' (up to 1884) we would refer the reader to König, 'Hauptprobleme d. altisrael. Relig. Gesch.,' pp. 29–32. For the fuller understanding of the subject we add that, according to the information of Daumer, the original name of the Israelitish deity was Kiyyun (= Saturn) and Moloch. According to v. Bohlen, on the other hand, the name Jahveh and the ideas attaching to it were only introduced in the time of David.

'habited the highest mountain of the region devoted to his 'cult.' Two facts appear to him clear. The first is that from the Sinaitic period Jahveh is conceived as appearing in the form of a vision of flame. The other is that the Jahveh, arrived at his final stage, dwells in Sinai as Zeus on Olympus. As against the first 'fact,' we have it that in the first of the two crucial instances, that of the vision of Moses (Exod. xxxiii. 17, 18), a very different idea from a devouring fire is conveyed, while in that of Elijah (1 Kings xix. 11–13) it is expressly stated that Jahveh was neither in the 'strong 'wind,' nor 'the earthquake,' nor 'in the fire,' all which preceded Him, but 'in the still, small voice' that followed. To the second 'fact' we oppose the well-known circumstance that the most frequent designations of Jahveh are as 'in the 'heavens,' 'in the midst of Israel,' or as throned between the cherubim, or else as dwelling in Zion. The 'fire-god' of Israel is, indeed, not a discovery of M. Renan's. He already figures in the writings of Daumer and Ghillany. The chief evidence is here derived from a grossly literal interpretation of the magnificent figures of Scripture; from a misunderstanding of the descriptions of Jahveh as a 'consuming fire,' especially in regard to all that is sinful or polluted; and, lastly, from passages in which the communications of the Deity are preceded, accompanied, or followed by fire, although a more careful examination shows that in such cases a special signification or purpose, irrespective of the manifestation of the Deity, attaches to the flame.* If we are to derive the notion that Jahveh is a 'fire-god' from such language as: 'Thou 'coverest Thyself with light as with a garment' (Ps. civ. 2), we may as well attribute the same idea to St. Paul, when he describes God as 'dwelling in light unapproachable' (1 Tim. vi. 16). To be sure, the desire to identify Jahveh with Moloch can be easily understood. But it fails no less than the assimilation with Chemosh. The main strength of the argument here lies in the supposed original Israelitish practice of human sacrifices.

As regards such sacrifices, which one might have thought were an object of unmitigated abhorrence in the Old Testament, the alleged evidence is, however, specially weak. If the proposed sacrifice of Isaac has any bearing on the question, it could only prove the authoritative abolition of

* Comp. here Gen. xv. 17; Exod. iii. 2, xiii. 27; 2 Kings ii. 11, vi. 17; Ezek. i. 3; in all of which the special significance of the flame or fire is not difficult to perceive.

the practice. Again, even if we were to admit that Jephthah really sacrificed his daughter, we should also have to bear in mind that he had been a wild outcast from his people, and returned to them full of heathen notions and practices. In 2 Sam. xxi. 6, it is the Gibeonites who ask for human sacrifices to Jahveh.* The supposed prophetic allusions (such as Mic. vi. 7; Hos. xiii. 2) need scarcely be seriously discussed any more than the suggestion of Kuenen that circumcision was a survival of such sacrifices, while the idea of an original sacrifice of the firstborn on the ground of Exod. xiii. 3–16, xxii. 28, 29, xxxiv. 20, seems to be repudiated even by Wellhausen, and that in not very polite terms.

But what to our mind indicates the widest and most thorough difference between the religion of Israel and not only the worship of Moloch but all kindred heathen rites lies in the idea of God. The fundamental conception of the Old Testament is that of the essential holiness of the Lord. It would occupy too much space to develope this idea in all its applications in the theology, the ritual, the institutions, and even the history of Israel. But we may almost assume that every impartial reader of the Old Testament will feel that this underlies the whole conception of the Divine Being and of His relation to man, as presented in the ancient Hebrew Scriptures. It meets us everywhere as the essential quality of the God of Revelation: it is everywhere recognised in all approaches to Him; it figures prominently on the mitre of the High Priest; it underlies all the conditions of approach to, or intercourse with, Him. There is not any analogon to this in the so-called 'religions of Nature.' The idea of holiness in the special Old Testament sense—the conception of a fundamental moral quality and consequent moral relationship—is conspicuously absent in them. We may go further and say that the opposite to this forms their leading characteristic. The idea which we associate with them is that of mere power in the Divine Being, or, on the other side, that of fulness and fruitfulness. The God of the heathen, when not viewed as a national protecting deity, is a destructive power. Or else the deity, viewed more abstractly, is the begetting and conceiving force of nature—the Baal and Astarte. And from these fundamental notions

* In the account of what happened the expression 'to Jahveh' used by the Gibeonites (2 Sam. xxi. 6) is significantly altered into 'before 'Jahveh' (v. 9). Comp. König, u.s., p. 75.

flow as their necessary consequences alike the conceptions of these religions and their practices. We can only here indicate these absolute differences. But they mark on the one hand the grand characteristic of the religion of the Old Testament in its moral and spiritual basis, and on the other the utter impossibility of any internal kinship between it and the worship of Moloch, Chemosh, or any other deity of the neighbouring nations.

We have been obliged in the course of this article incidentally to touch on many questions closely connected with the theory of the date and origin of the Pentateuch, with which the name of Professor Wellhausen is identified. In truth, only one aspect of this controversy is really of general or absolute interest. At what precise date any parts of the Pentateuch may have been committed to writing, or whether the original legislation and order may in parts have been developed in their application to new circumstances, are chiefly literary questions. Not so this, whether what is distinctively Israelitish—the Priest-Code—is of later invention. Behind it is the still more important question what, on the removal of what had been regarded as Israelitish, was the original religion of the Hebrews: whether, as it is contended, it was in truth only a low and materialistic Polytheism, like that of the Canaanitish tribes. Here, as we have endeavoured to show, the evidence completely and in every point breaks down. That it is possible to separate the literary aspect of the question from the religious is shown by such writers as Delitzsch and König. They agree in the main with Wellhausen on the literary aspect of the question; they are emphatically opposed to him on the religious aspect, which alone is of primary importance. But even on the literary aspect of the question the last word has certainly not been said. Not to mention other writers, perhaps the most learned critic of the Old Testament, Professor Dillmann, has only quite lately expressed and explained his dissent from the fundamental position of the Wellhausen school, and throughout supported it by most powerful objections to its leading details. We would, indeed, carefully guard ourselves against being understood as accepting all Professor Dillmann's special conclusions. It seems to us that many of his arguments might be applied against his own reasoning. But the upholders of the Wellhausen theory cannot afford to ignore his attack. It is, as we have said, fundamental as well as detailed, and till his objections are met, if answered they can be, the controversy must be regarded as having entered upon a new phase.

In general, viewed as a whole, the theory in question is virtually an application to the Old Testament of the Tübingen method of New Testament criticism. We believe that the final issue will be substantially the same. History cannot be remodelled on *à priori* theories, nor can the *à potiori* reasoning, which eliminates what is unsuitable and overlooks what is inconvenient, prove permanently satisfactory. If one might so say, there is far more water than the vessel which is supposed to hold it will contain. Some larger *à potiori* reasoning will assert itself; a wider and truer view of the facts will take the place of one-sided explanations. But, in any case, there will in the end remain a solid gain to sound criticism and to truth. And, for the present, the progress of the controversy may be viewed without dread on the one side, while on the other side there is assuredly no cause for premature exultation. The history and religion of Israel are identified; they cannot be separated. And the history of a people, whose religion has in its fullest developement become that of the civilised world, cannot be blotted out. It lives in the Israel of our own days; it is perpetuated in the faith and worship of Christianity. It cannot be explained away by any skilful manipulation of documents; it cannot be swept aside by fanciful attempts at reconstructing the past on supposed philosophical principles. More than this: it not only exists, but lives and works, and extends alike in its outward prevalence and in its inward and moral influence on men and nations.

In our all too brief survey of so large a subject we have been obliged to omit reference to M. Renan's treatment of some of the principal institutions and some of the leading actors in Israel. Here also the method is vacillating, and the results are untenable. As familiar instances we would refer to our author's views on the origin of the Sabbath, of circumcision, and of the 'Ark.' As regards the latter, M. Renan vacillates between a primitive chest carried before the nomads, and an ark derived from the Egyptians, although we had imagined that this was no longer seriously maintained by scholars. As regards the Sabbath, it is indeed true that there was a similar division of time among the Babylonians and Assyrians, in which the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th days were sacred. But we must not forget to add that the 19th day was also sacred, and especially to mark this fundamental difference—that the observance of this Babylonian 'Sabbath' bore the opposite character to that of the Hebrew. It was not a happy festive day of rest, but a day in which men had to 'be in apprehension of the evil

'eye,' when neither king nor priest ate their customary meal before the eve, nor were allowed to wear festive garments.

Important as such points are, they are quite secondary to what seems to us M. Renan's fundamental misunderstanding of the leading Scripture characters. Nowhere does this appear more clearly than in the history of Samuel, Saul, and David. M. Renan cannot even transport himself to the standpoint of the Biblical narrators. Assuredly it is not the natural character, nor many of the incidents in the life of David which are presented to us in the Old Testament for admiration. The point from which alike Saul and David are viewed is that of conformity or else nonconformity to what is presented as the ideal of royalty—absolute submission to the will of God, absolute direction by it. If one might adopt the language of those writers, David was a king after God's own heart; Saul after Israel's. The standpoint of the writer may be right or wrong; it is at least bare justice to judge him in accordance with it. In any case, the appellation 'bandit' and the offensive terms which M. Renan so abundantly applies to David, are, even from his own reading of the situation and history, unwarrantable. If he was a roving outcast, it was circumstances from without, not his own choice, which made him so.

It is indecent to speak in the lowest terms of opprobrium of that which connects itself with the most sacred feelings. The collection of Psalms which bears the general title of 'David' has been and is to numberless thousands the comfort in sorrow, the guide in perplexity, the inspirer of holiest thought. The name 'Son of David' is associated with One to whom tenderest devotion is given by millions. It can never be forgotten that whatever may have been the vicissitudes in the life of this 'roving outcast,' this shepherd-boy, he rose from the sheepcote to the throne, he called into being a nation, he was the progenitor of a race of kings and of more than kings, and that the records of remote antiquity contain no name more illustrious than that of the sovereign and the psalmist of Israel, whose services to his people and to mankind may well outweigh the blemishes of his life.

The truth is, M. Renan lacks the first qualification for writing the history of Israel—he lacks sympathy with his subject; he lacks the sense of reverence. No one who has read M. Renan's 'Abbesse de Jouarre,' and still more the preface to it, can fail to understand us. That book and its prurient preface are not pleasant reading. 'The sentiment 'of the highest adoration' and 'the most perfect act of

'prayer'* there referred to are happily not what is ordinarily associated with them. The high priest of such a religion cannot be qualified to act as interpreter of that history which issued in Christianity. There is absolute antipathy between the two conceptions. M. Renan concludes the present volume with a sneer at the line, 'Teste 'David cum Sibylla.' To our mind there is something more incongruous than the conjunction of David with an unhistoric Sibyl. It is, that the pen which wrote the preface to the 'Abbesse de Jouarre' should interpret 'The History 'of the People Israel.' If the one is, in the language of M. Renan, a 'divine comedy,' the other seems to be not a comedy but a parody.

ART. VIII.—*Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes before the Discovery of Nineveh.* By Sir HENRY AUSTEN LAYARD, G.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1887.

THE record of Sir Henry Layard's early adventures, when, as little more than a boy, he travelled, for the most part alone, through Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, will greatly interest all those whose imaginations, like his, have been excited by visions of the renowned cities of the East, called up by the early and engrossing perusal of the 'Arabian Nights,' and whose curiosity in maturer years has been stirred by the narratives of travellers, few and far between, of buried cities, of strange monuments, of inscriptions in an unknown character, which bear witness to a magnificent civilisation of which history had lost the trace, but which patient investigation and learning might perchance yet do something to recall to the knowledge of the present day. It is, however, to a still wider circle that these volumes will appeal; for to all who like 'adventure' as such, who admire indomitable pluck and endurance, shown in surmounting great difficulties with small means, in facing again and again dangers by flood and field, in fighting against almost fatal sickness, in braving savage foes and escaping from treacherous friends, the tale of young Layard will afford the most delightful reading.

Henry Layard was destined for the law, and at the age

* L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Préf., p. iv.

of twenty-two had already spent nearly six years in the office of a solicitor and the chambers of an eminent conveyancer; and it was apparently mainly with a view to following his profession that in the summer of 1839 he bethought himself of settling in Ceylon, where a relation in high official life was able to promise him an opening, either at the bar or, if that failed, in the civil service. If, however, his destination, Ceylon, was determined by considerations of the profession he had adopted, the ways and means selected for arrival there were clearly determined by the innate tastes and natural bent of the man himself.

As a lawyer, he would settle in Ceylon; but as a traveller and a lover of antiquities, he would go thither by land, on foot, or horseback, or camel-back, as occasion might serve. And his mind was evidently far less troubled, in spite of his six years' training, with the consideration of the niceties of real property law than with such questions as whether remains of ancient cities were to be found in the island in the Lake of Furrah, and whether the ruins which the Lurs call Sûsan were in truth, as suggested by Major Rawlinson, the site of that 'Shushan the Palace' where the prophet Daniel had seen his vision, and where, according to the Book of Esther, Mordecai had sat in the king's gate till Haman brought him through the street of the city as the man whom King Ahasuerus delighted to honour.

In Mr. Mitford,* an old traveller in Morocco, and some ten years the senior of Layard, the latter found a companion willing to brave every hardship in the making of a 'land march' from England to Ceylon. It is a curious instance of the different degree in which the same hardships strike different individuals, that Mr. Mitford, who was robust enough to enjoy the privations and discomforts of an adventurous journey by land across half the world, had yet such a horror of the sea, that he left Layard to travel by himself to Brussels *viâ* Ostend, whilst he himself went by the shorter sea route by Calais.

In January 1840 they reached Jerusalem.

Even now the journey to Petra and the ruined cities to the east of the Dead Sea, though duly laid down in the pages of Baedeker and Murray, is not to be accomplished in safety without much preparation and the protection of a

* Author of 'A Land-March from England to Ceylon Forty Years ago, through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Assyria, Persia, Afghanistan, Scinde, and India,' 1884.

strong escort. In 1840 the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha had defeated the Turkish armies, and were holding Palestine and Syria, and it was through the protection of Ibrahim's officers, and through their negotiations with the Arab sheikhs on the borders of the desert, that Layard was enabled to make out the journey from Jerusalem and Hebron to Petra, and thence by Kerak, Ziza, Ammon, and Jerash, back across the Jordan to Tiberias. The advice of the British Consul at Jerusalem to abstain from taking such a journey whilst the Arabs were in the disturbed condition that resulted from the recent war was amply justified; yet Layard, bitten with an irrepressible desire to visit the ruined cities, was not to be deterred, and, having agreed to rejoin Mr. Mitford at Damascus, he hired an Arab boy and a couple of mules, bought secondhand the bell tent of an Egyptian soldier, and started for Hebron. The Arab sheikhs who dwell on the borders of the Syrian desert have been thoroughly corrupted by their intercourse with Turkish authorities and their contact with semi-European civilisation; and though from time to time a sheikh might boast in eloquent words of Arab hospitality and Mussulman good faith, for the most part the wandering Frank was evidently regarded by these degenerate tribesmen as affording an opportunity not to be lost for almost legitimate plunder.

In spite of drawbacks such as these to the comfort of the traveller, Layard's hardships and dangers are alike forgotten in the presence of the long-dreamed-of ruins. After traversing a sterile desert and mountain heights most trying to the camels, Layard becomes aware of his approach to Petra 'by 'the innumerable monuments, chambers, flights of steps, 'and reservoirs, excavated in the precipitous rocks on either 'side of us.' The following day, in spite of Arab molestation, he visits 'the great amphitheatre carved out of the 'rock, the various temples and public edifices, and the tombs 'sculptured in the precipitous cliffs forming the sides of the 'valley.' Many of these tombs 'were elaborately orna'mented with pediments, friezes, and columns, and were 'used as habitations by Arab families, and their spacious 'chambers were filled with smoke and dirt.' No wonder that Layard was greatly impressed by the scene.

'The rocks of friable limestone, worn by the weather into forms of endless variety, some of which could scarcely be distinguished from the remains of ancient buildings; the solitary columns rising here and there amidst the shapeless heaps of masonry; the gigantic flights of steps cut in the rocks, leading to the tombs; the absence of all vegeta-

tion to relieve the solemn monotony of the brown barren soil; the mountains rising abruptly on all sides; the silence and solitude scarcely disturbed by the wild Arab lurking among the fragments of pediments, fallen cornices, and architraves which encumber the narrow valley, render the ruins of Petra unlike those of any other ancient city in the world.'

In his journey northward to the east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, he found at the sites of the old cities of Ammon and Jerash, known in Roman times by the names of Philadelphia and Gerasa, ruins of no less interest and of far greater beauty, whose situation in a richer country lent them a picturesqueness entirely wanting to the barren neighbourhood of Petra. At Ammon the principal ruins 'consisted of a small temple of a highly florid Corinthian order—the façade of which was almost entire—surmounted by a dome or vault elaborately sculptured in the interior;' of various other buildings, amongst which traces of sculptured doorways, the remains of porticos, and the shafts of lofty columns sufficiently proved the ancient splendour of the city, and of the 'great temple of the composite order, of which ten fine columns, with cornice and pediment and many elaborately sculptured ornaments, still remained.' But of all the ruins at Ammon the theatre, in part cut out of the side of the cliff, was the most magnificent and the best preserved; and eight of its columns, part of the proscenium, were still standing. The river was still spanned by a Roman bridge, and remains of quays and of paved streets were still visible. It is no wonder that young Layard was deeply impressed by the ruins of Ammon,

'both from their extreme beauty and picturesqueness, and from the strange character of the surrounding scenery. They enabled him, moreover, to realise the grandeur and might of the Roman Empire. That a city so far removed from the capital, and built almost in the desert, should have been adorned with so many splendid monuments—temples, theatres, and public edifices—afforded one of the most striking proofs of the marvellous energy and splendid enterprise of that great people who had subjected the world. Such remains as these show the greatness of Rome, and the influence she exercised wherever she could establish her rule.'

His further journey brought him into considerable danger from plundering Arabs and from an attack of the plague; whilst he was greatly disturbed in his mind by the report that a rigid quarantine had been established round the pashalik of Damascus, enforced by irregular cavalry, against all who approached from the south; and it was ultimately

only by great courage and skill, a little backshish, and some good fortune to boot, that he succeeded in running the blockade and rejoining his friend Mr. Mitford. We must, however, give his description of Jerash in his own words:—

'I left the Arab tents before daylight, and early in the morning entered a narrow valley, through which wound a clear stream. Upon its banks, and reaching the steep hills on either side, rose the ruins of Jerash. I was enchanted by the wonderful beauty of the scene, and surprised at the extent and magnificence of the remains. On all sides I saw long avenues of graceful columns leading to temples, theatres, baths, and public edifices, constructed of marble, to which time had given a bright pinkish-yellow tint. Battlemented walls with square towers encircled the city, and were carried over the heights above. Outside there were numerous tombs of richly decorated architecture, and sarcophagi which at some remote period had been opened and rifled. Leaving my Arab boy and Isaac of Hebron to find a night's resting-place for me, I commenced at once an examination of the ruins. They were divided into two parts by a broad street, ending in a triumphal arch at its southern and a fine gateway at its northern extremity. It was paved by large flags, upon which the marks of chariot-wheels could still be traced. On either side of it there had been a double row of Ionic and Corinthian columns, of which 153 remained erect. This colonnade opened at one place into an oval of large dimensions, formed by pillars of the Ionic order—probably the Forum—and at others into squares and circles, whence streets branched off leading to public buildings. I counted altogether about 250 columns still standing in different parts of the ruins. Innumerable shafts and capitals of others were lying on the ground partly concealed by brushwood. On either side of this magnificent thoroughfare, which led through the centre of the city from one end to the other, were the great public edifices, and among them several temples. Two of these were of considerable size, and of the rich and profusely decorated Corinthian architecture at the time of the Antonines. The largest of the two had been dedicated to the Sun, as shown by an existing inscription, and stood in an immense double-peristyle court.'

And again, doubtless, young Layard reflected upon that wonderful Roman Empire whose legions under the Antonines were guarding one frontier against the Arabs of the sterile deserts of Syria, whilst they guarded another, by them regarded as far more remote, against the primitive inhabitants of Scotland, manning almost within call of each other that long line of wall which still traverses the moors of Northumberland, and which in the gateways of its camps still shows as clearly as the streets of Jerash the ruts cut by Roman chariot wheels.

A few days of much-needed rest were spent at Damascus, that city of thronged bazaars and narrow and dirty streets

lined with shabby houses, whose exterior walls gave no indication to the stranger that they enclosed

'spacious and beautiful courts, with fountains of ever-running water, orange trees, and beds of flowers into which open rooms adorned with the most exquisite carvings, and with designs in gold and the brightest colours. When the traveller, after passing through the long covered entrance which led into these apparently half-ruined and ignoble dwellings, suddenly found himself, as if by enchantment, in the midst of one of these luxurious and beautiful edifices, he might fancy himself in a palace described in the "Arabian Nights."'

After a short stay Layard was again on horseback, wearing the dress of an Egyptian Nizam, or regular soldier, and making for Aleppo under the guidance of a Bashi Bazouk, who, however, having done a good stroke of business for himself by plundering, as they went along, the inhabitants in the name of his employer, refused to accompany the latter when there appeared to be serious danger from robber tribes near Baalbek. Having surveyed with the utmost delight these famous and often described ruins, he succeeds in crossing the Lebanon range over passes which snow-drifts and floods had made almost impracticable for horses, and descends into a summer climate as he catches sight of the blue waters of the Mediterranean, 'the far-stretching 'gardens of Beyrout, and the town itself in the distance 'beyond them.' By following the coast of Tripoli and thence by Homs to Aleppo, Layard accomplished this part of his journey without special difficulty, rejoicing in the beautiful scenery, the rich verdure, and the balmy air of a Syrian spring. At Aleppo Mr. Mitford was still waiting for him, and together they travelled to Baghdad, where they arrived on May 2.

The travellers were now to start in earnest upon the little-known route through Persia, and the quite unexplored countries lying between it and India. Layard had been hard at work during his two months at Baghdad studying the Persian language, and he now threw aside the Turkish dress he had been wearing since he left Damascus and donned the long flowing robes, the loose trousers, and the tall black lambskin cap universally worn by the Persians. Later on he went even further; for, having shaved the crown of his head, leaving a ringlet on each side, and dyed his hair and beard a deep shining black with henna and 'rang,' he felt that he could pass, so long as he kept his mouth shut, for an orthodox Persian. The two companions, having hired a couple of mules to carry both themselves and their baggage,

joined a caravan mainly composed of small traders and of pilgrims returning from the holy cities of Mesopotamia, which was starting for Kermanshah, a small town a short way beyond the Persian frontier. The holy character of the pilgrims proved a considerable source of annoyance to the pair of 'infidel' travellers, the Persian Shi'as being far more intolerant of Christians and Europeans than the Turkish or Sunni Mahommedans. These holy men succeeded to some extent in getting Layard and his companion shunned as if they had had the plague, or had been boycotted in Ireland by an order of the National League. Their touch, or even their neighbourhood, conveyed contamination to the righteous, watch was kept lest their Christian lips defiled vessels used by Mussulmans, and their beds were ruthlessly kicked aside if they were laid too near those of their betters. The refusal to eat out of the same dish in which it was the custom for all alike to plunge their fingers, though doubtless signifying the greatest contempt on the part of the Persians, was naturally more acceptable to the English travellers.

Summer was now at its height, and the heat intense, so that the caravan, whose marches and stages were regulated by a leader known as the Karwan-Bashi, travelled almost wholly by night, halting during the day at some caravanserai or under the shelter of the palms and gardens in the neighbourhood of an Arab village. Travelling in a north-easterly direction through a rich alluvial plain, at that season dried up, but repeatedly crossed by the remains of the ancient canals and watercourses which had once fertilised it, they approached the mountains of Luristan, and after traversing some high passes, where the fresh breezes reinvigorated the travellers exhausted by the heat of the plains, they at length found themselves across the frontier in the Persian town of Kermanshah. The governor informed them that they would not be allowed to proceed into the interior of Persia without the permission of the Minister of the Shah, with whom diplomatic relations had lately been broken off by the British nation. The Shah was himself, however, at that time at no great distance, in command of an army with which he had seemed inclined to threaten the Turkish frontier. Layard and his companion came up at Kangowar, some distance to the south-west of Hamadan (Ecbatana), with the Persian army; estimated by the Persians themselves at 400,000 men, but, according to Layard's observation, probably numbering about 13,000, accompanied by a vast rabble of camp followers. The Shah's principal physician had been in England,

and knew the English language, and through his intervention Layard obtained an audience of the foreign minister, who promised him a firman to enable him to travel throughout Persia, after the Shah had reached Hamadan. On the march thither Layard has a good view of the Shah himself.

'He was preceded by the ladies of his harem, and by a number of women, enveloped in their thick veils and long garments, some riding on horseback, others carried in closed litters. Mohammed Shah, who rode a magnificent white Turcoman horse of great size, adorned with gold and silver ornaments, was accompanied by his son, a handsome boy of nine or ten years of age, and by his vizier, the Haji Mirza Agasi. He wore the usual Persian dress—the outer coat being of the most precious cashmere shawl—with armlets of brilliants, and an aigrette of diamonds in his black lambskin cap. He was followed by his Ministers, his household, and a great retinue of officers and notables. Four elephants, fantastically painted with all the colours of the rainbow, and covered with richly embroidered trappings, had been sent out from Hamadan to meet him. They formed part of the procession, which was closed by a body of irregular cavalry, comprising horsemen from the various tribes in his Majesty's dominions, who passed onwards in the most indescribable confusion, amid clouds of dust.'

Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, capital of the Empire of the Medes, beautifully situated in a rich and irrigated plain, in the neighbourhood of towering snow-capped mountains, resembled other Persian towns in the extreme shabbiness of the exterior aspect of its houses, and in the narrowness and dirtiness of its streets. But when the traveller entering by some dark vaulted passage found himself within the dwelling of one of the more important inhabitants, he was amazed by the beauty and richness of the decorations.

'In the centre of the courtyards upon which the chambers of the men and women opened were fountains of sparkling water and parterres of gaudy flowers. The rooms were painted with the most intricate and graceful designs, in brilliant colours, and profusely gilt. The coved ceilings were ornamented with numberless little mirrors, arranged in patterns, which reflected the objects below, and produced, especially when the room was lighted after dark, a most enchanting and fairy-like effect. The iwan, or hall in which the owner received his guests, was panelled with a greyish marble, elaborately carved. The pavement, of the same material, was spread with carpets and felt rugs of the finest texture—the renowned produce of the hand-looms of the Lur and Kurdish tribes. Water was led in marble channels through these halls, and in the centre of each was a fountain constantly playing, which gave a delicious coolness to the air, and invited to sleep by its gentle plashing. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine anything more truly enchanting than these abodes of the nobles and wealthy merchants of Hamadan.'

Mr. Layard and his companion, in order to get a firman to enable them to travel in the interior, called upon the prime minister, a man of the strictest religious pretensions, but whose gross misgovernment, corruption, and oppression had made him detested throughout Persia. They found him seated on his hams in Persian fashion on a fine Kurdish carpet, and when they informed him of their desire to go to India through Yezd and the Seistan he suggested naturally enough that the simplest way to go to India was by Bushire and the Persian Gulf to Bombay, and not through Persia; or, if they preferred it, they might go through the north of Persia and thence by Herat and Afghanistan, but through the Seistan he would not let them go. There was reason to suppose that the minister had no great belief in the sincerity of the English travellers' desire to explore the mouldering ruins of ancient cities at the cost of undergoing the greatest hardships, and even running very considerable risk to their lives. The relations of Great Britain and Persia were already strained, and was it not likely that these simple travellers were in truth spies whose real object was to discover a new route by which an English army might advance from Afghanistan to invade Persia?

These were the difficulties which caused the separation of the two friends; for after a month's stay at Hamadan Mr. Mitford determined to take the route through the north of Persia by Meshed to Herat, whilst Layard, not despairing yet of the Seistan and the Lake of Furrah, made his way to Ispahan. It was on August 8 that, after a year's companionship in adventurous travel, Layard rode for the last time with Mitford for a few miles on the latter's route northwards, and then, taking final leave of his friend, returned to Hamadan, which he himself quitted next day for the little-known regions to the south. It says much for the confident self-reliance of these two young Englishmen that, after all the risks they had already run from the violence and the treachery of the Asiatics among whom they had travelled, and the dangers from disease and from the journey itself which met them almost daily, each was yet willing by himself to face whatever perils his route through an unexplored country might entail, trusting solely to his own courage and skill, and tact and good fortune, to surmount them.

The Shah's camp was now broken up, and his army was leaving Hamadan, after pillaging the bazaars, ravaging the vineyards, and committing almost as much devastation as if it had been in an enemy's country. Layard purchases a

horse from a soldier at a price which threw some doubt in his mind on the title of the vendor, and having packed his two small saddle-bags, and placed on the saddle his carpet and his quilt, feels himself thoroughly equipped 'to go any-'where and to do anything.' His guide, who had been appointed to protect him, and who had been furnished with a firman to enable Layard to obtain the necessary supplies for his journey, on the credit of the Shah's treasury, proved his greatest difficulty, inasmuch as he ruthlessly employed the firman to extort from the villagers on their route, for his private benefit, either money or goods to such an extent that at last a third horse was required to carry these ill-gotten gains. Layard's remonstrances and orders were alike disregarded, though it is satisfactory to learn that on arrival at Ispahan they sufficed to secure for the guide the bastinado he so richly deserved. Yet the villagers profited little by the retribution that had fallen upon their oppressor; for the goods that had been extorted by the guide became the prey of the governor of Ispahan who had ordered his punishment!

Instead of following the direct caravan route to Ispahan, Layard travelled southwards through Douletabad and Burujird, considerable towns, yet whose positions were not at that time indicated on the map, along the northern slopes of the mountains of Luristan, and then, turning northwards, rejoined the main track from Hamadan to Ispahan. At Doulètabad he finds fast decaying the remains of an ancient palace, which still, however, afforded signs of its past magnificence. A spacious hall, painted in the brightest colours with human figures, animals, flowers, and arabesques, opened upon a large courtyard, in which were found the trees, the rose bushes, the flower beds, and the tanks of running water in which wealthy Persians invariably delight. Inner courts revealed still greater wonders and still richer ornaments. The exploits of Rustem, 'the hero of the great Persian epic 'of the Shah Nameh,' were depicted in gorgeous colours on enamelled tiles; and ornaments in stucco, coloured glass, and carved woodwork testified to the former splendour of what had doubtless been the women's quarter of this wonderful building. In a kiosk, or summer-house, in the gardens of this deserted palace Layard was permitted to spread his carpet. Little wonder that, as he roamed through the empty and deserted palace, and saw life-size on the walls the 'painted figures of dancing girls in various postures, of 'richly clad ladies with almond-shaped eyes and black locks,

'and the hunting scenes with horsemen bearing falcons on 'their wrists,' Layard almost fancied himself 'in one of 'those enchanted palaces whose inhabitants had been turned 'to marble, as described in the "Arabian Nights," and which 'had so captivated his imagination in childhood.'

As he leaves the districts more immediately under the oppressive rule of the Persian Government, Layard enters a country evidently far more prosperous and more thickly populated. It was the middle of August, and the peasantry were everywhere engaged in cutting their crops of wheat and barley and carrying them on beasts of burden to the village threshing-floors. As he nears the mountains he makes acquaintance for the first time with encampments of black tents belonging to the Bakhtiyari, a nomad tribe of warlike mountaineers, who, like the Scottish Highlanders of old, were renowned for their courage, and no less dreaded by the wealthy dwellers of the neighbouring plains. With this powerful tribe, and with its great chief, Mehemet Taki Khan, Layard subsequently entered into very close relations; and, indeed, it is in Layard's adventures and experiences whilst the guest of the Bakhtiyari, and in the fortunes of its gallant chief and his family, that the interest of this work mainly centres. At Ispahan Layard is introduced to the governor of the province, a eunuch born of Christian parents, and purchased in his youth as a slave, but who had gradually risen to the highest posts, and who enjoyed the confidence of the Shah. The Matamet, as the governor was called, was seated in his palace giving audience to suitors and those whom he had summoned before him, all of whom approached his presence with the utmost deference. Near him were placed the instruments of the bastinado—namely, long switches from the pomegranate tree soaking in water, and the pole and looped cord by which the victim's feet were suspended whilst he writhed in agony on the ground. At that time the bastinado was the Persian punishment for all kinds of offences, and it was administered by the Matamet with the utmost severity to high and low, sometimes even so as to cause death. He received Layard courteously enough, and said some civil things of the English nation; but his appearance was not such as to create disbelief in the almost incredible tales of his barbarity, still less to propitiate the English traveller in his favour. The Matamet was beardless and had 'a smooth colourless face, with hanging cheeks and 'a weak, shrill, feminine voice. He was short, stout, and 'flabby, and his limbs were ungainly and slow of movement.

'His features, which were of the Georgian type, had a wearied 'and listless appearance, and were without expression or 'animation.' Such was the man whose rapacity and treachery proved the ruin of the able chief with whom Layard so long found a home.

The Bakhtiyari tribes, of which there are two great divisions again subdivided into minor clans, occupy the mountainous districts of Luristan and the high regions lying to the north of those wide plains of Khuzistan, which stretch from the mountains to the Shât-el-Arab, or lower Euphrates, and the Persian Gulf. They claim to be, and probably are, the descendants of tribes which have from the remotest antiquity occupied the mountains of Luristan. Their language, known as Lur, being without the modern mixture of Arabic and Turkish words, is much nearer the old Persian than is the language of modern Persians. They believe themselves to be of pure Persian blood; and they are at all events 'a splendid race, far surpassing in moral as 'well as physical qualities the inhabitants of the towns and 'plains of Persia—the men tall, finely featured, and well 'built; the women of singular beauty, of graceful form, 'and when young almost as fair as Englishwomen.' The fierce expression of the men's faces doubtless arises from the turbulent life these highlanders from time immemorial have led, either at war among themselves, or in rebellion against the Persian Government. Layard declares that 'not-'withstanding the fierce and truculent expression of the 'men, he has never seen together finer specimens of the 'human race than in a Bakhtiyari encampment.' Of these warlike tribes, Mehemet Taki Khan, the chief of one of the minor clans, by his courage and abilities had made himself the head. His growing power and the rumours of his wealth had excited the jealousy and the cupidity of the governor of Ispahan, who represented over these half-subject regions the dwindling authority of the Shah. Mehemet Taki Khan was not likely to be less the object of dislike at Teheran by reason of his being the lineal descendant of a Bakhtiyari chief, who in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the confusion that followed the death of Nadir Shah, the renowned conqueror of India, had seized upon Ispahan and been proclaimed king of Persia.

Whilst Layard was at Ispahan, Ali Naghi Khan, brother of this great chief, was on his way to Teheran as a hostage to the Persian Court for the loyalty of Mehemet Taki, who had lately been in rebellion; and it was in the company of

another Bakhtiyari chief, Shefia Khan, who was returning to his mountains, that Layard made his way to Kala Tul, the castle of Mehemet Taki himself. Layard, who had left Damascus in the dress of an Egyptian soldier, and Baghdad in the flowing garments of an orthodox Persian, among his new friends adopts the costume and practises the toilette of the Bakhtiyari tribes. Once a week he submitted his head to the barber, by whom the

'centre part was shaved without soap and with a razor which brought tears to his eyes. The dried leaves of the henna were made into a paste with water. A little lime-juice or some acid was added, and the paste laid over the parts to be dyed for about an hour, when it was washed off. The colour produced was of a dark red approaching to brown. It was thus left on the hands, feet, and nails; but the hair and eyebrows were then covered for another hour with a second paste made of the leaves of the indigo plant, which turned the red-brown into a glossy black.'

His determination, 'while at Rome, to do as the Romans 'do,' was rewarded with the success it deserved; for Layard was admitted to the closest intimacy of the chief and his friends, and even associated freely with their wives and families. Long before he arrived at Kala Tul our traveller learned by experience that the modern Persians by no means slander the Bakhtiyari in describing them as arrant thieves. His very quilt was stolen from him during the night, and there was scarcely one of the party who had not lost something on the journey. For these depredations complaint was made to and compensation sought from the chief of the clan to which the delinquents belonged. The route traversed was a rough one, over mountain paths hardly practicable for horses, but preferred by Shefia Khan to an easier road which lay through the country of a clan with which his branch of the Bakhtiyari had a deadly feud. The fatigues of the journey were relieved from time to time by the rest and entertainment afforded them by the hospitality of some friendly chief. One of these, followed by a band of well-armed retainers, came out to meet and welcome Shefia Khan.

'We sat down with him under spreading trees, on the bank of a stream. Such cool and shady spots are generally found near Persian villages for the resort of the inhabitants, and of travellers during the heat of the day. We were surrounded by lofty rugged mountains, and the castle with its towers, like a feudal stronghold of the Middle Ages, stood in the outskirts of a gloomy forest. It was altogether a very picturesque and romantic spot, rendered even more so by the crowd of ferocious and savage-looking men, all armed to the teeth, who

gathered round us. Our host's reputation for hospitality, of which I had heard much on the way, was not belied. Two hours after sunset a procession of attendants carrying torches issued from the gates of the castle, bearing trays on their heads, with an excellent and ample supper of pillaus, boiled and roasted meat, fowls, melons, grapes, sherbets, curds, and other delicacies which did honour to the enderun of the chief whose ladies had prepared our repast. It was the first time I had been the guest of one of the principal mountain chiefs, and his appearance, his independent and manly bearing, and the quiet dignity of his manner, so different from those of the false and obsequious Persians of the towns, much impressed me.'

When evening drew on, their host produced an illustrated manuscript, from which Shefia Khan read poetry and recited verses of the loves of Khosrau and Shirin to an admiring and excited circle of wild-looking men listening silently as they stood leaning on their matchlocks round the glowing fire.

When the party at length arrived at Kala Tul, the chief was absent with the greater portion of his followers, but his younger brother and several elders of the tribe bade them welcome, and Layard was at once conducted to the interior of the castle. Like the other castles of the Bakhtiyari, it differed from them only in its greater size and strength. It stood on a high mound, with a village of mud huts clustering at its feet, and the surrounding plain was dotted with the black tents of the tribe.

'It was square, with five towers. One of the angles was formed by a square building, in the upper part of which was the "lamerdoun" or guest-room. Beneath was the long vaulted passage which formed the entrance to the castle. Within the castle were two courts. In the outer were the rooms for guests and for the chief's immediate attendants and guards; in the inner the women's apartments or "enderun," in which lived the chief and his wives with their maids, and Mehemet Taki's brother and his wife. Although this fort, constructed of stone and brick, could have resisted an attack from an irregular force, it could not have been held against troops provided with artillery. On the towers and walls were a few heavy matchlocks eight or nine feet in length, on movable stands, and turning on a swivel. They were loaded with one large bullet, or with a number of small balls or bits of iron, and were formidable enough to the mountaineers.'

In the 'lamerdoun' Layard was received by the principal wife of the absent chief, 'a tall and graceful woman, still 'young and singularly handsome, dressed in the Persian 'fashion, with a quantity of hair falling in tresses down her 'back from under the purple silk kerchief which bound her 'forehead.' Her boy of ten years old, his father's favourite son, was ill with fever; two noted doctors had failed to cure

him, and now Layard, whose fame as a Frank physician had preceded him, was prayed by the anxious mother to restore his health. He could not refuse to make the attempt, the success of which was of almost as much importance to himself as to his patient. A Dover's powder and some quinine were administered, the interference of the Mussulman doctors was with difficulty restrained, and Layard earned the lasting gratitude of the parents by restoring to them their son freed from the fever which had nearly cost him his life. Mehemet Taki Khan at length returned, followed by a considerable number of horsemen, whom he left at the foot of the mound, whilst he rode up to the entrance of the castle. There,

'dismounting from his mare—a magnificent Arab of pure breed—he seated himself on the raised platform of masonry where the chiefs and elders usually assembled in the afternoon and in the evening to talk over the events of the day, to listen to complaints, and to settle disputes. It was, as it were, the judgment-seat of the tribe, whence justice was administered, redress given, and punishments awarded. The elders acted as assessors to the chief, who was all-powerful, and exercised the right of life and death over his people.'

He glanced with some contempt at the firman which Layard presented to him, and at the letter of the Matamet; but his manner was friendly and cordial, and his countenance, though somewhat disfigured by the effects of a blow received in battle from an iron mace, won the confidence of his guest. Dressed in the usual war-dress of a Bakhtiyari chief he was armed

'with a gun whose barrels showed the richest damascene work, and a stock beautifully inlaid with ivory and gold; a curved sword, or scimitar, of the finest Khorassan steel, its handle and sheath of silver and gold; a jewelled dagger of great price, and a long, highly ornamented pistol thrust in the belt round his waist, to which were hung his powder flasks, leather pouches for holding bullets, and various objects used for priming and loading his gun, all of the choicest description. The head and neck of his beautiful Arab mare were adorned with tassels of red silk and silver knobs. His saddle was also richly decorated, and under the girths was passed on one side a second sword, and on the other an iron inlaid mace, such as Persian horsemen use in battle. Mehemet Taki Khan was justly proud of his arms, which were renowned throughout Khuzistan. He had a very noble air, and was the very beau ideal of a great feudal chief.'

The ladies of the family appear to have been worthy of the chief. The principal wife, the daughter of one of the principal chiefs of Luristan, known as Khatun-jan (Lady of my soul), and more shortly as the Khanum, Layard describes as one of the best and kindest women he had ever known.

She nursed him through frequent attacks of high fever, during which he was delirious for hours together; she took charge of his money lest he should be robbed on his expeditions in search of ruins and inscriptions, and she provided him with whatever he needed for immediate use. Neither she nor the other wives of Mehemet Taki or his brothers wore the veil in his presence, and Layard used frequently to pass his evenings listening to her stories about the tribes. Her husband habitually spoke of her as 'the mother of 'Hussein,' his eldest boy, whom Layard had cured; and both by him and by his other wives she was always treated with the utmost deference and respect. Her sister, some years younger than herself, was

'the beauty of Kala Tul. Indeed it was said there was not a more lovely woman in the tribe, and she deserved her reputation. Her features were of exquisite delicacy, her eyes large, black, and almond-shaped, her hair of the darkest hue; she was intelligent and lively, and a great favourite with all the inmates of the enderun. The chief and the Khanum would often tell me that if I would become a Mussulman and live with them, they would give her to me for wife. The inducement was great, but the temptation was resisted.'

The boy Hussein, handsome and high-spirited, was worthy of his parents, and between him and Layard a close friendship sprang up.

In the morning when the chief had finished breakfast and left the women's apartments, his usual practice was to seat himself with a few of the elders at the entrance to the castle and there administer justice, receive travellers and messengers, and transact the business of the tribe. Later in the day he had out his favourite horses for inspection. They were of the finest Arab breeds, and he knew the genealogy of each.

'Usually he mounted one of them whilst the rest were being exercised by his attendants, who galloped to and fro in the plain or wheeled in narrowing circles, discharging their guns, like the Parthians of yore their arrows, from behind as they fled from an imaginary foe, picking up a handkerchief or other object when at full speed, and performing other feats, such as hitting with a single ball their felt skull-cap, which they had thrown on the ground, and clinging at full length to one side of their horse in order not to offer a mark to the enemy. Mehemet Taki Khan's horsemen were considered the most skilful and daring in Persia.'

The Bakhtiyari were sportsmen as well as warriors, and Layard often accompanied the younger chiefs on hunting expeditions, from which they generally returned with an

ibex or two, or a mountain sheep. Hares and gazelles were hunted with greyhounds, with which hawks were trained to work.

Usually Layard dined in the 'enderun,' and many an evening after dinner was spent in discussing with the chief the habits and institutions of Europe.

'He took a very enlightened view of such matters, was eager to induce the wild inhabitants of his mountains to engage in peaceful pursuits, and was very desirous that the country should be opened to commerce. These conversations generally took place in the evening, in the inner court, where his favourite horses were tethered, and where he would sit amongst them on his carpet. But he was also in the habit of questioning me on these subjects when we were seated at the entrance to the castle, surrounded by the elders and principal men of the tribe. He would make me describe to them railways and various modern discoveries, and explain to them the European sciences of astronomy, geology, and others unknown to his people. As they were at variance with the teachings of the Koran, he would direct a mollah to argue the matter with me and confound me. The learned man was generally satisfied with a simple denial of what I had stated, quoting in support of it some verses from the holy volume. But this did not satisfy the chief, who was anxious for knowledge. He would make me describe the wigs worn by the judges and barristers in England, and then, with a jovial laugh, would exclaim, "You see that to make a cadi in "England only requires two horses' tails."'

He had some difficulty, as is not surprising, in understanding Layard's motives in incurring so many hardships and dangers in that wild country, and he could not easily divest himself of the suspicion that his real objects were political, and that he was making topographical investigations as a preliminary to the invasion of Persia by a British army. The highland chieftain, however, so hated and despised the corrupt and cruel Persians, and was so exasperated by the repeated efforts of the governor of Ispahan to extort money from him and his people, that this suspicion in no degree diminished the kindly feeling he entertained towards his guest. And if even the chief could not altogether understand the antiquarian interests and the thirst for discovery and adventure which led young Layard into the Persian highlands, no wonder that the ignorant tribesmen regarded with a suspicion always troublesome, and not seldom dangerous, the investigations of the English traveller into the rock inscriptions and sculptured caverns in which some portions of their country are so rich. He must surely be searching for buried treasure, and valuable information of that sort, if he has it, must be extorted from him!

Nevertheless, enjoying the protection due to the intimate friendship of the chief and his brothers, the months which he spent at Kala Tul passed pleasantly enough. The young Bakhtiyari chiefs were keen sportsmen, and Layard in their company took part in many an adventurous expedition, especially in what is considered the most noble of their sports, viz. the hunting of some wandering lion whose presence in the neighbourhood had become known to the hunters.

The Arab horses greatly dread the appearance and even the smell of the lion, and one of the regular exercises of the horses at Kala Tul was the riding them up to the stuffed figure of a lion in order that habit might dispel their natural terror. Mehemet Taki Khan was famous as a lion-hunter, and on one occasion Layard was a witness of his prowess, for the hunted lion having sprung upon and knocked down one of the party, the chief leaped from his horse and advanced against him on foot, at the same time exclaiming in a loud voice, 'O Lion! these are not fit antagonists for 'thee. If thou desirest to meet an enemy worthy of thee, 'contend with me.' Then drawing his pistol, he discharged a bullet at its head. It fell, and was quickly despatched by the guns and spears of his followers.

For a time, however, Layard's researches and his amusements were alike put an end to by a severe illness that overtook him, through which he was nursed with the utmost care by the Khanum. With her and the children he afterwards went for a few days' change of air to a small Bakhtiyari village in a fruitful valley at some distance from Kala Tul. It shows the hardiness of the man that, whilst yet not completely recovered from his illness, he was again on horseback, exploring, often entirely alone, a wild country infested with robbers. On one occasion he was relieved of his watch and his compass, his only valuables, which, however, fortunately the authority of the chief proved sufficient to get restored to their owner. On another expedition, so sharp an attack of ague came on, that he was obliged to dismount. Hiding himself in a gully from some suspicious-looking men who had been following him, he lay down on the ground with the bridle tied to his wrist till the delirious fit, which usually lasted two or three hours, had passed away, and he was able again to remount and resume his journey.

Layard's residence among the Bakhtiyari was now, however, about to be disturbed by a more serious cause than an attack of fever or the pilfering of chance robbers; for the

governor of the district of Ispahan, Layard's old acquaintance the Matamet, having in vain renewed his demands upon Mehemet Taki Khan for an amount of tribute which could only be raised by the grossest oppression of the tribes, had prevailed upon the Shah to declare him in rebellion and to authorise a military expedition as soon as the season would permit. Mehemet Taki greatly dreaded war with the sovereigns of Persia, well knowing with what success their policy of setting tribe against tribe, and clan against clan, had on every occasion hitherto been pursued by the Persian government. He declined therefore to summon his forces or to take steps which should seem to justify any military measures against him; whilst he did his best to raise a large sum to satisfy the demands of his enemy. Convinced however at last that the Matamet meant his ruin, and aware of the recent rupture of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Persia, he bethought him of despatching Layard to the island of Karak in the Persian Gulf, which had just been occupied by British troops from India, to seek British help, in the hope that a general rising against the Shah might take place. Mehemet Taki, moreover, though a mere chief of mountain tribes, and entirely without education, had some enlightened views of his own, and he dreamed of a future when his followers might change their restless habits and lawless ways for some settled industry, and when the products of the province of Khuzistan might form the basis of a regular trade with the British merchants of India. Layard, therefore, charged with the forwarding of these wishes and aspirations of his friendly host, in the middle of December left Kala Tul. Descending the mountains he sees before him fertile plains dotted with villages, surrounded with groves of palms, trees to which he had been a stranger since he left Baghdad. Passing occasionally the remains of an ancient gateway and the ruins of considerable towns, all apparently of the Sassanian epoch, which tell of former civilisation and of the dense population of these now deserted plains, he journeys through Behbehan to the little port of Bender Dilum, on the Persian Gulf, and thence in an Arab boat to Karak, where he finds a force of Sepoys under Colonel Hennell regularly encamped on the island. But alas for the hopes of his friend Mehemet Taki! Good relations between Great Britain and Persia were on the point of being restored, and any chance there might be of establishing a trade with Khuzistan and English merchants must depend not on the military holders of Karak, but on the way in which such projects might strike

our traders at Baghdad. After a fortnight in the island Layard returns to Kala Tul, through a country which the rumours of war and the withdrawal of Mehemet Taki's troops made doubly dangerous, and finds that the chief, still uncertain whether to submit or resist, had left his wife in charge of the castle and established his camp of some eight thousand men, including horsemen and men armed with matchlocks, in the plain of Mal-Emir, which the Matamet's troops were already approaching. Layard joins the camp, and finds it

'composed of the usual black tents, and of huts constructed of reeds and boughs of trees. Most of the tribes acknowledging his authority, including the Arabs from the banks of the Jerrahi, and from the plains around Shuster, had furnished their contingents. A more motley and a wilder and more savage set of men it would have been difficult to bring together. They were very warlike in their demonstrations, constantly firing off their loaded guns, to the great danger of those who might be near, dancing their war dance and shouting their war songs. They only awaited a word from Mehemet Taki Khan to fall upon the Matamet and his regular troops. Encumbered as these were with artillery, baggage, and the usual following of a Persian army, in the difficult mountain passes and narrow defiles, they might easily have been cut to pieces.'

Layard was struck by the deep emotion shown by these wild and savage-looking men at the reciting and reading of the heroic poems and love-tales of Persian romance. Sometimes

'one of these poets, or minstrels, who wandered from encampment to encampment among the tribes, would sing, with quavering voice, the odes of Hafiz or Saadi, or improvise verses in honour of the great chieftain, relating how he had overcome his enemies in battle and in single combat, and had risen to be the head of the Bakhtiyari by his valour, his wisdom, his justice, and his charity to the poor. The excitement of these ruthless warriors knew no bounds. When the wonderful exploits of Rustem were described—how with one blow of his sword he cut horse and rider into two, or alone vanquished legions of enemies—their savage countenances became even more savage. They would shout and yell, draw their swords, and challenge imaginary foes. When the death of some favourite hero was the poet's theme, they would weep, beat their breasts, and utter a doleful wail, heaping curses upon the head of him who had caused it. But when they listened to the moving tale of the loves of Khosrau and his mistress they would heave the deepest sighs—the tears running down their cheeks—and follow the verses with a running accompaniment of "Waï! Waï!"

'Such was probably the effect of the Homeric ballads when recited or sung of old in the camps of the Greeks, or when they marched to

combat. Such a scene as I have described must be witnessed to fully understand the effect of poetry upon a warlike and emotional race.'

The Matamet passes the mountains in safety, and not only is not hampered in his advance, but is actually assisted in bringing forward his guns and baggage by the Bakhtiyari tribes acting under the orders of Mehemet Taki, who still indulged the hope that a conciliatory policy was the best for his people and the safest for himself. The Persian army encamps but three miles from the Bakhtiyari troops, and its leader at once begins, by insincere negotiation and attempts to spread disaffection among his enemies, to undermine the strength of Mehemet Taki's army. The Persian troops appear to have been almost as great robbers as the highland tribes to whom they were opposed. On one occasion, whilst Layard was paying a visit to the Persian tents and had picketed his horse outside, it was stolen by some Persian soldiers. Layard, provided by Mehemet Taki with another horse and some guards, at once started in pursuit, recaptured his property, and took prisoners the thieves, but only after a sharp fight in which several men were wounded, and Layard himself knocked senseless off his saddle by a blow from an iron mace which the thick turban round his felt cap alone prevented from being fatal.

Mehemet Taki was very soon convinced that the real object of the Matamet was his destruction, and that he was aiming by treachery at getting him into his power and sending him a prisoner to Teheran, where he would be kept confined for the rest of his life, or suffer the still more dreaded punishment inflicted upon those who had rebelled against the Shah—the loss of his eyes—whilst at the same time he would extort such a tribute from the tribes as would leave them absolutely destitute. A plan was actually prepared for falling upon the Persian camp during the night and destroying and dispersing the army; but once more for his misfortune Mehemet Taki was prevailed upon to put trust in the Matamet, who, it was said, would take a moderate tribute and then withdraw to the plains of Shuster. Withdraw he did, and on his way treacherously made prisoners two or three of the Bakhtiyari chiefs who were accompanying him, and threw them into chains. Having thus in his power Mehemet Taki's chief supporters, the Matamet summoned to Shuster the Bakhtiyari chieftain himself, and on the latter's refusal declared him in rebellion against the Shah, and began military operations against him. Once more Mehemet Taki puts faith in his faithless enemy, and on the Matamet's taking

a solemn oath on the Koran that he would abandon the expedition and retire to Ispahan, he delivers to him as hostage for his loyalty his son Hussein Kuli, whom Layard had cured of the fever. Great was the grief and loud the lamentations of both his parents when the boy took his departure from Kala Tul; the Khanum, indeed, refusing to let him go till Layard consented to accompany him, in the hope that his presence would prevent the Matamet treating her son with cruelty.

'When at length we rode through the castle gate of Kala Tul, Mehemet Taki Khan, unable to control his feelings, seated himself in the porch, sobbing like a woman and beating his naked breast. Hussein Kuli's mother, with the other ladies of the enderun and their attendants, followed us on foot, wailing and crying aloud. When we reached the low hills, whence the castle was about to disappear from view, they stopped, and cutting off their long tresses trampled them in the dust—the way in which the Bakhtiyari women are accustomed to show grief and despair. Then after Khatun-jan had again kissed her son, they slowly returned with her to Kala Tul.'

The boy, described as the very picture of a youthful warrior, dressed in the costume of a Bakhtiyari chief, and mounted on his father's favourite Arab mare, accompanied Layard to Shuster, and was at once conducted into the presence of the Matamet. The fears of his parents were amply justified. To the insolence and violence of his enemy the boy replied with spirit; and the presence of Layard, from which his mother had hoped so much, did not prevent his being thrown into prison and threatened with torture, whilst a messenger was sent to Kala Tul to inform the father that, unless he surrendered, his son would be put to death. Layard, having tried in vain to effect the boy's escape, joined Au Kerim, a Bakhtiyari chief and a brother of Mehemet Taki, in an attempt again to reach Kala Tul. Long before they reached their destination, Layard heard that the chieftain had left it, and that the Matamet's intrigues and bribes had corrupted the loyalty of some of the tribes. Accordingly he returns to Shuster, in the strange company of a party of travelling dervishes with whom he has chanced to fall in. Mehemet Taki was supposed to have sought a refuge among the Arab tribes at Fellahiyah, on the Jerrahi river, not far from the Persian Gulf; and Layard, determining to rejoin him, embarks at Shuster in an Arab boat on the river Karun, which he descends for some fifty miles, crosses the thirty miles of arid country between the two rivers on the back of a mule, and arrives at a village on the Jerrahi

just at the time when its inhabitants and those higher up the river had received orders from the chief of the Arabs of that country to descend with their families and their property to the neighbourhood of Fellahiyah. Panic was spreading rapidly among the tribes, owing to the advance of the irregular cavalry of the Matamet. When Layard reached it

'the village was a scene of great confusion and excitement. Men and women were pulling down the huts and binding together the reeds of which they were constructed in order to make rafts on which to float down with their families and property to Fellahiyah. Domestic utensils, such as caldrons, cooking-pots, and iron plates for baking bread, with quilts, carpets, sacks of corn and rice, and the poultry (which in the meantime had been captured by the naked children), had been piled upon them. The herdsmen were collecting their cattle and their flocks. All were screaming at the top of their voices, and sometimes the men ceasing from their work, and joining hands, would dance in a circle, shouting their war song.'

No one would give an infidel a share of his raft, and Layard found himself in the evening absolutely alone in the deserted village. His readiness to meet whatever exigencies the hour might produce never deserted him. Having collected all the reeds and canes he could find, he tied them together with the twisted straw from the roofs of the huts, and constructed a raft in the same fashion as he had seen done by the departed Arabs. Then launching it into the stream and punting it by means of a tent-pole, he proceeded to float down the river. Everywhere at first on the river banks the Arabs were in commotion and were abandoning their huts; but as he approached Fellahiyah the alarm was evidently less general, for no attempt at removal was being made. On board this strange craft Layard floats into the very centre of a large enclosure, the head-quarters of Sheikh Thamar, the chief of the great Arab tribe of Cha'b, by whom he was hospitably received, but who denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the lost Mehemet Taki. It was not till next day, when Layard was strolling through the 'bazar' or long lane of open booths formed of reeds and matting, that he recognised, in spite of his Arab dress, a Bakhtiyari follower of the missing chieftain, from whom he ascertained that the latter was in concealment in the immediate neighbourhood, and that he himself had come to the bazar to obtain necessaries for the chief and his family. By the assistance of this guide Layard made his way to Mehemet Taki's tent, which had been pitched on a dry spot of land

surrounded with marsh and water, through which they had great difficulty in wading. Here with his wives and family, and with a few of his followers, Mehemet Taki lay for a time safe from his relentless enemy. The Khanum called Layard to her tent, and gave him back the few things he had left in her keeping at Kala Tul. Weeping bitterly, she related to him the misfortunes of her husband, and was inconsolable for the loss of her son. The Matamet, finding that he could not prevail on Sheikh Thamar to surrender the man who had sought his protection, and finding moreover his troops rapidly diminishing from the diseases prevalent in these marshy districts in the hot season, once more resumed the policy of negotiation, which ultimately resulted in Mehemet Taki being persuaded to visit the camp of his enemy, who entered into a solemn engagement for his personal security, and undertook that he should be confirmed by the Shah in the chieftainship of the Bakhtiyari tribes. It was in vain that the Khanum entreated her husband to remain.

'You have taken my son from me,' she exclaimed, 'and now you would leave me and your other children without protection. Look at these families; they would not desert you in the hour of danger, and will you now desert them? How can you trust to one who has already over and over again forsworn himself? Remain here, and fight like a brave man; and wallah! wallah! there is not a woman here who will not be on your side.'

No sooner was Mehemet Taki brought to the Matamet's tent, a splendid pavilion, with gilded ornaments glittering in the sun, than he was at once put into chains and sent a prisoner to a tent in which his brother, Au Kerim, was already detained. Layard, thunderstruck by such treachery, escaped unobserved from the Persian camp to Fellahiyah, and took counsel with the remaining Bakhtiyari chiefs as to the best means of effecting a rescue of their betrayed leader. In the night attack that followed upon the head-quarters of the Persians, which was within an ace of succeeding, Layard took part, and though the Matamet succeeded in removing Mehemet Taki to another tent in time to prevent his release, the brother, Au Kerim, was carried off by his friends and reached in safety the Bakhtiyari tents among the marshes. The Matamet having gained his object soon withdrew his forces; whilst the Khanum and Bakhtiyari fugitives made a determined effort to get back again to their own mountains. Layard accompanied them; but it was soon found that their best chance of safety lay in claiming the protection of a

tribe of Turkish origin living in the mountains near Shiraz, beyond the jurisdiction of the Matamet. To the chief of this tribe Au Kerim was chosen by his friends to make his way and claim protection for himself and the other fugitives. Layard went with him on the expedition, which proved fatal to his companion and was very nearly so to himself. On the third day of their journey they reached towards the evening the small castle of a chief of the Bahmehi tribe related to Mehemet Taki, from whom they confidently expected hospitality for the night. The chief, however, turned out to be a most dangerous enemy. They were flung into confinement in his castle, and had passed part of the night in momentary fear of assassination, when the doors were unlocked by the chief's wife, who muttered denunciations of a husband who had despised the ties of family, and the laws of hospitality, and bade them make their escape past the drunken sleeping forms of her husband and his friends. This done, and their horses regained, they made for the plains, where they hoped to strike the caravan track to Shiraz; but before many hours had passed they found that they were pursued by a large party of horsemen. Both well mounted on the famous steeds of Mehemet Taki, they put their horses to the gallop, and were rapidly distancing their pursuers, when Au Kerim's mare stumbled and fell, pitching her rider over her head. He was injured by the fall, his mare had run away, and he besought Layard to leave him to his fate, as their pursuers were nearly up to them, and he could be of no assistance. With a heavy heart, as Layard tells us, and we can easily believe, he follows his friend's advice and gallops on, turning as quickly as possible into the hills and there getting out of sight. It was long afterwards that Layard heard the fate of his companion, whom he valued the most of all the brothers of the unfortunate chief. His captor gave him over to Mehemet Taki's greatest foe, whom the Matamet had made the new chief of the Bakhtiyari tribes, and by whom he was immediately shot. Layard would probably have shared the same fate had he been captured. At length, after long and lonely wanderings, he succeeded in making his way in safety to Shuster, to which place the Matamet had returned, and to whose presence he at once made his way.

Early in September he reached Baghdad, whence later in the year he descended the Tigris, and once more penetrated into Khuzistan. In December he is again at Shuster, where he found that his friend Mehemet Taki had been left

a prisoner by the Matamet, whose troops had quitted the town after sacking the bazars and the houses, and ravaging the adjacent country. Layard makes his way without difficulty to a small dark room of the castle, where he finds the chief in chains, his hands and feet in iron fetters attached to a heavy iron collar fastened round his neck, and living in daily fear of suffering the usual punishment at that time inflicted by the Persian Government on those who had unsuccessfully rebelled against the authority of the Shah—viz., the loss of his eyes. In spite of his dismal surroundings and forebodings Mehemet Taki is able to welcome Layard with a cheerful smile, and, in reply to condolence and sympathy, to show the patience and resignation of a good Mussulman. 'God is great,' said he, 'and we, His 'creatures, must humbly submit to his decrees. Yesterday 'I was great; to-day I am fallen. It was His will, and I 'must submit to my fate.' The Khanum and the other fugitives whom Layard had quitted, when he started with Au Kerim on their ill-starred expedition, had been betrayed into the hands of the Matamet. Some had been killed in resisting capture; but the Khanum herself and the survivors had been brought prisoners to Shuster, where Layard found them living in great misery and in the utmost destitution. He used to spend some hours daily with her and her companions, from whom he learnt much relating to the habits and customs of Shi'a Mussulmans; and he was greatly touched by the gratitude they showed him for the sympathy, which was all he had to give them. 'In these 'poor sufferers were qualities and sentiments which would 'have ennobled Christian women in a civilised country.' At length Layard had to return to Baghdad, and he took leave with a heavy heart of Mehemet Taki and the Khanum, for both of whom he entertained real affection—

'I had received from them during their prosperity a kindness and hospitality which as a European and a Christian I could not have expected in a tribe reputed one of the most fanatical, savage and cruel in Asia. I had shared with them their dangers and their privations. I could not forget that even in moments of the greatest peril and of the greatest suffering almost their first thought was for the safety of me—a stranger. I believed that we should never meet again. That thought and the uncertainty of the fate which awaited them from those who delighted in cruelty, and were at that time ingenious beyond most other Easterns in inventing new tortures, weighed upon me. When I left the wretched abode of the women and children they set up their melancholy wail, beating their breasts, and crying, "Ah, Sahib! we shall never see you "more. Waï! Waï!"'

As late as 1882 Layard obtained from the British minister at Teheran information as to the fate of this unfortunate family. Mehemet Taki was taken in chains from Shuster to the Persian capital, where the other members of his family were brought. The Shah, on the intercession of one of his ministers, gave up his intention of putting his prisoner to death, and he remained for some years closely confined at Teheran. On the accession of another Shah he was removed to a remoter part of Persia, it being represented by the authorities of Ispahan to the Central Government that it was hopeless to expect order to be maintained among the Bakhtiyari tribes whilst Mehemet Taki was at Teheran. He died, still a prisoner, in 1851. The Khanum, Hussein Kuli, and other surviving members of his family were kept as hostages for the good behaviour of the Bakhtiyari. Hussein Kuli died in 1855; but the Khanum in 1882 was still living at the age of seventy in the district of Feridan to the north-west of Ispahan.

We must return, however, to the adventures of Layard himself in prosecuting the journey from Shuster to Baghdad, from which we turned aside to follow to an end the fortunes of his Bakhtiyari friends.

Whilst at Shuster rumours of disasters to the British troops in Afghanistan were prevalent, and caused Layard very serious doubts as to the wisdom of endeavouring to reach India through the Seistan and Kandahar. There were also reasons for his wishing again to be in communication with England, and, as he did not despair of being able to interest British merchants at Baghdad in the possibility of opening a trade with the Bakhtiyari and Arab tribes of Khuzistan, he finally made up his mind to abandon the extensive journey he had contemplated, to turn his face homewards, and make the best of his way to Baghdad. In the very hottest season of the year—viz., in August—he left Shuster, having obtained permission of the Wali of Hawizah to traverse his territories lying between that place and Basra on the Shat-el-Arab. Quitting the Karun river near its junction with the river of Dizful, Layard and his Arab companions cross in safety the sandy desert that lies eastward of the Kherkar in some fear of the sandstorms which have occasionally at that season overwhelmed whole caravans of travellers. As night came on, his guides were uncertain of their way, and Layard's confidence in their guidance was not thoroughly restored by their practice of dismounting and tasting the sand in order that they might be enlightened

as to their whereabouts. Fortunately, before their horses were utterly exhausted they reached the banks of the Kherkar, the water of which Layard after his thirsty march finds thoroughly deserving of its ancient reputation, which was so great that Persian kings, we are told by Herodotus, used to carry with them on their military expeditions silver vessels filled with the water of the Choaspes (Kherkar). On nearing the town of Hawizah the travellers are entertained by the principal Sheikh of the district, to whom Layard had been recommended by the Wali. His 'musif' was the most remarkable of similar temporary constructions, for its neatness, cleanliness, and size, that Layard had yet come across:—

'It was built entirely of rushes, reeds, and mats, and was about forty feet long, twenty broad, and fourteen high. The entrances were formed by clusters of long canes, fixed in the ground and united at the top, so as to form bent and pointed arches. These fluted columns, as it were, were about six feet apart, and between them, serving as a sort of screen, were trellises made of reeds joined by twisted worsted of bright colours, worked into fanciful designs. Above them were suspended mats, beautifully made and of the finest texture, which could be raised or lowered at pleasure, so as to admit the air or exclude the sun. At the side of each column was placed the trunk of a tree, shaped into a kind of pedestal, upon which stood a jar of porous clay, such as are used in Arabia for cooling water. These jars, of very elegant form, were constantly replenished from the river, and nothing could be more refreshing than a draught from them. Above them were shelves, upon which were earthen cups for the use of those who desired to drink. The floor was covered with fine carpets and matting. Comfortable cushions and bolsters were arranged along the sides of the "musif," for the guests to recline against. In order to cool the temperature of the air within the "musif," black slaves were constantly throwing water over the mats which were hung up around it and formed its walls. A more delicious place in which to pass idly the mid hours of a summer's day in that intolerable climate could not well be imagined. The remarkable elegance of its construction did infinite credit to the taste and skill of its Arab builders, who were true architects in the best sense of the word.'

But Layard did not remain to enjoy the hospitality of his Arab host; for on finding that a small caravan was leaving Hawizah for Basra on the Euphrates, he sold his horse, which was already tired out by his journey, and for a small sum obtained the use of one of the caravan mules to carry him across a parched desert, traversed with the usual dried-up canals, which separated him from the great river. After an arduous journey, 'it was with feelings of 'inexpressible delight that at dawn he saw before him the

'long dark line formed by the groves of palm trees which 'stretch for many a mile along the banks of the Euphrates. 'The great solitary plain which we had crossed, even as the 'surface of a calm sea, with its intolerable glare, reached 'to their very limits.' And his delight was in no way diminished when his eyes rested on the British flag flying from the mast of a merchantman lying at anchor in the middle of the stream, and when he found himself invited on board to pass once more a night's rest in the safety and comfort of English civilisation. Basra, some five days' journey, under favourable circumstances, from Baghdad, was in early times a place of importance, from the fact of its situation on the highway between Europe, Western Asia, and the East, when trade flowed along the great rivers of Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf.

The adoption of the Cape of Good Hope route proved the destruction of the importance of Basra, which, maybe, the opening of the Suez Canal is destined some day to revive. Certain it is, that situated on the Shat-el-Arab, as the united streams of the Euphrates and Tigris are called, with large steamers trading directly from Basra to England through the Persian Gulf, and an English company for the navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris employing steamers regularly plying to Baghdad, a period of comparative prosperity will be reached, which only the shortsightedness of Turkish rule can prevent.

Even at that time an armed steamer was maintained on the Tigris for the protection of trade by the East India Company, and by its means Layard had hoped to reach Baghdad. The 'Assyria' had, however, already left Basra, and Layard's only means of reaching his destination was by accompanying the Arab letter-carrier, whose kinship to the wild tribes through whose territories it was necessary to pass enabled him to accomplish a journey where regular communication was impossible. Their course lay along the western bank of the Euphrates, sometimes, however, at a considerable distance from the river, to Babylon, and thence by the regularly frequented caravan route to Baghdad. The Pasha of Baghdad was at war with the great Bedouin tribe of the Shammar Arabs, and it was hoped that in consequence they would have withdrawn further into the desert before the pasha's troops, and left the approach to the city safer for travellers. The hope was a vain one, and the last portion of Layard's adventurous journey very nearly cost him his life. He and his postman companion had already

passed several of the great caravanserais which have been built at regular distances along the road to Baghdad, and which, owing to the war with the Shammar, were then held by parties of irregular horse, when they saw a party of horsemen galloping towards them; 'one or two, galloping 'full speed towards him, brought their mares up on their 'haunches when their long quivering spears were almost a 'few inches from his body.' He and his companion were thrown to the ground and promptly robbed of everything they possessed. One of the Arabs, declaring he was a Toork, drew his knife and knelt upon his chest with the evident purpose of cutting his throat. A mounted sheikh, hearing Layard's cries that he was no Toork, but an Englishman, interfered at this very critical moment, and exclaiming, 'Billah! he tells the truth; he is the English '"hakim" (doctor) of Baghdad, and he is my friend, and 'the English are the friends of my tribe,' took him under his protection—so far, at least, as his life was concerned—though his intervention did not prevent his being relieved by the Arabs of everything but his shirt. Not only were their horses taken from them, but they were left to finish their journey on foot, without shoes and stockings and without even a covering for the head, whilst the letter-bag was emptied and the letters scattered on the ground. The day was nearly done. They were still some hours from Baghdad, and it was all important that they should reach it before the scorching rays of the September sun rendered dangerous if not fatal the defenceless condition of the travellers. Footsore and thirsty they toiled on, Layard's bare feet suffering agonies from the heated ground. 'As the dawn 'drew near I could distinguish, with a joy and thankfulness 'that I cannot describe, the long line of palm groves which 'cover the banks of the Tigris above and below Baghdad.' A boatman was found to carry them across the river, and they were landed in a garden outside the city walls and close to one of the gates. Till sunrise it would not be opened, and Layard sunk on the ground overcome with fatigue and pain. When at length the gates are opened, the first party to come out are some European ladies and gentlemen from the English residency, sallying forth for their morning's ride, followed by Layard's old friend, Dr. Ross, the 'hakim' for whom a few hours before he had been so fortunately mistaken. In the hands once more of friends, and with every comfort at his command, Layard

soon recovers health and strength, though it was long before his wounded feet were completely healed.*

In the following December, as we have already seen, he was once more in Khuzistan, renewing under melancholy circumstances his acquaintance with the Bakhtiyari chief and his family. His wanderings from Shuster back to Baghdad were hardly less full of risk than those we have already described. They led him past the ancient city of Susa, where he explored the so-called tomb of the prophet Daniel, which he found to be a building of comparatively modern date, resembling the tombs or shrines of Mussulman saints such as are constantly met with in Khuzistan. The dervish who was in charge of the tomb Layard had fortunately met at Dizful, and from him he learnt many legends of the life of Daniel, a prophet as much venerated by Mussulmans as by Christians and Jews. The dervish, by his own account descended from a companion of the prophet, notwithstanding his veneration, appears to have neglected his charge, for not only were the lamps suspended over the tomb unlighted, but the chamber itself had become a refuge for jackals. Layard's examination of the tomb and its surroundings was shortened by an alarm that Arabs were upon them, causing the dervish and his companions to spring into their saddles and gallop off as fast as their horses could carry them. The ruins of Susa cover a large area, and dry beds of canals and long lines of mounds still bear witness to the ancient importance of the city. Ascending the principal mound, Layard was able to trace the windings of the Dizful river, said to be identical with the 'river of Ulai' near 'Shushan the Palace,' the scene of Daniel's vision of the Ram and the Goat. These mounds and ruins have recently been carefully examined by a French explorer, M. Dieulafoy, who has uncovered the remains of a magnificent Persian palace, and has removed to the Louvre a collection of interesting objects which he has discovered.

A third expedition into Khuzistan was made by Layard

* How little the East changes! We read in Lady Burton's very pleasing edition of Sir Richard's translation of the 'Nights' the following words: 'But as for the jeweller, he fared on ten days' journey '(from Bassorah), and as he drew near Baghdad, there befell him that 'which had befallen Kaman-al-Zaman before his entering Bassorah, for 'the Arabs came out upon him and stripped him and took all he had, 'and he escaped only by feigning himself dead.' The adventures of Sir Henry Layard might have been related by the incomparable Shahrazad, the mistress of a thousand tales.

the following spring, under very different circumstances, for on this occasion he was on board the 'Assyria,' commanded by Captain Selby, who was ordered, with the assistance of Layard, to ascertain the navigability of the Kharun river for merchant shipping. Descending the Tigris from Baghdad to Muhammera, and ascending the Karun thence to Ahwaz, their first difficulty was met with in a dam, partly natural and partly artificial, through a narrow breach in which the river, then greatly flooded, forced its way. Under full steam, and with a large portion of the crew ashore tugging at a hawser from her bows, her head was kept to the stream, and the 'Assyria' at last floated safely in the calm water above the 'bend.' Frequently grounding, in their ignorance of the banks and shoals of an unexplored river, they reach and pass Bendi-Kir, where the river of Dizful and the Karun unite their streams; and then it was that the 'Assyria' met with an adventure, unusual, to say the least of it, in the career of vessels of the British navy. Whilst some half-dozen miles below Shuster, the 'Assyria,' whilst steaming through the slack water outside the main bed of the river, which had greatly overflowed its banks, grounded, and all the efforts of the crew did not avail to move her. The guns were disembarked, the engines and the machinery were taken to pieces, and even the provisions and stores put ashore; whilst land defences were constructed amply sufficient when manned by the sailors and marines to protect them against plundering Arabs. The river was falling, and there seemed to be every probability that H.M.S. 'Assyria' would have to pass the summer in a desert of Khuzistan. Under these disheartening circumstances Layard's intimacy with the chief people of Shuster stood him and his friends in good stead. Riding into the town, he returned in a few hours with some of the principal inhabitants, whom he had invited on board the 'Assyria,' where they were received by Lieutenant Selby with the utmost deference, the marines and crew drawn up as if on parade to do them honour. Propitiated with these polite and politic attentions, every assistance was rendered to the grounded steamer, but, nevertheless, she would hardly have regained the river had not fresh rains caused another rise in the stream before the dry weather had finally set in. They returned to the Euphrates in safety, having established that with knowledge of the bed of the river it would be easy for vessels of large size to reach, from the Persian Gulf on the one side and from the Upper Euphrates and Tigris on the other, the town of Shuster, from which place tracks lead

over the mountains direct to Ispahan and the very heart of Persia.

Once more at Baghdad, Layard, contemplating an immediate return to England, was entrusted by Colonel Taylor, the English resident, with despatches for Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople. Riding 'Tatar,' he accomplished the two hundred and fifty miles to Mosul in fifty hours, in spite of the heat of midsummer on the Assyrian plains, crossed the high table-lands of Asia Minor, and reached Samsoun, on the Black Sea, where a steamer bound from Trebizond to the Bosphorus touched the day after his arrival, and landed him in the middle of July in the Golden Horn. Hiring a caïque, he is rapidly rowed along the Bosphorus to the summer residence of the British Ambassador, only to get himself snubbed by 'a fashionably 'dressed young gentleman' of the Chancery, who informs him that the ambassador is too busy to see him. However, the graciousness of the Great Eltchi fully compensated him for the incivility of the *attaché*, and an intimacy quickly springing up between the two, Layard accepts the proposal of the ambassador to travel through the disturbed provinces of Bosnia and Servia in an unofficial character, and report upon the state of affairs he found existing. We have no space to follow him on his journey from Salonica to Thessaly, riding through the Vale of Tempé, where the beautiful scenery and luxuriant vegetation reminded him of the pictures of Claude, across the range of Mount Pindus, where in passing he visits the famous convents of Meteora, into Albania, and so northwards to Bosnia and Servia. Just before his arrival at Belgrade a revolution had taken place; the reigning prince, who was supposed to be too much under Russian influence, had been driven out, and the government had fallen into the hands of popular leaders, who desired for their country greater independence and freedom from foreign control. The British Consul at Belgrade had strongly opposed the popular movement, and, when it succeeded, had suspended his relations with the authorities, and betaken himself to Constantinople to protest against these proceedings to Sir Stratford Canning. Layard strongly sympathised with the popular party, believing it to be the true policy of England to support those who were struggling to obtain popular institutions, and to build up the independence of Servia against the undue interference of Russia. Anxious therefore to warn Sir Stratford of the true state of the case, he also betakes himself to Constan-

tinople, riding Tatar, and accomplishing the six hundred miles of road between Belgrade and that city in the unprecedentedly short space of five days. His views were fully shared by Sir Stratford Canning, but their policy found no favour with Lord Aberdeen; and Layard attributes the slowness of recognition awarded to his services to the pro-Russian leaning of the Foreign Minister of England. Layard was given a room at the Embassy, and whilst assisting Sir Stratford he became thoroughly acquainted with the views of his chief and of the leading European Powers, and of those Turkish statesmen who believed in the possibility of regenerating their country and reforming its institutions in conformity with modern ideas. Then, as at any time since, it was the belief of the British Embassy

'that unless the government of Turkey was reformed by a fundamental improvement in the administration—which was deplorably corrupt in all its branches—by the employment of honest and competent men in public offices, and by a better treatment of the Christian populations, its fall would not be far distant. To induce the Sultan and his ministers to adopt these reforms was the object of Sir Stratford Canning's policy.'

But at that time also, as on many a subsequent occasion, 'every effort was made by Russia, through her embassy at 'Constantinople, and through her agents, secret and avowed, 'to thwart the policy of the British ambassador. At every 'turn the latter had to encounter and baffle her intrigues.' And so the struggle went on between the high-minded but imperious British ambassador, honestly desiring the welfare of Turkey, though frequently offending the Turks by his high-handed interference with their affairs, and the crafty representative of Russia, whose secret agents and spies swarmed in Constantinople, and were found even amongst the high personages surrounding the Sultan himself. Layard's residence of two years at Constantinople gave him an insight into Eastern politics and intrigue which must have served him in good stead in later years.

Sent by Sir Stratford Canning to Albania during an insurrectionary movement, he joined the headquarters of Omar Pasha, who was in command of a small army sent to suppress the rebellion, and was struck by the ability and energy which foreshadowed his future distinction. Layard did his best to bring both parties to reasonable terms, and went, at Omar Pasha's request, to the headquarters of Dervish Pasha, the leader of the insurgents, to arrange a pacification. The mission failed, however, and the rebellion was ultimately

repressed by the treacherous capture of the principal supporters of Dervish Pasha. Layard's stay in Turkey in Europe came to an end with his expedition to Assyria, which resulted in his great work on 'Nineveh and its Remains,' published at the end of 1848, when he once more returned to Constantinople, and received as a reward for his services the honour of becoming 'an unpaid attaché to Her Majesty's 'Embassy'!

These two volumes are full of interest of a very varied kind. They form essentially a book of travels. Antiquarian lore, the deciphering of inscriptions, and the examination of buried cities, are subordinated to the daily hardships and adventures of the traveller himself. For knowledge of the former kind recourse must be had to the other writings of our author, and to the accounts of still more recent explorers. But as a book of travels and of adventure it is not easy to find one of greater interest or more worth reading than the 'Early Adventures of Sir Henry Layard.'

ART. IX.—*Rede des Reichskanzlers Fürsten Bismarck über das Bündniss zwischen Deutschland und Oesterreich-Ungarn vom 7. October* 1879, *nach dem 'Reichs- und Staats-Anzeiger' vom* 3. *Februar* 1888. Berlin: 1888.

THE speech delivered by Prince Bismarck to the Reichstag of Germany in February last was an event of so much importance that it would have deserved, under any circumstances, a record in these pages. For not only did it throw light on the principles and objects of the alliance to which it professed to be especially devoted; but it contained a broad survey of the political relations of Europe at the present time, and it gave the world an instructive sketch of the principal diplomatic transactions of the last forty years —a period which has witnessed extraordinary events and changes, and which has, in fact, transformed all the relations of Germany and of the other nations of Europe. We shall presently revert to some of the topics on which the Prince-Chancellor dwelt with peculiar emphasis; but the most important characteristic of this great speech is its unqualified declaration in favour of the policy of peace; and we rejoice to find in it a powerful confirmation of the views which have been more than once expressed in this Journal, in direct opposition to the alarmist and inflammatory language of a considerable portion of the European press. In strict

conformity with our opinion we rejoice to find that in the first address of the Emperor Frederic to his people he declares that it is his ambition 'to make the German Empire 'a stronghold of peace.' Prince Bismarck takes but a small account of the writers who make it their business to represent war as inevitable because large military forces are in existence. Military strength may be the most effectual bulwark of peace, and that is in fact the basis of Prince Bismarck's policy. He appeals with confidence to the valour and patriotism of the German nation, and to its alliances, not to incite but to repel attack; and he shows, as we have frequently contended, that the magnitude and the character of modern armies, which render them so powerful as means of defence, unfit them for aggressive warfare. The burden of these armaments is already great, but the difficulty of maintaining in the field—for any considerable length of time, and for any wanton purpose of aggression or revenge—armies composed of millions of men, would be insuperable. There is a power greater than that of military or political ambition: the power of all the populations of civilised Europe, who are united in the common interest and desire of peace.

But whatever may be the interest of Prince Bismarck's speech, it is far exceeded by the momentous events which were impending at the time it was made, and which have been accomplished since it was delivered. The last political acts of the life of the Emperor William were the public declaration of the alliance of Germany with Austro-Hungary and Italy, and the appeal to the Reichstag for a considerable addition to the military resources of the Empire; and amidst the gloom which hung over the last days of the dying monarch he had this consolation, that no appeal to the patriotism, the sympathy, and the support of his subjects was ever made in vain. His government had attached the people of all Germany to him so firmly, their faith in him was so complete, that no sacrifice would have been refused him, and he expired surrounded by all the honours which could be accumulated on the head of man, the affection of his subjects, the respect of all nations, the veneration of mankind, due even more to his virtues than to his military triumphs, his political success, and his exalted rank.

But the Emperor William was no mere favourite of fortune. He rose, indeed, to the highest point of honour and dignity. He not only revived the German Empire by the victories of his armies and the wisdom of his councils,

but he stood forth in striking resemblance to the most illustrious sovereigns who have worn the imperial crown. At various periods in his life he had experienced the severest trials that can be borne by a patriot and a prince. He had suffered from defeat, exile, unpopularity, stubborn opposition, and total misrepresentation. Insomuch that it may be said that he won his way to the summit of success against the current of events, and in spite of untoward circumstances which would have repelled and crushed a weaker man. The lesson of his life consists in his strength of *character*, and his inviolable and religious adherence to his lofty conception of duty. It may with truth be said of him that no sovereign in modern times, or indeed in any times, has more entirely realised the idea of a king. A king is the living impersonation of national life and power. Not many of the princes who have reigned have attained to that high standard. Most of them have fallen far below it, for human nature is seldom equal to its greatest tasks. But when a sovereign rises to the height of his exalted position he leaves his stamp upon the age, and raises his people, even from the dust, to a supreme rank in the history of the world. The late Emperor was as little of an idealist as our own Duke of Wellington. He had not the intellectual gifts of his accomplished but unstable brother; but he had in the highest degree those qualities of firmness, justice and truth which are the noblest attributes of authority.

A life wellnigh extended over the whole of the nineteenth century embraces the most eventful period in the history of mankind which has occurred since the fall of the Roman Republic and the death of Cæsar. Of most of these events the late Emperor was no idle spectator. Born in the year when Bonaparte was marching from Rivoli to Campo Formio, the first catastrophe of the Prince's childhood was the defeat of Jena and a flight with his mother along the shores of the Baltic to a refuge on the Russian frontier. A few years later the young officer fought in the triumphant ranks of the Army of Liberation, and he was probably the last survivor of the victorious Prussian troops that entered Paris in 1814. These events gave a colour to his patriotism and to his love of arms. The reactionary policy of 1815 equally affected his political opinions. Resistance to the spirit of the revolution was the creed of every German Prince, and their concurrence or their fears placed Russia at the head of the Holy Alliance. The government of Berlin was arbitrary, though not despotic, and the strongest supporter of the absolute authority of the

Crown was the Prince of Prussia. He became the most unpopular man in his brother's dominions. When the long period of broken promises and delusive hopes came to an end in the feverish outburst of 1848, and revolutionary concessions were extorted by a Berlin mob from a feeble sovereign, the Prince was driven to take refuge in London, and it was necessary to protect his palace from outrage by branding it as 'National Property.' In the opinion of the Prince a proper and timely use of the army, which had never flinched from its allegiance, and to which he was himself devoted, would have put down the riot and averted great calamities. Again the reaction set in, and the Prince appeared for the first time as a commander in the field to crush the insurrection in Southern Germany. But he was still at variance with the vacillating policy of the Court. In spite of his personal regard for his brother-in-law, the Czar, he was in favour of a more decided line of action during the Crimean War, and he bitterly deplored the humiliating interviews which placed the German sovereigns in close dependence on a foreign Power.

In 1861 the illness and death of his brother placed him on the throne, and that which most forcibly struck those who were present at the coronation at Königsberg, was the enthusiastic conviction of his mind that he ruled by Divine right, and that he had a mission to fulfil in asserting and maintaining the independence and strength of his crown and kingdom. These are not the sentiments of the present age, and when he applied his powers to the reformation of the Prussian army, he encountered the strongest resistance from the whole Liberal party and the representatives of the people. It was only by measures so arbitrary, that they would not have been endured by a less docile nation, that he carried his point, and in these strong measures he found in Bismarck a most energetic and able minister. The mind of the King was not one to conceive vast plans of future aggrandisement, but these existed in the fertile brain of the statesman who had the courage to execute them, even in opposition to the almost unanimous feeling of the nation, and sometimes with the reluctant assent of his master. The reform of the army had been unpopular; but the Schleswig Holstein affair roused the military spirit of the nation. The war of 1866 expelled Austria from the Confederation, crushed the independence of the minor German sovereigns, and established the ascendency of Prussia in their despite. The war of 1870 consecrated the union of Germany under

the House of Hohenzollern by a rapid and unparalleled victory. But in all this series of events, what strikes us most is the magnitude of the difficulties which the late Emperor was destined and enabled to surmount. Having arrived at this high position by diplomacy and by force of arms, the noblest tribute to his wisdom and moderation is that he sought simply to maintain it, never to extend it, and that the remainder of his life was devoted to the cause of peace.

No one can doubt that the Emperor Frederic III., who mounts the imperial throne under circumstances of such peculiar and pathetic interest, animated by the spirit of his father, and possessed of far higher intellectual powers, will persevere in the same course, and it is the fervent prayer, not only of Germany, but of Europe, that he may be spared to fulfil the promise of a glorious and beneficent reign. It is impossible not to feel, at the moment at which we write, that there may be impending over the Imperial family and the people of Germany heavier trials and afflictions than the loss of their late aged sovereign; and if anything were wanted to complete our respect and admiration of his successor, it is to be found in the manly and heroic manner in which, struggling with a fell disease, he has devoted himself with all the energy of health to the duties of empire, and performed them when even speech is denied him. There is nothing nobler or more touching in the pages of history.

The peace of Europe, apart from the difficulties arising out of the long revolutionary convulsion of France, depends mainly on the relations of the three Northern Powers. Most of the Continental wars of the last century arose out of their alternate conflicts and alliances, which lasted until the final partition of Poland in 1793 united them in a common purpose and created a common interest, which in the course of the last hundred years has not been materially disturbed. But unquestionably Russia was the principal gainer by that nefarious transaction. The acquisition of Posen by Prussia and of Galicia by Austria were but slender compensations for a territorial change which brought the armies of Western Russia to the German frontier, and thrust them like a wedge between the adjacent German Empires. That is precisely the situation, of which the full effect is now felt for the first time, when the attitude of Russia is not that of a devoted ally, or even of a masterful protector, but of a doubtful and dangerous neighbour. Perhaps the dread of such a contingency may in former times

have served to explain the unworthy subserviency of the Court of Berlin to the will of a Nicholas; but, as Prince Bismarck remarked, such relations are utterly inconsistent with the present force and dignity of the German Empire, and will never be renewed. We remember a remarkable despatch from Count Nesselrode, which was published in the 'Portfolio' more than fifty years ago, in which he pointed out that the military occupation of Poland by Russia is the key to her European influence, and must be defended with all the strength of the Empire. That never was more true than at this moment. The spectre of Poland rises with each succeeding generation from the soil. It is through Poland that Russia exercised a supremacy she has now lost, and there alone has arisen the danger of war which still perplexes and intimidates the world, since it is only with the connivance or subserviency of the German Powers that Russia can carry on her aggressive policy in the east of Europe. For, as in the last century, under Catherine, the fate of Turkey is nearly connected with the Russian occupation of the Polish territories.

Prince Bismarck boasts that he rendered eminent services to the Russians at the Congress of Berlin; that he was, in fact, a fourth Russian plenipotentiary, and deserved the highest rewards the Czar could bestow. But this was not the opinion entertained of him at St. Petersburg and elsewhere, and it is a very remarkable fact that within fifteen months of the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 the German Chancellor had made up his mind to choose (as he puts it) between Russia and Austria, and that Russia was not his chosen ally. On the contrary, the Treaty then concluded with Austria is a distinct engagement of mutual defence against the contingency of an attack on either Empire by Russia; and, although the engagement was secret, it was in due time communicated to the Russian Cabinet as a friendly warning. It is clear that when two out of three Powers, long united by close and confidential alliances and by common action in the affairs of Europe, enter into a defensive convention to protect themselves and each other from the attack of the third Power, that triple combination which had weighed for a century on the nations of the Continent is at an end. The whole tone of Prince Bismarck's speech, and the military measures which he has proposed and carried, demonstrate that his policy is based on this conviction—

'I contend (he said) that we must make greater efforts than any

other Power to attain the same ends on account of our geographical position. We are in the middle of Europe. We have at least three fronts of attack. France has only her eastern frontier, Russia only her western frontier, to defend. We are from the whole course of history and from our geographical position, and perhaps from the less close connexion the German nation has heretofore had in comparison with other countries, more exposed than any other people. God has placed us in a position in which our neighbours forbid us to fall into indolence and apathy. The pike in the European pool prevent us from becoming carp: but we must fulfil the designs of Providence by making ourselves so strong that the pike can do no more than amuse us.' (P. 15.)

It appears that in 1876, before the Russo-Turkish war, overtures were made by Russia at Berlin to obtain the support of the German Cabinet—which were declined. Russia then applied to Vienna, and the result was a treaty by which Austria secured to herself the possession of Bosnia. The option of Prince Bismarck was, therefore, already made, and the Russo-Turkish war might have assumed more formidable proportions if he had acted differently. In spite of his differences with Austria when she was a member of the Germanic Bund, it is satisfactory to find that he recognizes the vital importance of the Austrian Empire to Europe, and especially to Germany. The following passage deserves to be remembered:—

'Fancy Austria removed from the area of Europe: in that case we should find ourselves, with Italy, isolated on the Continent, between the two great military Powers of Russia and France, always one against two, or more probably attacked alternately by one or the other. That cannot be. You cannot think Austria out of existence. Such a State as Austria cannot disappear; but such a State as Austria, if she be left in the lurch (as she was at the time of the Villafranca negotiations), may be estranged, and may be led to hold out the hand of friendship to the enemy of her neglectful friend.

'In short, if we are to escape the isolation which is peculiarly dangerous in the assailable position of Germany, we must have a trusty friend. We have, in fact, two good friends. I do not believe that the artificial hatred that has been kindled against us in Russia will be of long duration. We are united to our alies not only by sentiments of friendship, but by the strongest interests of the balance of power in Europe and of our own future.'

Such is the history of what the Prince calls the Genesis of the Triple Alliance, and with his usual dexterity he has taken every occasion to show, since the publication of the Treaty, that its purely defensive character in no way implies hostility to Russia, but that, on the contrary, Germany is prepared to act with Russia in any fair and reasonable pro-

posals she may submit to Europe. In such cases, he says, 'the most reasonable party is that which gives way.' But to this he added these remarkable expressions—

'That time is past. It is no question of liking, either for France or for Russia. The Russian press, the public opinion of Russia, has shown the door to an old, powerful, and effective friend, which we were; we shall not knock at it again. We have endeavoured to restore the old confidential connexion, but we run after no one. But this does not prevent us—on the contrary, it impels us to observe with redoubled precision the treaty rights which Russia possesses.'

In these treaty rights the Chancellor went on to assert that the Treaty of Berlin did secure to Russia a preponderating influence in Bulgaria in consideration of her renouncing the position she held in Eastern Roumelia, and that in point of fact Russia did exercise this preponderating influence down to 1885, by the nomination to the Principality of a near relation of the Imperial family. We are entirely unable to discover the ground of these statements. Let us turn to the Treaty itself. The first article is in these terms:—

'Bulgaria is constituted an autonomous and tributary principality under the suzerainty of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan: it will have a Christian Government and a national militia.'

The second article defines the boundaries of the new State. The third article provides that—

'The Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers. No member of the reigning dynasties of the great European Powers may be elected Prince of Bulgaria.'

These are the permanent articles of the Treaty. But provisional articles were added to limit the duration of the powers of the Imperial Russian Commissary (then in existence) to a period of nine months from the ratification of the Treaty, and it was enacted that 'as soon as the Prince shall 'have been installed, the new organization shall be put in 'force, and the principality shall enter into the full enjoyment 'of its autonomy.' The Treaty does not contain the slightest reserve in favour of Russia or any other Power, except the Sultan as suzerain of Bulgaria. It expressly excludes any member of a reigning House from the throne. And it limits to nine months the duration of the authority of the Russian Commissary General.

We agree with Prince Bismarck that it is absurd that Europe should be threatened with a general war on account

of such a landslip as Bulgaria, and it is not worth the value of a kreuzer to determine whether a Battenberg or a Coburg is to occupy so precarious a throne. But the vote of the Bulgarians themselves is the first condition to be considered; then the confirmation by the Porte; and lastly the assent of the Powers. If that assent, or the assent of any one of them, be withheld, it must be on rational and intelligible grounds, and not as the result of personal pique or hostile designs. The clear intention of the Berlin Treaty was that Bulgaria should be autonomous and independent, and subject only to the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Bulgarians have shown that they are perfectly able to exercise and maintain the political rights secured to them by the Treaty. There is not a vestige of a pretence that Russia can nominate their ruler or interfere in their affairs. The measures which have been resorted to for the purpose of kidnapping Prince Alexander and perplexing Prince Ferdinand are so discreditable and dishonest that we are reluctant to attribute them to any responsible government. If it were possible to suppose that Russia is preparing to assert her non-existent rights over Bulgaria by force of arms—which she denies, and which Prince Bismarck does not believe—such an act of violence would be not in execution of the Treaty of Berlin, but in defiance of it. She has not the faintest claim to place a Russian nominee, repugnant to the Bulgarian people, on the throne of the principality; the first condition of his legal power is that he be 'freely elected by the population.' The pretension is absolutely untenable; and if Prince Bismarck in his speech affected to give in to some extent to the Russian claims, we can only suppose that he wished to *hedge* against the effect of the Triple Alliance, and possibly to open a door to some compromise which might settle an unpleasant dispute. It is competent to Russia to discover and propose a candidate for the Bulgarian throne who would be acceptable to the Bulgarians, to the Porte, and to the other powers of Europe. The only qualities required are honesty and independence. But as Russia has attempted to veto the existing candidates, it rests with her to find a better.

An important change has taken place in Germany since the delivery of Prince Bismarck's speech, and we shall be curious to observe how the Bulgarian question is regarded at Berlin under the eyes of the Sovereign who has just ascended the throne. It is the first matter of foreign interest to which his attention must be directed. We have no doubt that he adopts in its integrity the pacific policy of his father, and

that recent events have rekindled a certain amount of sympathy between the Northern Courts, whose manifest interest it is to remain united. But if we are not mistaken in our estimate of the character of Frederic III., honesty and justice are its leading features, and he will not easily be led to sanction evasions and equivocations of a plain duty when it lies before him. A firm attitude on the part of the German Court at this moment would probably dispel the only danger of war that threatens Eastern Europe. In the conclusion of his speech Prince Bismarck declared that he did not believe in the existence of any interests which should compel the Czar of Russia to resort to arms, especially against Germany, and that he did not recognize the probability of any immediate disturbance of the peace of the world: *Eine unmittelbar bevorstehende Friedenstörung*: the words are remarkable.

The moment, however, has arrived at which all the alarmists, pessimists, and incendiaries of Europe have long directed their ominous predictions. With the return of spring, which has been cruelly delayed, the Russian armies were to leave their winter quarters and advance we know not in what direction; the wholesome languor of diplomacy was to be succeeded by an ultimatum; the death of the Emperor William was to be the signal of fresh complications, unrestrained by his pacific influence; France was to start into life at the prospect of a Russian alliance; and England was passionately urged by her military critics to engage in alliances, defining her share in the grand struggle, and to prepare all her resources, naval, military, and colonial, for the defence of the Empire. We took the liberty last autumn to enter in these pages 'A Plea for Peace,' and we endeavoured to show, in opposition to the prevailing opinion of the press and the world, that nations seldom engage in war without a definite object and a *casus belli*; that the enormous magnitude of the forces to be brought into the field renders it far more embarrassing to use them; that it would be equally difficult to feed, to move, and to command millions of armed men; and that a European war on such a scale would interrupt the social and domestic relations of the world, and prove an intolerable burden. Prince Bismarck showed in his speech on how many occasions some latent danger of war was in existence, and that unless a deliberate intention of hostility led to a rupture, no war ensued. It is curious to follow the cases which he enumerates, since the peace of Paris in 1856, some of which are unknown to the

world. In 1857 the King of Prussia wanted to march troops across a part of France to put down the revolt in Neufchatel. In 1859 the Franco-Italian war was localised; but if it had not been arrested at Villafranca, it would have brought Germany into the field. In 1863 the Polish insurrection and the remonstrances of the Western Powers irritated the Emperor Alexander to such a degree that he wanted to declare war. In 1864 the Danish Question brought us within the verge of hostilities. The Prince passes lightly over 1866, when a war did actually occur, and by his own act. In 1867 the Luxemburg question was only settled by the temporary mediation of the other Powers; and in each following year the dread of war increased, until in 1870 the infatuation of the French Government led to an explosion which might have been avoided, or at least deferred. In all these cases, except the last, the interests of peace speedily prevailed, and the conflagration was extinguished.

The appeals to the passions or the fears of the public, which are kept alive by military writers, or by writers who ape military criticism, appear to us to take too low a view of the common-sense of the world. It is only in rare instances that the will or the ambition of a ruler can overpower the convictions and interests of mankind. The Emperor of Russia is an autocrat, but he has not the power of his grandfather, and if war broke out he alone would be the cause of it and would expiate the crime. What is the state of the Russian population? of her finances? of her trade? Not for generations has she had to struggle with more serious internal difficulties, aggravated, no doubt, by the insane expenditure on the army.

In France, as far as any reliance can be placed on the duration of a government, everything tends to peace. She has had the good fortune to stumble by accident on a capable and honourable President, who is respected by Europe. The absurd episode of General Boulanger shows that M. Carnot and his late Ministers were not afraid of a military conspirator in green spectacles—an officer, too, who has shown on more than one occasion a complete disregard of truth. And a recent vote of the Chamber proves that this pinchbeck Napoleon has no supporters at all among the representatives of the nation, although he may have some out of doors. We cannot, however, venture to predict to what extremes of folly the French people in the exercise of universal suffrage may be led. M. Boulanger, we are told, is the fetish of the hour, and he will probably

be returned to the Chamber in his civil capacity, but unless we greatly underrate his abilities, he has no influence with the army or in the State sufficient to endanger the peace of Europe.

The maintenance of peace depends, no doubt, in no slight degree, on the political state of France, which is one of the most uncertain elements in the question. The Powers of Europe have no reason to distrust the sincerity of M. Carnot's declarations in favour of peace. But the last ministerial crisis is another proof of the instability of the institutions of France, and of the incapacity of the politicians who administer the affairs of that country; and even the existence of this government depends on causes over which it has no control, and it is obviously exposed to dangers from the revolutionary spirit on the one hand, and the possibility of a military *coup d'état* on the other. The French are restrained from hostilities not so much by the love of peace as by the dread of war. They have felt, at no great distance of time, the tremendous lessons of three invasions, which the present generation has not forgotten. Their strategical position renders an aggressive campaign difficult. Universal conscription renders military service unpopular and onerous. France has adopted institutions by which she is isolated in Europe. Her finances are burthened by an enormous amount of debt and taxation. Another revolution, brought about by military means or by a democratic convulsion, and tending to war, would impose on the country still greater sacrifices, and would not strengthen but weaken the resources of the State, without any probability of bringing so disastrous a conflict to a successful issue. It is hardly too much to say that such a war would risk the ruin of a great nation; and the conclusion is that, as long as the affairs of France are in the hands of men who have any sense of their duty to their country, war is of all contingencies that which they will be most anxious to avoid.

In this country we need hardly say that the signs of peace and goodwill to all our neighbours were never more abundant. Mr. Chamberlain has rendered a signal service to his country and to the United States by the successful termination of an old and troublesome dispute; and he has shown in this negotiation talents and a spirit which largely increase his political reputation, and raise him from the rank of a platform orator and a local administrator to that of a statesman of no mean order. M. Flourens showed his good sense in putting an end to the controversies about

the Suez Canal and the New Hebrides. Our relations with Germany have been drawn far closer by the spontaneous and universal feelings of sympathy and regard manifested by the British nation on the death of the late Emperor and on the accession of a Prince endeared to us by many ties; and we trust those relations will never again be interrupted by any political misconception or neglect. Nor is it altogether indifferent to the peace of Europe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been able in the present session, and at this very moment of anticipated war, to accomplish the greatest financial transaction known in history, and one which marks the highest point at which the credit of the country has ever stood. Lord Salisbury's Administration has undoubtedly had the good fortune to introduce, without unnecessary parade or delay, several measures most useful and important to the welfare of the country, both at home and abroad.

With these facts before us, both as regards the condition of foreign States and our own, we are strengthened in the confidence with which we have argued for the probability of the maintenance of peace, and we view with extreme incredulity the predictions of those who have persuaded themselves that war is inevitable because there are a great many men under arms. Prince Bismarck declared that the recent increase of the German armies was intended not to make war but to prevent it. Nothing is more unworthy of a statesman than that sort of fatalism which leads men to suppose that things must happen because they have long been talked about. Foresight is often defective, and it is valueless unless it is based on known and certain facts. We can only reason on the characters and conditions of the men of whom we have experience. True it is that the leading statesmen of Europe are men of advanced age, and that ere long—perhaps too soon—the direction of affairs may pass into other and younger hands. At that point our power of discernment ceases. It is impossible to see what another generation may bring forth. But the great interests of mankind—sound principles of government, and the increasing light of progress and liberty throughout the world—will surmount perils greater than those we have encountered in the century now verging to its close, and will proclaim the great truth that no amount of power or conquest can benefit a nation so much as the maintenance of peace.

It may be said that this is a truism; but a truism does not acquire its full value until it is recognised by all man-

kind, and therefore it is worth while to repeat it. The most striking indication of the progress of modern society in the nineteenth century will be found to consist in the *simultaneity* of the emotions and ideas that affect the world, by the application of the marvellous inventions that have annihilated time and space. The electric telegraph is the pulse of the world; it throbs with the life of nations. The speed of the railway brings them into immediate contact. Every event of importance is known at the same instant to every civilised people, not only of Europe, but of the globe, and calls forth similar expressions of feeling. The great assemblage of the representatives of Europe at the Jubilee of our own Queen and around the coffin of the late Emperor are striking examples of a *consentaneity* never before witnessed in the world. Hence, men are led to take a broader view of human affairs; a more general intelligence and sympathy extends over the earth. Men are less influenced by local ignorances, prejudices, and passions. The horizon of history is enlarged.

It seems to be a law of human nature that jealousies and quarrels are most apt to prevail between near neighbours and small communities. In antiquity, the cities or tribes of Greece and Italy were engaged in perpetual warfare. In mediæval Europe, broken up into a vast multiplicity of states, peace seemed banished from the earth, and every state or sovereign was governed by the narrowest views of local or personal interest. By the larger and freer intercommunion of nations, at the present time, these evils have been sensibly abated. Even near neighbours hate each other with less intensity, if they hate at all; and it is ignoble and barbarous to allow malignant passions or personal animosity to inflame political controversies. No sovereign would dare to utter the maxim expressed by Frederic II. in his 'Memoirs,' that his first duty on ascending the throne was to look to his own aggrandisement at the expense of his neighbours, by which atrocious proposition he attempted to justify the invasion of Silesia. The common conscience and the common interests of mankind are now too strong to tolerate so immoral a paradox. On the contrary, the rulers of nations now inaugurate their reign by emphatic declarations (more or less sincere) of their desire for peace. That object can only be attained by an increased respect for the rights of others, which are as sacred as our own; by an enlarged in place of a selfish and exclusive view of public interests; and by that spirit of

moderation and self-control, which is not only the test of civility and good breeding in private life, but is the safest rule of conduct in our political dealings with other nations. On these grounds we think that some progress has been made in international morality and law, in spite of the formidable contests which have taken place in Europe and America in the last half century. Those wars were not occasioned by the caprice of a despot or by the ambition of a successful soldier. They aimed at, and they accomplished, the grand and laudable object of national unity in Italy, in Germany, and in the United States. That result being attained, the armaments of the present day, large and immoderate as they are, are not weapons of aggression, but of defence.

We view with detestation the efforts of the alarmist writers who would revive the theory of Hobbes that war is the normal condition of mankind, because self-interest is their only guide, and who discuss military and naval subjects as if a tremendous conflict were unavoidably impending between all the peoples of the earth. There must be an adequate cause, which is not stated, for so great a calamity. We do not believe in the enthusiastic delusions of the peace societies, or the solution of all controversies by arbitration. Every nation is the guardian of its own security and honour. But as long as wisdom and an enlightened sense of interest prevail in the government of civilised nations, the peace of Europe is not seriously threatened, and he must be a bold and a bad man who would incur the risk of breaking it.

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